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AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF THE ENGLISH COURT.

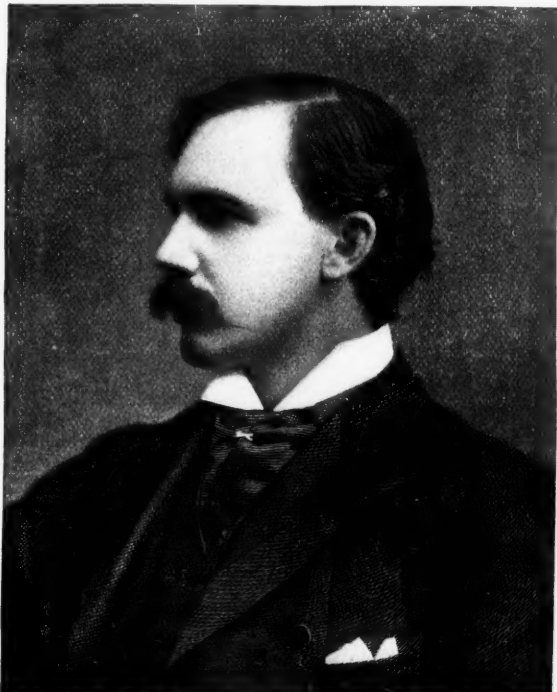
J. J. Shannon's remarkable success as a portrait painter in London—His genius and his methods, with engravings of some of his best canvases.

THREE distinguished American portrait painters have flourished side by side in this generation among the mists and glooms of London. Of these, J. J. Shannon is alone the artistic child of the foggy British capital, and yet he is the most temperamental and poetic of the three. As in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, his work is supremely instinct with the sentiment of beauty—a rare quality in these days of conscious and blatant technique, which subordinates everything to the personality of the painter.

Mr. Shannon was born in Amsterdam, New York State, and spent his early boyhood at St. Catherine's, Canada. Here he received a rude education in draftsmanship under the direction of a local artist. His unformed talents were at first devoted to the depiction of coarse bill posters for agricultural fairs—an inauspicious beginning for a color poet. But poverty drove the boy to his task, in spite of the glimmerings of half awakened imagination that touched his pride and ambition. At the age of fifteen he found his way to London, and entered the art school at South Kensington.

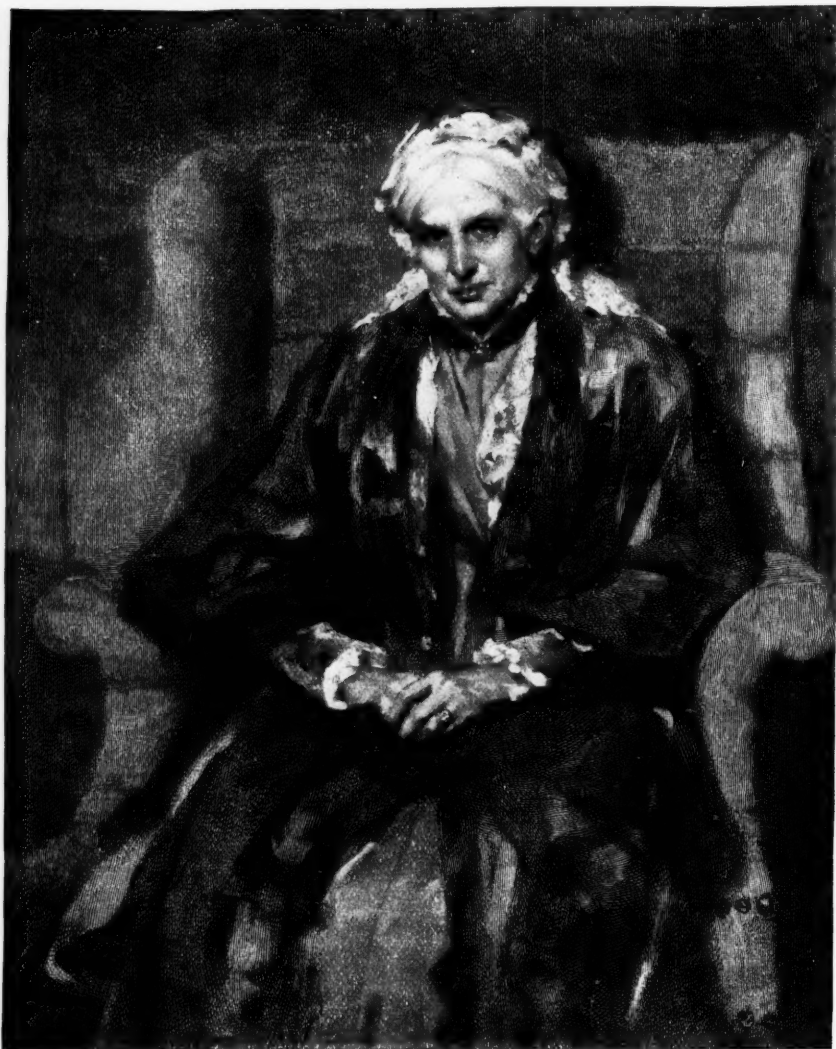
It is the fashion in America to sneer at England as a country totally devoid of pure taste or feeling in the

fine arts; and the charge is not without reasonable foundation, for the practical English mind does not easily yield itself to the upper atmosphere in which the muses dwell. So that the mere mention of South Kensington and its commonplace traditions is usually enough to excite the scorn of our Paris bred painters. George the First's "I hate all boets and bainters," is not yet forgotten



J. J. Shannon.

From a photograph by Taylor, Amsterdam, New York.



Miss Clough, President of Wellesley College.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

In spite of his early days in the metropolitan fogs, among an unsusceptible people, given over to utilitarianism, Mr. Shannon graduated from South Kensington with high honors, and brought to English art a charm and a style that have rarely appeared since the days of Romney, Hoppner, Reynolds, and Raeburn. He has all the soft grace and tender coloring of that great group, blended with modern skill and accuracy. He may lack the authority and bold brilliancy of Whistler and Sargent, but there is a gracious note of sentiment in his work,

a suavity and depth of feeling, that pervade and control every stroke of his brush. He is to Whistler and Sargent what Reynolds was to Rembrandt.

Although Mr. Shannon is only thirty eight years old, he stands in the front rank of the world's portrait painters, and his works hang on the walls of many a stately palace. He has built for himself a splendid London residence, next to the famous house of Sir Frederick Leighton, beside Holland Park. Here the fairest women of the English court have come to sit for their por-



Mrs. Prideaux-Brune.
From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

traits in the spacious studio of the young American. It is an interesting place. In one corner gleams a gilded chair which a duchess left behind her after her beauty had been caught upon canvas. Close by, on a graceful old carved settee, lies the shimmering cloak which one of the greatest women of England has just slipped from her shoulders. A rare piece of Japanese embroidery hangs from a quaint gallery, while the side wall is covered with Flemish tapestries, whose soft tones of green, brown, and yellow are repeated in the backgrounds of many of the pictures in the room.

The drawing room is filled with fine old furniture, and a great slumbrous divan, covered with dull stuffs, adds the necessary bohemian touch. In the dining room strange and soothing contrasts of blue cool the walls, and the ceiling is supported by massive rafters. Mr. Shannon is painting fairy tales on the walls of his little daughter's room. From roof to ceiling everything in this house bespeaks an ordered love of quiet beauty.

Above all things Mr. Shannon loves to portray the faces of his wife and child. Not many years ago they were his models for a picture of the Madonna and Child. The old church of his native town was in debt, and, to please his mother, the artist painted an exquisitely subtle scheme of white upon white, with doves faintly iridescent, and pearly lights touching the radiant faces—profoundly religious in conception and feeling. This masterpiece was to be drawn by lot at two dollars a chance, the understanding being that the winner should present it to the church. It happened that a poor old washerwoman won the picture, and she was so overcome by the spiritual power of the work that she refused to part with it. Mr. Shannon offered her several thousand dollars, but in vain; the painting remained on the wall of her humble dwelling.

A maid of honor to Queen Victoria gave Mr. Shannon his first commission as a portrait painter, but his price was so high that nearly two years passed before he secured another order from the court circle. The time came, however, when he had his choice of sitters. Among his notable works is his portrait of the young Duchess of Portland, who was married to the most eligible nobleman in Great Britain shortly after he had declined the hand of a daughter of the Prince of Wales. The duchess is six feet tall, and the artist, with consummate skill, has preserved the stately value of her height without impairing the effect of youth and grace.

His portrait of Miss Clough is another powerful illustration of the great range of his brush. The youthful peeress and the venerable pioneer among the teachers of women both inspire sentiment in the painter; but how widely apart are his sympathies in the treatment!

Among the six or seven modern portraits that were hung in the "Gallery of Fair Women" in London two years ago, as foils to the great collection of old masters, Mr. Shannon's "Iris"—a picture of his wife, with a bunch of purple flag flowers in her hand—won high praise. The simplicity and loveliness of the canvas contrasted strangely with the masculine technique of Herkomer's "Miss Grant," Sargent's awe inspiring "Ellen Terry," and Boldini's grotesque "Lady Colin Campbell."

I have seen Mr. Shannon at work. Imagine a slender man, rather under the average height, with fine, regular features; a broad, high forehead; a sensitive mouth, shaded by a dark mustache, and gray eyes that somehow give you an impression of black. A sweet faced woman sits on the model's throne, in a billowy whirl of white satin, her graceful hands resting on the arms of the old mahogany chair. The artist stands in front of her, with the virgin canvas on an easel at his side and the well filled pallet in his left hand. He smokes a cigarette, and walks back and forward, sending gray circles of smoke into the air, glancing anxiously at the face of his subject. Then he picks up a piece of charcoal, and—no, the head must be moved into an easier angle. With a few swift strokes he makes the rough cartoon. Another cigarette—with a courtly apology to the sitter for smoking—and another attack of restless pacing, his eyes searching every point of the lovely countenance. Finally he pauses before the canvas and selects a wide, flat brush—there is not a pointed one in his studio—and with contracted brows, and eager, vigilant eyes, he begins to touch in the key of the color plan. He changes the brushes rapidly, indicating with vigorous splashes the tone of the hair, the dress, the face, and the background, feeling his way until the tones are harmoniously distributed and balanced with one another.

Now for the actual portrait. The painter seems to be working under the stress of some excitement. His eyes brighten, his lips are puckered nervously, and the strong white hand moves lightly over the canvas. The woman in the chair smiles and asks a question. There is no reply. The colors glow under the painter's brush, and slowly



Henry Vigne, Master of the Epping Forest Harriers.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.



The Duchess of Portland.

From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.

the face emerges from a prismatic chaos, warm and gracious. Still another cigarette and a nimble turn about the throne, with backward and sidewise peeps at the sitter,

who tries in vain to engage him in conversation. Again to the attack. His imagination is on fire. He works on the dress, on the hair, on the neck, on the



The Countess of Dufferin and Ava.
From the portrait by J. J. Shannon.



"The Madonna and Child."

From the painting by J. J. Shannon.

background, until the dominating tone of the picture is reached in the adjustments of color.

"I can do no more today."

In an instant the sitter descends from the throne and clasps her hands ecstatically in front of the canvas.

"How beautiful! And you have done all this in less than two hours!"

Mr. Shannon smiles, and puffs at his cigarette.

"That's nothing. Why, Reynolds finished some of his greatest works in eight hours. He could paint a fine portrait in

four hours, when he was pressed for time. One of my best pictures was done in twelve hours, although Mrs. Claude Magniac had to sit sixty times for a half length portrait. In her case I could not satisfy myself with the background."

Presently the sitter departs, and a beautiful Englishwoman, with a rose in her dark hair, glides across the great hall to the painter's side. It is Mrs. Shannon. He watches her face as she scans his work.

"Do you like it, dear?"

The cigarette has dropped to the floor.

"Like it? I'm actually jealous."

Mr. Shannon utters a sigh of relief and gratification. Then a wonderful little fairy of a girl comes dancing across the polished floor.

"Do you like the new picture, Kitty?"

Kitty's rosy mouth is screwed up in a pretty *moue*.

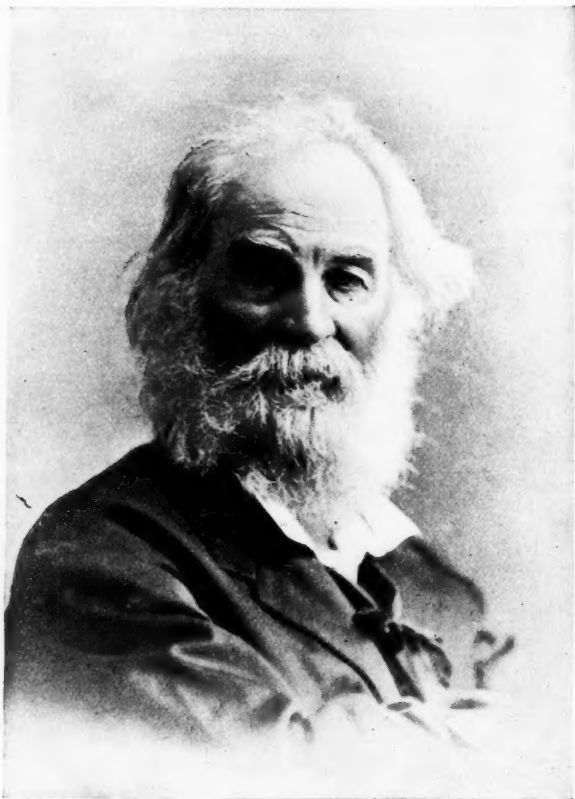
"Ugh, papa! It's all sthicky!"

James Creelman.



NE'ER a star unveils her light ;
Dark and cheerless is the night ;
Dark my longing soul till thou
Lend thine ear unto my vow !
On my fond love, pleading now,
Smile, my lady !

If to hold thee close from mine
Sleep doth jealous arms entwine,
Oh, sweet sleep, my image wear !
Lend thy glamour to my prayer !
On my dream eyes, pleading there,
Smile, my lady !



Walt Whitman at Sixty Eight.
From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.

THE GOOD GRAY POET.

Walt Whitman's unique figure in American literature—A sketch of the man and his life work, the fierce controversies he aroused, and the enthusiastic devotion of his admirers.

LESS than four years have passed since Walt Whitman was buried in Harleigh Cemetery, Camden; but already it is clear that the man and his work are in no danger of being forgotten when the generation that knew him in the flesh shall have passed away. As the controversies of his enthusiastic friends and his bitter critics are ended by the impartial verdict of calm deliberation, his remarkable writings have gained a more intelligent appreciation and a more general influence. Never during his life were they so widely discussed and so justly valued as today.

Walt Whitman is the strangest and most striking figure in the whole history of Amer-

ican literature. He defies comparison and classification. He does not fit any of the measuring sticks of criticism. We hardly know what to call his work. It has no rhyme, no meter, and no rhythm like the rhythm of any other singer; many deny that it is verse at all; yet certainly it is not prose. The intelligent reader who takes it up for the first time may be amused, perhaps, at the quaint simplicity of the first line his eye may happen to encounter; the next one may awe him by its majesty of thought and expression.

Never, during his life, was Whitman's audience a really large one—though it grew steadily, and has grown still more since his

*-I am selling a few
Copies of my Vol. new
Edition, from time to time
-most of them go to the
British Islands -*

Facsimile of Walt Whitman's Handwriting.

death. Of the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" only about a dozen copies were sold, besides a number of presentation copies—several of which were returned to the author with insulting notes. Yet while some vituperated him, and the great mass held aloof, to many minds his writings were nothing less than a revelation. There arose a gradually widening coterie whose members regarded him with affection—as did quite or nearly all who knew him personally—and respected his writings as a new gospel for mankind.

The diversity of criticism was extraordinary. He was ridiculed and reviled on both sides of the Atlantic. Swinburne, who at first praised him warmly, afterwards compared him to a drunken apple woman

reeling in a gutter. In 1865 he was dismissed from his clerkship in Washington because the chief of his bureau would not allow such a man to remain in the department. Even as late as 1882 a district attorney refused to permit "Leaves of Grass" to be published in Massachusetts. On the other hand, from the vast number of encomiums of Whitman that have been penned by well known men at home and abroad, let us take four specimens. This is what Emerson—then at the height of his fame and of his powers—wrote in 1855, when Whitman sent a copy of his first volume of poems to the sage of Concord :

I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of "Leaves of Grass." I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that



Walt Whitman's Birthplace at West Hills, Long Island.



Whitman's House in Mickle Street, Camden.

America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy nature, as if too much handiwork or too much lymph in the temperament were making our Western wits fat and mean.

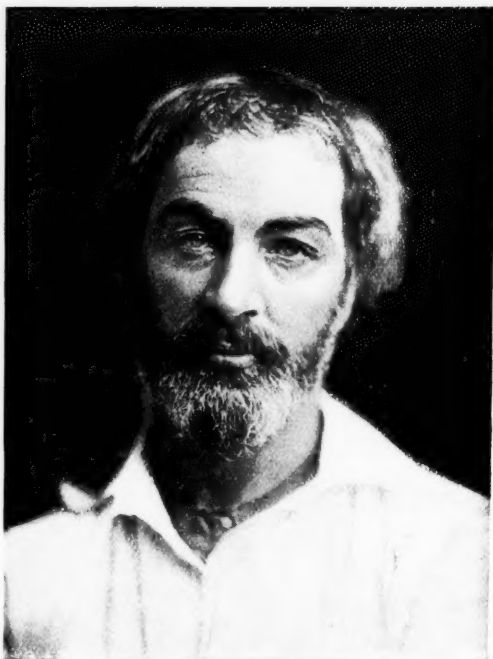
I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I find incomparable things said incomparably well. I greet you at the beginning of a great career.

This last sentence, with what by ordinary standards would be considered questionable taste, was printed on the binding of the second edition of "Leaves of Grass." The result was that many of Emerson's admirers severely criticised the sage's opinion, but he declined to withdraw or qualify his utterance further than by saying that it was a private letter.

In 1888, when it was thought that Whitman was near death, Robert G. Ingersoll was asked to speak at the poet's funeral. Colonel Ingersoll hesitated to undertake this. A copy of "Leaves of Grass" had long been in his library, but he could claim no intimate acquaintance with the book

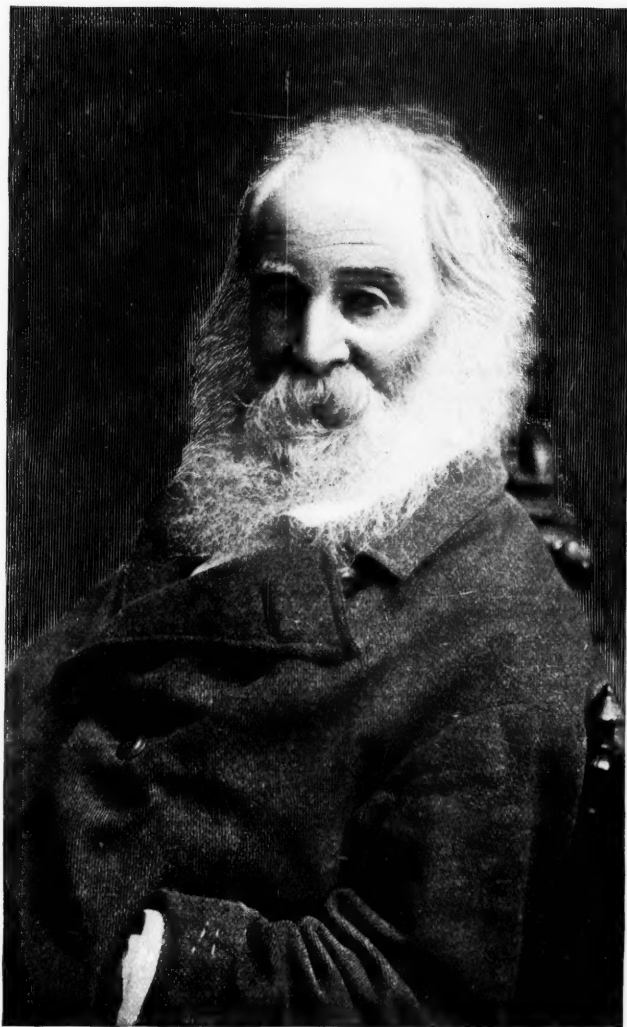
or its author. He was then asked to read the volume anew, and he promised to do so. Its influence upon his mature judgment was shown by what followed. Some time afterward, hearing that the old poet had rallied, but was helpless and in poverty, the colonel was so much moved that he offered to prepare a special lecture for Whitman's benefit. The result was the essay on "Liberty in Literature," delivered in Philadelphia in October, 1890, which netted nearly a thousand dollars for its beneficiary.

"Walt Whitman," declared Colonel Ingersoll, "has dreamed great dreams, told great truths, and uttered sublime thoughts. As you read the marvelous book called 'Leaves of Grass,' you feel the freedom of the antique world; you hear the voices of the morning, of the first great singers—voices elemental as those of sea and storm. The horizon enlarges, the heavens grow ample, limitations are forgotten—the realization of the will, the accomplishment of the ideal, seem to be within your power. Obstructions becomes petty and disappear. The chains and bars are broken, and the distinctions of caste are lost. The soul is in the open air, under the blue and stars—the flag of nature."



Walt Whitman.

From a daguerrotype taken in 1854 or 1855.



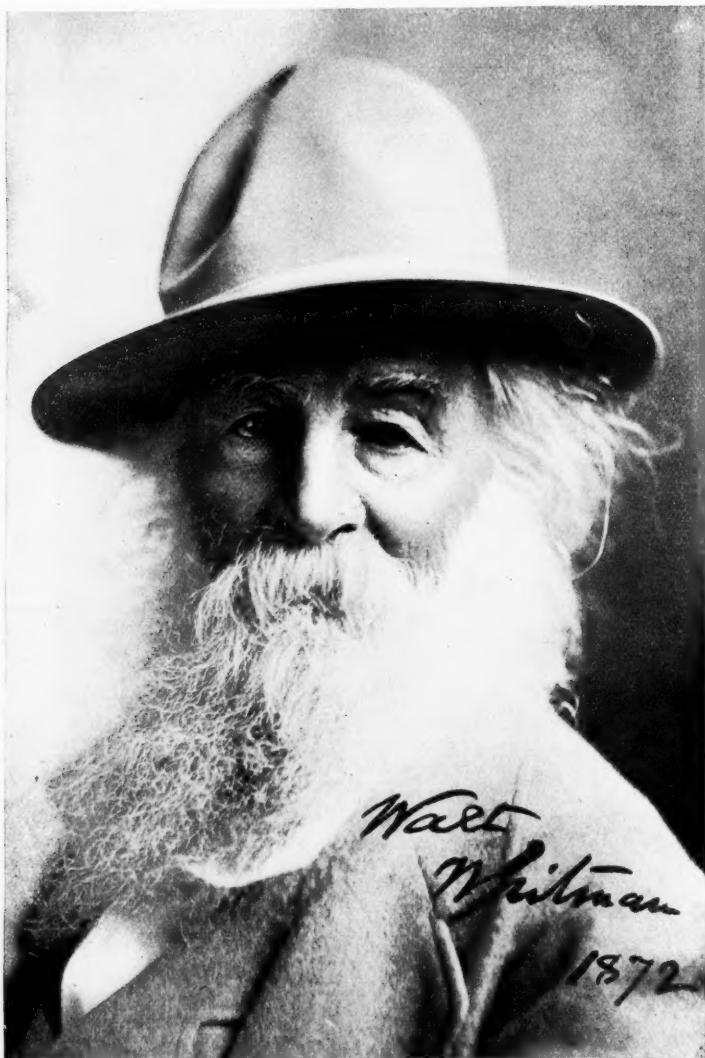
Walt Whitman at Sixty One.

These are strong words, but stronger yet were those of the eulogy that Ingersoll pronounced two years later, when the poet finally passed away: "A great man, a great American, the most eminent citizen of this republic, lies dead before us."

Both practical men of affairs and members of the inner circle of literary culture were profoundly influenced by Walt Whitman's "unparalleled and deathless writings," as they were termed by William M. Rossetti, who first introduced them to English readers by publishing a selection of them. Rossetti lent a copy to his friend Mrs. Gilchrist, who

thus described her impressions, in a letter written a few days later (July, 1869):

I had not dreamed that words could cease to be words, and become electric streams like these. I do assure you that, strong as I am, I feel sometimes as if I had not bodily strength to read many of these poems. In some of them there is such a weight of emotion, such a tension of the heart that mine refuses to beat under it, and that I am obliged to lay the book down for a while. Then come poems in which there is such calm wisdom and strength of thought, such a cheerful breadth of sunshine, that the soul bathes in them renewed and strengthened. Living impulses flow out



Walt Whitman at Fifty Three.

of these that make me exult in life, yet look longingly towards "the superb vistas of death."

Again, this is an extract from the full and complete study of Whitman published by that finished Oxonian scholar and critic, the late John Addington Symonds :

He is an immense tree, a kind of Ygdrasil, stretching its roots deep down into the bowels of the world, and unfolding its magic boughs through all the spaces of the heavens. His poems are even as the rings in a majestic oak or pine. He is the circumambient air, in which

float shadowy shapes, rise mirage towers and palm groves. He is the globe itself ; all seas, lands, forests, climates, storms, snows, sunshines, rains of universal earth. He is all nations, cities, languages, religions, arts, creeds, thoughts, emotions. He comes to us as lover, consoler, physician, nurse ; most tender, fatherly, sustaining those about to die, lifting the children, and stretching out his arms to the young men. What the world has he absorbs.

These four specimen expressions—to which many others might be added—are sufficient to show the extraordinary en-

thusiasm with which Walt Whitman inspired some of the best contemporary minds. Had that enthusiasm been less extreme, and had its eulogies tended less toward hyperbole, it might have evoked less opposition from those who did not share in it.

Whitman's own utterances, characteristic as they were of the absolute frankness of his unconventional nature, were a target for many critics. He thus introduced himself to the public:

An American bard at last! One of the roughs, large, proud, affectionate, eating, drinking, and breeding, his costume manly and free, his face sunburnt and bearded, his postures strong and erect, his voice bringing hope and prophecy to the generous races of young and old. We shall cease shamming, and be what we really are. We shall start an athletic and defiant literature.

Then, after complaining of the subserviency of American letters to foreign forms and precedents, he went boldly on:

Self reliant, with haughty eyes, assuming to himself all the attributes of his country, steps Walt Whitman into literature, talking like a man unaware that there was ever hitherto such a production as a book, or such a being as a writer. Every move of him has the free play of the muscle of one who never knew what it was to feel that he stood in the presence of a superior. Every word that falls from his mouth shows silent disdain and defiance of the old theories and forms.

There is no boastfulness in all this, further than an absolutely frank statement of Whitman's thoughts and feelings. His estimate of himself—of his perfect originality, his utter disregard of established forms, and his typically American quality—is a remarkably just one; he gives it without the slightest pretense at the reticence that convention calls modesty. Not for an instant can it be maintained that he was in any sense a poseur, that he ever cultivated notoriety or indulged in eccentricities for business reasons, as some of the world's favorites have done. He was wholly devoid of mercenary motives, and seemed, throughout his life, to be almost entirely indifferent to financial considerations. "I have despised money," he says of himself.

"Whitman didn't even know how to make the dollar mark," an old friend of the poet's told the writer. "I have a postal card written in 1887, a few days after he delivered his lecture on Lincoln at the Madison Square Theater, to tell me that Andrew Carnegie had sent him \$350 for a box, making the total profit \$600. Each time, instead of the dollar sign, he put the cent mark—a 'c' with a vertical line."

The same story is told, indeed, by Whitman's whole life. He was a Long Island farmer's son, who served his time as an apprentice in the office of a Brooklyn newspaper, and then for two or three years taught country schools in Queens and Suffolk counties. At twenty he started the *Long Islander*, in his native town of Huntington—a weekly paper which is still in existence. "Only my own restlessness prevented my establishing a permanent property there," he himself said; but he preferred to plunge into the more dramatic life of New York. In the metropolis he did all sorts of journalistic work, yet found much time for the study that he loved best, and which was the great formative influence of his character—the study of the people of the chief American city, of their work and play, their natures and occupations.

Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus, with varied chorus and light of the sparkling eye,

Manhattan faces and eyes forever for me.

He had a "good sit," as he termed it, at the editorial desk of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, when a political disagreement led to his resignation, and he went—on the strength of an impromptu offer made and accepted one evening, between the acts, in the lobby of the old Broadway Theater—to New Orleans, to edit the *Crescent*. But he drifted back to the North, and opened a small book store and printing office in Brooklyn, where he also issued the *Freeman* newspaper.

"The superficial opinion about him," says a friend of those early days, "was that he was somewhat of an idler—a loafer, but not in a bad sense. He always earned his own living. He wore plain, cheap clothes, which were always particularly clean. Everybody knew him; every one, almost, liked him. He was quite six feet in height, with the frame of a gladiator; a flowing gray beard mingled with the hairs on his broad, slightly bared chest. I hardly think his style of dress in those days was meant to be eccentric; he was very antagonistic to all show or sham."

At this time he became interested in some building ventures, which were profitable, and offered him the prospect of a fortune—a prospect from which he turned aside, without the slightest hesitation, to take up two other tasks. One of these was his literary life work, "*Leaves of Grass*"; the other, his self imposed mission to the sufferers of the civil war. When his brother George was wounded at Fredericksburg,

Walt Whitman went to the army on the Rappahannock, and nursed the wounded man back to life. Finding himself in the midst of thousands whose need was no less urgent, he remained as a volunteer hospital attendant, and worked unceasingly for the comfort of the soldiers. He toiled day and night, and denied himself the comforts and almost the necessities of life, in order to contribute to the relief of the distress and agony about him. His own constitution gave way under the terrible strain he put upon it, and in 1864 he was stricken down by a malarial and paralytic seizure. As soon as he was partially recovered—he never really regained his health—he went back again to his hospital work.

After the war President Lincoln—a man whom Whitman enthusiastically admired, and who had an appreciative regard for the poet—gave him a clerkship in the Interior department. Being forced to resign this, after Lincoln's death, he was transferred to the attorney general's office, where he remained till increasing physical disability incapacitated him for duty. He went to Camden, the New Jersey suburb of Philadelphia, and there the remaining years of his life were spent—at first in his brother's house on Stevens Street, and later in a little frame cottage, 328 Mickle Street, where he lived alone, with a single attendant. He died, after a long and gradual sinking of his bodily powers, in March, 1892.

During these last years, in spite of the dark clouds of poverty and physical weakness, nothing could mar the poet's patient and cheery philosophy. He was happy in the ministration of many devoted friends, in the knowledge that his work had found an assured place in literature, and that the bitterness of its critics had yielded to the kindly appreciation of a widening audience. All through his life, indeed, criticism had vexed him very little. When "Leaves of Grass" was first issued, and, to use his own words, "aroused such a tempest of anger and condemnation," he went off to the east end of Long Island, and "spent the late summer and all the fall—the happiest of my life—around Shelter Island and Peconic Bay. Then came back to New York with the confirmed resolution—from which I never afterwards wavered—to go on with my poetic enterprise in my own way." His work was for the man that had ears to hear; the poet had no quarrel with him that heard it not. In this and other ways Whitman showed the "malice toward none," the "good will toward all," of his ideal American, Abraham Lincoln. His charity

was as wide as mankind; all human beings, from king to slave, were his brothers. "He *is* democracy," Thoreau said of him. Whatever he hoped or claimed for himself, he hoped and claimed for

You, whoever you are, flush with myself.

To the lowest human outcast he says, "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you."

That noble line sums up the practical side of Walt Whitman's religion. He was sincerely religious, though he frankly declared his disregard of the orthodox creeds.

I heard what was said of the universe;
It is middling well as far as it goes—but is that
all?

Accepted theology did not satisfy him; yet he was full of reverence for the spiritual side of life.

I say the whole earth, and all the stars in the
sky, are for Religion's sake.

I say no man has ever yet been half devout
enough,

None has ever yet adored or worshiped half
enough,

None has begun to think how divine he himself
is, or how certain the future is.

I say that the real and permanent grandeur of
These States must be their religion;

Otherwise there is no real and permanent
grandeur;

Nor character, nor life worthy the name, with-
out Religion;

Nor land, nor man or woman, without Religion.

He had two profound beliefs—in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul.

I know I am deathless.

I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a
carpenter's compass.

I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue
cut with a burnt stick at night.

I know I am august,

I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or
be understood.

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain;

The Lord will be there and wait till I come,
on perfect terms;

The great Camerado, the lover true for whom
I pine, will be there.

Technically Whitman may be classified as a pantheist—a believer in a divine spirit manifested in the universe and permeating every part of it—though his philosophy is by no means identical with that of Spinoza or any other pantheistic thinker.

The title of "Leaves of Grass" is characteristic and expressive. It is not the artificial blossom of the hothouse nor the stately flower of the ordered garden, but the native growth of the open, untilld

meadow. "I wished my work," the poet said, "to be something that would not easily die—something that neither cold nor heat would hinder from growing, nor trampling feet would kill."

A child said, "What is the grass?" fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition,
out of hopeful green stuff growing.

These lines are from one of Whitman's earliest utterances—the "Song of Myself." In his valedictory, the "Backward Glance O'er Traveled Roads," he thus sums up the purposes, the "bases and object urgings" of his life work:

The word I myself put primarily for the description of them as they stand at last is the word Suggestiveness. I round and finish little, if anything. The reader will always have his or her part to do, just as much as I have had mine. I seek less to state or display any theme or thought, and more to bring you, reader, into the atmosphere of the theme or thought—there to pursue your own flight. Another impetus-word is Comradeship as for all lands, and in a more commanding and acknowledged sense than hitherto. Other word-signs would be Good Cheer, Content, and Hope.

It was curious, perhaps, that from the first Whitman received a more favorable hearing in Europe than among his fellow countrymen. Mme. Blanc ("Th. Bentzon") introduced him to French readers, Freiligrath to Germany, and Nencione to Italy. In England—a country always more tolerant than America of revolt against convention—"Leaves of Grass" found its readiest acceptance. Such men as Ruskin, Carlyle, Moncure Conway, and the late Lord Houghton (better known as Richard Monckton Milnes) were among its first champions. Irving, when in America, went to Camden to see the poet. Tennyson, though his own key was so widely different from Whitman's, warmly admired him, and used to pen him a friendly letter at the beginning of each year. "Dear old man," one of the last of these began, "I, the older man, send you a New Year's greeting;" and one of the last letters written by the English laureate was a note of thanks to a correspondent in America, who had forwarded him a notice of the peaceful ending of the life of "brave old Walt."

A description has already been given of Whitman's appearance in the prime of his manhood. The portrait engraved on page 140 belongs to the same period; those on pages 138, 141, and 142 show him in later life, when in features and expression he

bore a decided resemblance to Longfellow. The likeness may be strikingly shown by comparing the cut on page 138 with the portrait of the older poet published in *MUNSEY'S* in December, 1894. Whitman's face is Longfellow's, scarred by years of toil and suffering that never fell to the peaceful lot of the New England bard.

Here is the picture of the "good gray poet" drawn by one of his friends, William Douglas O'Connor, in his story of "The Carpenter," which gives a sympathetic and remarkable character study of Whitman:

The newcomer was tall and stalwart, with a brow not large, but full, and seamed with kindly wrinkles; a complexion of rosy clearness; heavy lidded, firm blue eyes, which had a steadfast and draining regard; a short, thick, gray beard almost white, and thinly flowing dark gray hair. His countenance expressed a rude sweetness. He was dressed in a long, dark overcoat, much worn, and of such uncertain fashion that it seemed almost a gaberдинe. He looked an image of long experience with men, of immovable composure and charity, of serene wisdom, of immortal rosy youth in his reverend age.

Of personal anecdotes of Whitman, many are treasured in the recollection of those who knew him. To one of the closest of the friends of his later life—Mr. J. H. Johnston, of New York—we are indebted for some of the facts recited in this article, as well as for the material for the accompanying illustrations, culled from his unique collection of books, portraits, and other memorabilia of the poet. Whitman was a frequent visitor at Mr. Johnston's house, which thereupon became a Mecca for a host of pilgrims of all stations or conditions. One visitor might be Whitelaw Reid or John Burroughs, the next some old soldier whose wounds the poet had nursed in war time. One such man, the driver of one of the old Broadway stages, spent a whole afternoon with Whitman, whom none of his visitors delighted more. The veteran—grateful according to his means—had brought a coffee cup and saucer as a present for his old friend, who valued the trifling gift highly, and, happening to leave it in New York, had it sent after him to Camden.

One story of Whitman, which has probably never been published, tells of a visit he made to some Indian prisoners in Kansas, during his "wander years" before the civil war. It was at Topeka, the State capital, and with the poet were Governor St. John, the sheriff of the county, and John W. Forney, then clerk of the House of Representatives. Some thirty Indians, all of them chiefs, were grouped in the jail yard,

where they sullenly squatted with their blankets wrapped about them. The Governor was formally presented to them, but not a savage moved. They saw in the official the power that had taken away their liberty. The sheriff was introduced, and next Colonel Forney, with precisely the same result. Not an Indian would notice them. Then Walt Whitman, in his flannel shirt and broad brimmed hat, stepped forward and held out his hand—"partly out of mischief," he said in narrating the incident, "and partly out of mere curiosity to see what they

would do." The leading chief looked at him for a moment, grasped his proffered hand with an emphatic "How!" and turned to mutter something to the other Indians. Thereupon each of the thirty aborigines rose and took the poet's hand in turn. "I suppose," said Whitman, "they recognized the savage in me—a comradeship to which their nature responded."

Perhaps, too, the keen eyed Indians agreed with what Abraham Lincoln said when he first saw Whitman: "Well, he looks like a *man*!"

Richard H. Titherington.

DESTINY.

LACHESIS spins;

And from her fatal distaff flows

A pitchy thread—the warp of woes

That are to be, the woof of sin

Predestined to enmesh the soul

Of man. Full thrice accursed those

Whose luckless lives today begin.

The strand is strong, the web is wide;

Ensnared by crime or lust or pride,

It drags its victims to the hole

Where shame crowned Death forever grins.

The mist veiled moon shows pale and hoar,

The restless river frets its shore;

A plunge, a shriek, one less, one more—

Lachesis spins.

Lachesis spins;

And now a slender thread of gold

The distaff yields. 'Tis wealth untold

To those who, all unwitting, wear

The web of gossamer the Fate

Now spins. For health and love enfold

Them, like rich garments, fine and fair;

And wisdom, honor, wit, or power

Entwines them from their natal hour

With potent meshes intricate.

One born today forever wins.

The moonbeams flit across the floor,

The loved ones weep when all is o'er;

A nation mourns, one less, one more—

Lachesis spins.

Henry B. Culver.

THE PRICE OF A MAN.

[*Being the Personal Explanation of the Rev. Charles Mercer.*]

I HAVE suddenly become famous as a detective. The fact is known all about this part of the world; it has been published in the county papers, and the city dailies have spoken of me as instrumental in bringing to justice a murderer, for which I received a thousand dollars as reward. I write these lines that I may fully state the facts upon which these reports are based, and to end the unpleasant notoriety I have gained. I am not a vainglorious person. I have my share of pride, but I am not one of those ministers who seek to be famous outside of their calling. No one who knows me can deny that modesty is my chief characteristic; in fact, my best friends have told me that this trait has often stood in the way of my just advancement.

The events I shall relate here comprise the only remarkable episode in my life. At school I was a well behaved boy, noted for neither mischief nor intelligence. My main delight is in making the rounds of my parish and ministering to the spiritual wants of my people. My sermons are not brilliant. There was a time when I dreamed of being a great pulpit orator, but I have long ago made up my mind that my gifts do not lie in that direction. My discourses are reasonably acceptable to the people; still, if I excel at all, it is as a pastor. I am an unnoticed man in company. Passing me on the street you would never think of inquiring about me. So, when this fanfare appeared in the newspapers about my ferreting out a famous criminal, and all the rude and vulgar were agog at me, it was extremely distasteful. I admit that at first I had a flush of pleasure at seeing my name so often in print, but I have put away that satisfaction as being unworthy of me.

I want to tell the things in my mind in the order of their occurrence. I am not a story writer, and have no literary skill in arranging the events of my tale. I wish I did have. I would like to dress this narrative in the language of Robert Louis Stevenson, or of Charles Reade. It seems to me that the character of James Ratcliffe has much that is beautiful in it, and if I only

had the art to arrange the incidents which I know, I should preach a great sermon.

I like a good story. Some brethren object to novels. Dr. Ambrose, one of the leading men of our conference, in whose judgment I have great confidence, says there are real woes enough in the world without inventing artificial ones. He has often reproved me for having works of fiction in my library. But it has always seemed to me that there were deeper truths than facts. One can take real occurrences and so turn them as to form a lie. So he can tell his fancies in such a way that they shall be profoundly true. However, I have not this latter art. I must confine myself to a plain account of the most peculiar case of James Ratcliffe.

I had just finished my supper one evening, and was helping the children with their lessons, when the maid announced that a man wished to see me in the parlor. I drew on my coat and went to him. He stood up as I came into the room, and I saw that he seemed to be a well to do workman. He had a short, brown beard, light blue eyes, and a dignified and reserved appearance, although he was evidently not one used to moving in what we call good society. I took him to be about thirty five years of age. His voice was deeply resonant and his utterance slow. He rarely took his eyes from my face during our interview.

"You are the Reverend Mercer?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I answered. "Will you not be seated?"

"Do you believe in Jesus Christ?" he inquired abruptly.

"Certainly I do."

"Do you think that His example of self sacrifice should be literally followed? Is it ever right in these days to give one life to save another?"

"Under proper circumstances I think it is."

"Well, I have been to your church, sir, and heard you preach. I think you are a good man. I want to tell you the story of my life. I have a request to make of you; and before I can do it, I must confide in

you a sacred trust. That trust is my life's secret."

I begged him to think twice before he did this, as I had no desire to mingle unnecessarily in another's private affairs or receive a secret that might be burdensome to me.

"Some one must take this burden," he replied. "It is not for you, as God's man, to refuse to take what has been weighing me down for years."

With this he began at once to relate his story.

"I never had a father or mother, that I can remember," he said. "The earliest thing I can recollect is being with a lot of other children in a big house somewhere, with a great yard around it. I suppose it was an orphan asylum, or foundlings' home, or some such place. I was sent into the country, in Nebraska, while still young, to a family of good people. I worked on the farm and went to school some. When I was about twenty years old the farmer died; his widow sold the place, and moved away. She made no provision for me, because, I think, she had some relatives that never liked my being with the old folks, and were afraid that they would give me some of their property. So they got the old lady away, and I was sent adrift.

"Then I lived the life of a farm hand. I won't go into all of the details. They are unnecessary. I will hurry and get to the matter that stands out like a blotch on my memory. It has no connection with the rest of my life. It seems like the devil had just reached in and dabbed a big splash of red paint on my history. I ain't bad. I never was. Not that I am religious; I have been converted at several meetings, but being a hired hand, and just drifting around from pillar to post, I never was no good to any church, and finally I quit joining them.

"I won't go over it all, sir, but just say it was at a party one evening that it happened. I got drunk. I don't like liquor; it turns my stomach. But I drank then. I don't know why—except it was just to be smart and not take a dare from the boys. Going home, we all got into a row. I never knew how it came about, but I killed one of the men. No, I didn't, either; it was the red devil inside of me that done it, or I wouldn't have kept on beating him. I was crazy. When my mad fit had run itself out the drunk was all gone, too, and I stood there over his body as sober as I expect to be when I stand before God A'mighty's throne and He asks me about it. There was two or three fellers along, and one says,

"Lord! Jim, what 'a' you done?"

"Done!" I says. 'I don't know, Ike.' And I stood there with the club in my hand I'd killed him with—just stood there like an idiot.

"Then one of the boys says, 'We'd better git, boys,' and we all lit out as hard as we could. I run 'most all night and hid next day in a swamp. I kep' on running and hiding for two weeks, living off of hand-outs, till I struck the Missouri River. I got a job there on a boat as a roustabout, and went down the Mississippi. I was in New Orleans for some time. One day there I got hold of a paper and found the story of my crime. I saw by it that the young fellow I had killed was the son of wealthy parents. The father had offered a thousand dollars reward for my capture."

He drew forth an old pocket book, and taking from it a soiled scrap of newspaper, handed it to me. I read hastily the account of a murder, written in usual newspaper English, and saw that it tallied with what my visitor had said.

"Now, sir," he continued, "I don't want to be tedious, and won't go over a whole lot that I might tell you. I have suffered a thousand deaths for that crime. But, before God, I have been straight ever since then, just as I always had been straight before then. I must have had a good mother. I don't believe it was her fault that I never knew her. I never did want to do anything wrong. Since that terrible day I have never touched a drop of liquor, although, as you may suppose, I have had plenty of chances.

"I have been in this town going on three years. I got a job in a paper mill about a month after I came here, and have been working there ever since. I began as a common laborer, but have worked my way up, and for the last year have been getting three dollars a day as foreman. I boarded around at different places at first, but finally I struck the Widow Emmons' house, and have been there for about two years. She lives in the north edge of town. Do you know her? No? Well she is a good woman. She has been kind to me."

He paused for a while, seeming under great embarrassment, and fumbled with the lapel of his overcoat.

"I may as well confess, sir, to you, as you are God's man, that I love her. Don't tell it." He looked guiltily around, as though he suspected some one might have overheard him. "It is not for me, a criminal, to love her, who is as good as an angel.

"She's got two children and a little home. She keeps boarders. I hadn't been there

long till I learned the struggle that little woman was making against fate. It seems there is a mortgage on her property. She told me about it. Not that I ever conversed with her, as you may say, as friend and equal; but after my day's work I would drop into the kitchen as she was getting supper, to dry my boots, or some such thing, and she got into a way of talking to me about her affairs. The interest on the mortgage is something enormous, and, what with keeping her children in school and making ends meet, she kept running behind. She might have got along better if she had set a poorer table, but she said she never could stand to see working men have poor food.

"As I say, I often dropped into the kitchen, and sat around. Them children kind o' took to me. Phil he'd climb into my lap and make me tell him stories till he'd go to sleep, almost every evening. I tell you Phil is the most beautiful child I ever saw."

The man rubbed a tear from his cheek, and continued: "He is the most confiding little fellow you ever saw. Why, when I would look at that little head laying on my arm, and all them curls falling over my coat sleeve, why it just——" He drew out his handkerchief and mumbled into it.

"Laurie, the little girl," he went on in a minute, "is a likely one, too, I tell you. Smart! Why, there ain't nothing that that young one don't know. Whenever she gets into a new reader she just up and learns it by heart. What do you think of that?"

"Well, when I found out the circumstances, I sent the biggest part of my month's pay regularly through the post office to her, marking it, 'From a friend.' I remember the first time she got any money I sent her. She told me all about it, and wondered who in the world it could be. She was mighty pleased, I tell you. Her face flushed up and her eyes brightened. Why, sir, the saints o' heaven couldn't be prettier than that woman was then.

"But, in spite of all, the mortgage couldn't be paid. It is due in three months. It's killing that woman. If she loses her home, what will become of her—and little Phil? She's rassed too hard with that debt to have it down her now. Now, sir, I'll tell you what I thought of the other night. I was awake, just a-thinking. Suddenly a thought hit me—like it was a brick. It knocked me clear out of bed. I got up and stood like a fool for a few minutes. Then I put on my clothes and walked out where I could get some fresh air, for my

head was bursting. Mr. Mercer, there is just a thousand dollars needed to make that woman happy. Mr. Mercer, that's the price that I will bring in a court of justice."

Ratcliffe paused. I suppose he expected me to say something; but I couldn't think of a word, and sat fidgeting in my chair. At last he went on.

"But I could never see them again. Think of Phil, and the pleasure of sitting by and seeing her work! When these things came to me I thought I couldn't stand to do it. Then I said to myself, 'Who are you? You are a criminal, a murderer. You need never hope for any happiness in this world. It would be better for her that you go away. Why not make your going away worth something to her? She don't think any more of you than just as a common boarder. You *must* be miserable all your life. She *can* be happy.' And then I kind o' thought, too, that I'd find a sort of contentment in being hung or going to the penitentiary, because I'd know that my secret was out, and the load would be off of my heart. So I made up my mind to do it.

"So that's why I come to you. I want you to take me to the authorities and give me up, but make sure that you get my reward. Thompson's my name here. My real name is James Ratcliffe. She'll never know. I'd a little rather she wouldn't. Take the money and pay the mortgage. Don't deny me, sir, for if you do I must get some one else to do it. They may cheat her and keep the money. I thought you, being a minister, would be sure to give it to her."

He had risen to his feet and come close to me in the earnestness of his entreaty. I arose also. We looked into each other's eyes in silence. It seemed to me that he was the greatest man I ever knew.

"Won't you do it?" he asked pleadingly.

"Let me think," I said.

I am slow at conclusions. I turned away from him and walked to the window. As I looked out into the darkness I tried to grasp the situation. The decision I came to was this:

Here is a man who has nerved himself to do a heroic action; it may hang him or imprison him for life; but he will be glad over it throughout eternity; and when he meets me in heaven he will thank me. I determined to accept his proposition. If I had not believed in heaven I would not have done so. I turned to him and said,

"James Ratcliffe, I'll do it."

He grasped my hand with a grip that made it ache for two days, and said, "God bless you!" Then he sat down in his chair and wept like a little child.

The next day I went to the county seat and consulted the officials. Communication was had with the authorities where the crime was committed, and we found out that the reward money would certainly be paid upon the arrest of the murderer. To cut matters short, I will say that in three months James Ratcliffe was behind the bars of the Nebraska State penitentiary under a sentence of life imprisonment, and Mrs. Emmons received a check for one thousand dollars from an unknown person.

It was not more than a day after she had received the money, however, that she called at my house. She was not what you would term a handsome woman, but she had a very sweet and gentle face.

"Are you the preacher who received the reward for the arrest of James Ratcliffe?" she asked. I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, I am Mrs. Emmons," she said. "I know who the man you arrested is. He is James Thompson. A new boarder told me so, and showed me his picture in the newspaper. I have come to tell you, sir, that you are mistaken. You are all wrong. That man is no criminal. He is a good man. Why did you do what you did?"

"I did it because he laid it upon me to do, Mrs. Emmons. Of his own free will he chose the higher path of self sacrifice. He never intended that you should know."

She looked at me haughtily a moment. "And you never intended to tell me!" she said. "Here, here, take the money—it is blood money. The curse of God is on it." She sat down and rocked herself and sobbed.

"Did you like Mr. Thompson, or Ratcliffe?" I asked.

"Like? I *loved* him. I love him yet. I always will love him. I would rather be with him in his cell today than to have the finest house in this town. He was the best man I ever knew. My children just worshiped him. I knew 'twas him all the time that was sending me his wages. He was so simple, he thought I didn't! But women see things, sir; they don't have to be told. And to think that he done *this* for me!" She covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly. "I know he is a good man," she said in a moment. "He is gentle with creatures; even the cat and the bird liked him. He liked to fix around flowers. He was so quiet and tender in all his ways. Oh,

no, no, sir; a man like that cannot have the heart of a murderer."

She dried her eyes quickly and got up. "I do not want the money, sir; keep it, keep it." She drew her shawl about her thin shoulders and went out.

* * * *

When I had finished telling James Ratcliffe's story to Governor Crouse, in his private office at the capital of Nebraska, he was silent a moment. Then he said, "Is this man sentenced for life?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then may the Lord have mercy on the rest of us! Meet me at ten o'clock Tuesday morning at the State penitentiary."

I was there punctually at the hour, and shortly afterwards the Governor's carriage appeared. We went together into the prison office. James Ratcliffe was called. He was very glad to see me, and thanked me again for what I had done. While the warden was talking to the Governor, he took me to one side and whispered,

"How is *she*?"

"What's that he whispered to you, Mr. Mercer?" the gruff old Governor asked, looking suddenly around.

I told him. Then he stood up before the prisoner and said,

"James Ratcliffe, here is your pardon. You are a free man. Go back with Mr. Mercer, and," he added, smiling, "if you don't marry Mrs. Emmons inside of a month, I shall have you hanged."

But James Ratcliffe was not hanged. I had the pleasure of slipping a noose of a different sort from that of a hangman about his neck, shortly afterwards. It was a noose that bound him to Mary Emmons for life, and constituted him the lawful guardian of little Phil and Laurie. Instead of taking a fee I handed to the bride one thousand dollars which I had earned by my detective service.

And so I feel that I acquired my unpleasant notoriety in a good cause. There are many things in the matter which are far from disagreeable. Not the least among these is one that I want to mention; perhaps some of my readers will understand. Little Phil had observed how much his mother and his new father thought of me, and had discerned that I was in some way making them very happy; so when I went to leave the house he ran after me and pulled my coat.

"What do you want, little fellow?" I asked, taking him up in my arms.

"I want to kiss you," he said.

Frank Crane.

AS THEY SEE IT.

The question whether it is more desirable to be born to poverty or to wealth, discussed by leading men in the practical world of business and politics—The opinions of Ex Senator Ingalls, Frederic R. Coudert, Ex Governor Flower, Oscar Straus, and Henry Clews.

THAT riches are the root of evil is a familiar maxim of the copybook; that they are also the most powerful engine of good is a matter of universal experience. The happiness of the individual may be said to depend first on the condition of his mind, then on that of his body, and only in the third place on that of his purse; but his importance to his neighbors is measured primarily by this last standard. We divide men broadly into rich and poor; and the distinction counts for more, in the world of today, than any mental or physical differentiation.

It has been said that if the laws forbade men to leave their property to their children, few fortunes would be amassed, for the chief motive for the quest of wealth would be destroyed. Paternal affection is almost always stronger than the love of self. And yet it may be that in shielding his sons from the possibility of want, and guarding them from contact with the hardships of poverty, the rich man is doing them a positive and irreparable injury. Such at least is the inevitable conclusion from the opinions gathered for MUNSEY'S from some of those best qualified to speak upon the problems of practical sociology. Here, for example, are the views expressed by Henry Clews, the well known New York banker, upon the question of the advantage or disadvantage of being born to the inheritance of wealth:

"To those unlucky sons of fortune who are not born with superior natural abilities, the advantages of wealthy parentage are very great, because their money inheritance may supply their mental deficiency; but as a rule, little is expected of such men and women. On the other hand, a young man possessed of natural and brilliant talents is most likely to develop them if he has to depend upon his own resources, for necessity is the mother of invention. It is a well known fact that the great inventors have all been wretchedly poor. Their efforts to provide for their wants made close

application, determination, and industry a matter of life and death with them. This urgent and irrepressible incentive has always been the most effectual in the development of great talents.

"The Almighty never intended a boy to come into the world that had not within him the necessary qualifications to occupy a place in life, and the abilities which, if exerted, will provide for his own needs and for those of his family besides, should he have one.

"The conspicuously successful men—and their number is comparatively small—are the ones who fully appreciate their strong and their weak points, and who apply their abilities in the most advantageous channels. The reason why so many people come into the world and go out of it leaving no mark, and perhaps scarcely a remembrance, is because their lives have been misdirected, if not misspent, and because their abilities have been hidden, like the light under the bushel, by their unpropitious surroundings.

"These observations may strike some of my readers as too harsh. To convince them that my views correspond with recorded facts, let me recall a notable instance—the case of William Orton, the well remembered president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. I had the pleasure of being very intimate with this gentleman, and in one of our talks he gave me this account of himself.

"'I was born not only poor,' he said, 'but very poor, with no possibility of getting the slightest assistance from any relative or friend. As a necessary means of existence, I obtained a situation, and after two or three years' hard work I climbed up to a salary of ten dollars a week. At this point I met a young woman of whom I at once became fond. For some time after our engagement, I hesitated to assume the responsibility of marriage on so small an income as five hundred dollars a year. However, we finally determined to run the risk, and were married. Then a child was born, which made an additional responsibility, but I exerted myself

commensurately with the requirements, and the additional income came. In due time a second child was born, making further efforts necessary. With my shoulders still under the wheel, my family increased until we counted twelve children, and as I was a fond father the necessity of meeting my constantly increasing responsibilities impelled me to exertions which enabled me to provide better for my large family than I could at the start of my married life for one small baby.

" 'You see,' concluded Mr. Orton, 'if a young man will only select his proper calling, work hard during the day, and sleep well during the night—which hard work, as a rule, renders both necessary and possible—he is bound to maintain himself in this world, fulfil his mission, be a good citizen, a good husband, and a good father, and leave an honored name behind him.'

"On this subject," Mr. Clews adds, "I can say no more, I can say nothing stronger and more to the point than my late friend has done. If I had the choice, I would rather be born poor and acquire a competency by my own efforts, than be the son of a Croesus with small opportunity to show the stuff within me."

Frederic R. Coudert, a New Yorker whose career in law, politics, and diplomacy entitles his opinion to the respect due to wide experience and versatile success, reaches a similar conclusion from a somewhat different standpoint.

"There are distinct advantages," he says, "in being born rich, and there are equally distinct advantages in being born *not* rich. I avoid the statement that it is well to be born poor, for I cannot see the benefit of poverty—grinding, cruel poverty. We know, of course, that men have been born and cradled where no fairy godmother was within hearing distance of their baby cries, and that they have nevertheless, by mental brawn, fought their way to the front. But these are the heroes of life, the scarred giants for whom the world had to make way and provide room at the top. These exceptions prove nothing. Like the eccentricities exhibited at a dime museum, they establish the proposition that nature indulges in occasional frolics, and destroys or disregards the barriers which she herself has set, and within which, with unimportant variations, she usually disports herself.

"Confining my answer to this big country of ours, and with this reservation, I would say that it is a distinct disadvantage to be born rich. The law was laid down, thousands of years ago, that by the sweat of his

face man should earn his bread. The poor fellow whose father's bank account will not allow him to sweat is much to be pitied. The splendid effects of brave and successful perspiration are unknown to him. He cannot use the first personal pronoun in connection with honest achievement; he cannot certainly know whether he was born man enough to win a prize in the struggle for life. He shines, if at all, by a reflected light, the mitigated radiance that is given him by paternal coin; but the great joy of the first dollar gallantly made by hard work he may never know. Even if he tries to work at some respectable business—the law, for instance—he cannot quite feel sure that the clients would come but for the fact that he puts up 'Dives, Junior,' on his door.

"The love of work is not a heaven born gift. It is developed by stern necessity until it becomes habit. There is no promoter of honest industry like quarter day, when you are the tenant; no spur like the shadow of the sinister collector who reminds you of that unpaid bill. When Erskine took the bar and the bench by storm in the case that made him great, he ascribed his success to the fact that, as he rose to speak, he felt his children tugging at his gown and clamoring for bread. His rich and stingy old brother was not so far wrong when he attributed his brilliant junior's success to the fact that he himself had always refused to help the younger man in his struggle for subsistence.

"The history of our rich men shows the same thing. How few of them would have built up such stately fortunes if necessity had not rung them up in the morning, stimulated them by day, and sat by their troubled bedside at night! They learned to love work in time, but the rugged face of coerced effort has no smiles for the beginner. It is only long acquaintance that softens the hard features, and helps men to learn the greatness, the beauty, the happiness of successful effort and personally achieved success.

"Having satisfied ourselves that moderate poverty is good and great wealth is bad, we shall all continue, as in the past, to get rich, if we may; but our children may have to encounter the happy condition which we so justly commend."

A characteristic expression is sent us by John J. Ingalls, the brilliant Kansan whose retirement from the United States Senate, five years ago, left an intellectual gap in that body which Mr. Ingalls may before long refill.

"Honorably acquired and rationally employed," writes Mr. Ingalls, "there is no other form of power so permanent, substantial, and palpable as that which accompanies the possession of money. The desire for money is the supreme passion of the human race; seldom for its own sake, but for what it commands and what it brings. Multitudes are indifferent to fame, glory, pleasure, and ambition, but everybody wants money. Maturity forgets the joys of youth, and age sinks into apathy that cares nothing for the pleasures of love, or the exultation of success; but the need of money survives the decay of the faculties, and, beginning with the cradle, ends only at the grave.

"To be born rich is to come at once into possession of the means of the highest physical nurture and intellectual culture, the best physician in illness, congenial companionship, the wisest instructors, cultivated leisure, books, travel, familiarity with the world, attractive apparel, the delight of the senses, the ability to enjoy the pleasures of the passions and the appetites before the capacity of happiness is extinct, the luxury of doing good, the relief of suffering, consolation in bereavement, exemption from hardship, superiority to many of the accidents of time and fate.

"These conditions should be favorable to felicity and greatness. But destiny is sardonic. It wears a grinning mask. Its decrees are inexorable. Unless man struggles he deteriorates. There is no enduring happiness that is not earned. Black care sits behind the horseman, and satiety waits upon the footsteps of those who without effort can gratify every desire. No man can reach the highest development of his powers except under the spur and pressure of necessity; and the youth who is conscious that he has a fortune at his command is prone to yield to the seductions of sense, and become incapable of strenuous, self-denying activity. The temptation to sloth, indulgence, and excess are too often irresistible.

"Of the great civil and military leaders of this generation, the scholars, the inventors, the men of affairs, the poets, the orators, who have achieved the highest renown in America, not one has been born to wealth or reared in luxury and ease. Those who are to do the work and win the prizes of the coming age, which is to be the richest epoch of time, will not be found among the gilded youth of 1895, who neither toil nor spin, but in the ranks of those who now, in poverty and privation, are striving, against formidable obstacles, to enter in at the strait gate.

"But considering the chances against the acquisition of either fortune or fame, where so many are called and so few chosen, to the majority, doubtless, it may well seem more desirable to be born with a million, even with the certainty of dying in an almshouse, than to be born a pauper with the remote contingency of dying a plutocrat."

As a sturdy type of the self-made American, Ex Governor Roswell P. Flower speaks with the authority of experience on the powers and the possibilities of the young man whose only capital is energy and ambition. Yet he recognizes that the millionaire's son has his special opportunities—if he will use them.

"As I was not born rich, I do not consider myself fully qualified to say anything about the advantages of starting life in affluent circumstances. I can readily perceive, however, the benefits that would naturally arise in each case. In some instances, what might be beneficial to one, would prove injurious to another. It all depends upon one's temperament, or perhaps one's environment. I can readily see where one born wealthy, as the term is used and understood in this age, can further improve his condition and position, as he has the means to assist himself—that is, provided he will use his opportunities. One favored with an abundance of means naturally has every wish and desire gratified. He is benefited in one way by the material improvement of his surroundings, and may strive further to develop his fortune in a legitimate and honorable way. One of the special advantages he enjoys is his ability to equip himself with a better and higher education than can be reached or gained by most poor boys. His wealth allows him to travel, and thus broaden his mind by observation—one of the best means of mental improvement in the world, so far as I can learn.

"Where one born rich seeks to develop himself further, and in so doing elevates the standard of humanity, it is a good thing for the community that he inherited an abundance of this world's wealth. But the great evil, it seems to me, that attaches to being born rich, is that in far too many cases the person so favored is deprived of all incentive or ambition to exert his powers, and thus becomes a drone. He finds himself, on the threshold of life, in actual possession of what another man devotes a lifetime to secure, and thus becomes an indifferent spectator instead of enjoying the pleasures of activity in professional, financial, commercial, and industrial circles.

Many instances might be cited where vast fortunes bequeathed to those born to wealth, but unable to retain it, have been rapidly dissipated. The cause is perfectly plain. It is the sheer incompetency of rich men's sons who have failed to improve their opportunities for development. The grasp of practical affairs is born only of experience; it cannot be inherited.

"It is always the hope and ambition of the poor man to better his condition in every way he can. He desires to make for himself a name in the world. Fame is a great magnet, no less than riches. His wish to reach a certain plane in life is the poor man's greatest incentive to action, and leads him to accomplish results that the rich would consider impossible.

"One of the principal disadvantages of being born rich, and of the life of luxury that is likely to follow, is the fact that when some disaster like a financial crisis suddenly confronts the inheritor of wealth, he is generally ill equipped to meet the strain, and is likely to be crushed in the wreck. On the other hand, had he in early life divorced himself from the prevailing luxury of indolence, and properly developed his powers, the crisis could have been met and heroically resisted.

"I know of no better illustration of the whole question," concludes Mr. Flower, "than the difference between those who live in warm and cold countries. In a warm country, men's ordinary wants are bountifully supplied, and the natives dream through a lazy existence. Let disaster strike them, and they will be found incapable of coping with their difficulties. The peoples of the northern countries are hardier races, made so by the sterner training they receive from nature. The conclusion is obvious. To sum up, if one born rich appreciates and improves his position, it is an advantage to him; if not, it is a disadvantage."

The last contribution to this contemporary symposium comes from Oscar Straus, formerly United States minister at Constantinople, and a leading New York business man.

"The obstacles poverty imposes," Mr. Straus says, "and the alluring temptations of riches, have been subjects for moralists in all ages. 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' says the proverb—doubtless because the path of safety lies between the two. Whether the advantages of being born rich are greater than the disadvantages, is neither a question of statistics, nor a problem capable of mathematical solution. The answer depends upon the individual, his inherited

tendencies, his early training, and his aspirations. Poverty, and the necessity to depend upon one's self to win a way through life by the exercise of virtue—using that term in its broadest sense—is indeed a wholesome discipline, provided the obstacles to be overcome are not greater than the effort and the qualities the individual can command. These qualities are not alone moral; much depends upon health, strength, and physical endurance. The moralists point to the immortal dead who have 'left footprints on the sands of time,' and single out the many who have struggled through poverty to fame; but they neglect their statistics, and lose sight of the fact that not one child in a thousand is born with riches.

"While there is no royal road to knowledge, yet that road has been trodden by the scions of the wealthy as well as by the children of the poor. Riches afford opportunities; so do the qualities which constitute genius, but whether these opportunities are to be of advantage depends upon each individual who is so endowed.

"In all ages have parents been solicitous to afford their children the advantages and opportunities that wealth brings; and this desire has been shown by parents who themselves were born and reared in poverty, equally with those who were born and reared in riches. May it not, therefore, with some justice be inferred that this universal desire of parents is itself proof that the advantages of riches outweigh the disadvantages?—or, as the poet says:

"This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

"If we look for an answer among the wrecks of life, in the poorhouses, among the 'submerged classes,' we shall doubtless find that of these unfortunate beings not one in a thousand was born with riches; on the contrary, many of them have failed because they never were properly equipped for the struggle for existence, by reason of the disadvantages imposed by poverty. For these there was no formative period; like sickly plants in a cellar grown, they never acquired the strength to stand alone.

"The advantages of riches, or at least of sufficient of the world's goods to keep pauperism at a distance and poverty from the door, were perhaps never more felicitously expressed than by the peasant poet:

"Gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor,
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a trained attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

THE HOUSE THEY TOOK.

IT was nearly five o'clock, and Beth was tired enough to sit down on the curbstone and weep.

"Not more than seven rooms, whether it's a house or a flat," Ada had stipulated. "And be sure that the servant's room isn't in the basement, for no woman would sleep there, and I won't have a Chinaman; they are just as likely to murder the whole family as not. The baby has got to have a sunny nursery, and we must have a guest chamber, of course. It would be nice if there was a music room where I could practise without bothering Harvey, and a little smoking den out of the dining room would be——"

"But, Ada," Beth interposed, "that's a great deal more than seven rooms."

"Is it? Oh, of course; I forgot the kitchen. Well, leave out anything but the nursery. As long as the walls are pretty and the house is sunny—you'd better get a corner house, Beth—yes, dear, mother's coming! And mind, Beth"—this from the stairs—"we can't pay a cent over forty dollars, and we'd rather pay thirty five. Be sure it's a nice neighborhood, and hot and cold——" But Beth had fled.

For three hours she had tramped up and down the Western Addition, list in hand, rushing in where any one but a house hunter would have feared to tread, and getting gloriously snubbed in consequence. She broke up tête-à-têtes, interrupted family rows, assisted at a fire, and barely escaped a funeral. The hunt became a nightmare of glaring pavements, and placarded windows that enticed her in with their impudent "To Let," and grinned maliciously when she went away disappointed. There had always been a tradition to the effect that Beth was a little shy, but after the first half hour she found that she was by nature brazen. A woman could not walk down her own front steps without Beth's plunging after her to ask how much rent she paid, and which was the sunny side of the street. Gradually she began to feel a growing dislike for her sister in law, and a positive hatred for the baby. That "sunny nursery" was like a ghost at her elbow, warning her away from every door.

There was just one house left on the

list. It was the most promising of all, but she had avoided it before. When you've told a man you never could care for him in that way, and parted from him with something very like a quarrel, it isn't exactly nice to take a house for your sister in law directly across the street from his home, when everybody knows you spend more than half your time with her. It would look as if you wanted—people are silly enough to say anything. For herself, she didn't think much of a man who could ask you to marry him one month, and go bicycling all the time with that Cragan girl the next. Beth honestly believed those were the reasons she had left that house till the last. If any one had suggested that Walter generally got home about five, she would have wanted to know what earthly difference that made to her, and would have been very angry indeed.

It was a pretty little house, as near what Ada wanted as it was reasonable to expect, with a sunny corner room for the nursery, and a clean odor of new paint and paper.

"It is exactly what they want," she decided, looking around the nursery with deep satisfaction. "And it is all in such nice order. I wonder which way the house fronts?" She went to the window, then opened it with an unnecessary amount of noise and leaned out regardless of the fresh varnish. A young man passing below glanced up, then stopped short in surprise. Oh, Beth, Beth! You who despise the Cragan girl because she is not above small maneuvers, you who never walk past the club unless that is undeniably your way, who pride yourself on having no small motive for word or deed, after all you are but a woman. There was no harm in flinging up the window, or even in knocking on it if you had wanted to, but in that look of genuine surprise as you heard your name, there was.

"Beth!" said the young man, wondering.

"How do you do, Walter?" she said in the grave, rebuking tone we use to people whom we have vowed never to speak to again as long as we live.

"What are you doing up there?" he asked, trying to be easy and natural.

"Have you set up housekeeping by yourself?"

"I'm looking for a house for Ada," she explained. "This is the best I have found yet, though I don't altogether like the neighborhood."

"Perhaps you would like it better if I moved out of it," he said meekly. This was exactly what she had meant; but she had not expected him to show that he understood, so she answered hastily,

"It's rather far from the cars, that's all. Harvey has to go down town early, you know."

"I see," he replied. Then he looked up at her with a sudden smile. "Please can't I come up and shake hands with you?" he asked. Beth had smiled back before she realized what she was doing, so up he came, several steps at a time. He found her standing in the hall looking rather frightened.

"Oh, Walter," she said in a low tone, "I just heard such a funny noise, as though some one sneezed right behind me. I was in here"—going into the corner room rather fearfully—"and it seemed to come from that side, near the chimney."

"You always hear spooky noises in empty houses," he answered, stooping to look up the chimney. "No burglar could get into that little flue. It wouldn't even hold his jimmy."

"Perhaps it's haunted," suggested Beth.

"Oh, ghosts have gone out of fashion, like valentines and keeping Sunday," he answered. "You never would find one in this neighborhood. There's an old suit of clothes behind the door—maybe you heard it bag at its knees. But, seriously, Beth, you ought not to go around empty houses by yourself. I hate to have you."

"You do, do you!" thought Beth defiantly, to cover a little thrill of delight. Aloud she said, "At the last moment Harvey found he couldn't get away, and I was tired of putting it off, so I just came alone. Ada does so long to be settled, and she isn't able to go around herself yet. Be careful of that varnish, it's still wet. I'm going to get most of the furniture for her, too, and see about mattings and carpets and rugs. Do give me some artistic ideas. I don't know where to begin." Beth was talking nervously, trying to ward off the awkward pause that was ready to fall at any moment.

"Have lots of lamps, and places for open fires, and dark shiny floors that will reflect the legs of the chairs," he began.

"You don't put down hard wood floors in rented houses," she interrupted.

"Oh, well, you would in this one," he said. "Have a deep leather chair with a standard lamp beside it where a fellow can read the papers."

"With a rose colored shade to throw a pink glow over everything," added Beth, growing interested. "And little silver lamps on the dining table."

"A little round table, just big enough for a man and his wife," he went on excitedly.

"And a place for the high chair as soon as the baby is big enough."

"What? Oh, yes, of course. And a barrel full of matches in plain sight in every room."

"And ash trays attached to every chair, so that the ashes need not be deposited on the floor. And lots of puffy cushions."

"And a divan in the corner where we could—I mean, your sister——"

"Walter, I heard it again—that queer little cough. Listen!" She had come close to him, evidently startled. "I'm sure I heard something."

"Wasn't it a mouse in the wall?" he asked, offering the masculine solution for all feminine terrors.

"No, it was a human sound, like a choked off sneeze. It might have come from the next room." Walter boldly led the way, closely followed by Beth, who was surreptitiously holding a corner of his coat, to his vast delight. All was empty and silent.

"You see, there isn't any one," he said. "This isn't a bad room. If you want any ideas about furnishing, why don't you ask Miss Cragan? She is awfully good at that sort of thing." Beth's face changed indescribably. If she had been in another walk of life, you would have said that she turned up her nose. I don't know the polite equivalent.

"Thanks, I'm afraid our ideas would hardly harmonize," she said. "Well, I'm very glad to have seen you, Walter, but you mustn't let me detain you." This in the most society of tones, as a mild punishment for dragging in that Cragan girl. Walter, however, thought she was giving him a hint, and straightened himself up rather huffily.

"Please remember me to your sister," he said, with an expressionless handshake. "I hope you will be successful in your hunt. Good afternoon."

"Thank you. Good by," she said coolly, so there was nothing for him to do but go, which he did with much dignity, shutting the door behind him with exaggerated carefulness. Well, he could go, if he was so dying to. Nobody was going to

call him back. Ask that Cragan girl, indeed! Evidently he was *épris* in that direction already, when just a month ago—A girl who married him would have a nice time of it. Fickleness is such a horrid trait. Beth congratulated herself on being well out of it, and felt so relieved that she sat down on an empty box and took out her handkerchief; then stuffed it resolutely back, determined to shake the dust of that neighborhood from her feet. As she started to open the door there was a quick movement on the other side, and, to her amazement, the knob was seized and held fast before she had half turned it. She could not move it one way or the other.

"Walter! What are you trying to do?" she exclaimed indignantly, and then discovered that it was not the hall door that she was trying, but one that she had supposed led into a closet. A shiver of deadly fear ran over her, and her heart beat wildly, but she would not run. Perhaps the door led into the next room, and Walter had slipped in there, though practical jokes were not particularly in his line. She stole out into the hall and looked, trembling, into the next room, but it had no door on that side. Evidently, then, it was a closet, with somebody in it, and she had a right to be frightened, so she ran quickly down the stairs and opened the front door.

Walter, meanwhile, had slowly crossed the street. Not even after the most bachelor of suppers did he ever have any trouble in mounting his own steps and fitting his own latch key, but this afternoon both took an abnormally long time. He was about to give it up and go in when he was rewarded by hearing a low call of "Walter!" from the opposite house.

"What is it?" he asked, hurrying over.

"Oh, Walter," she said, panting a little, "there is some one up stairs in that corner room closet. I tried to open the door, and I distinctly felt some one grab the handle. I couldn't move it. I'm awfully frightened."

"Are you sure it wasn't just stuck?" he asked, following her into the house.

"Certain. Besides, I heard somebody move." Walter grinned a little, as men will, and started to make some teasing remark, but stopped with uplifted head and listened. There was an unmistakable sound from the room above, the whine of a door slowly opening. They tiptoed upstairs, Walter signaling caution and Beth clutching up her skirt in one hand, a woman's first instinct in time of danger. The closet door was gradually opening, and the top of a little bald head was being cautiously thrust out.

"Good afternoon," remarked Walter. "Do you use Macassar Oil?" The head disappeared like a flash, and the door was slammed. Walter strode across the room.

"Say, come out of there," he commanded, laying his hand on the knob.

"I beg your pardon," answered a courteous voice. "It is all a mistake, I assure you."

"What are you doing in there?" Walter demanded. "You'd better explain yourself."

"I shall be glad to, sir, if you will kindly leave the door shut."

"Fire ahead," said Walter, and Beth came a little nearer.

"I happen to own this house, sir, and as the workmen neglected to varnish the window ledges in this room, my wife suggested that I should come over and do it myself. I had just finished, and was making a necessary change in my toilet, when the lady came in. I live across the bay, sir, and after doing such work, it was necessary —"

"Of course," said Beth nervously. "I'm so sorry."

"In short, sir, I was changing——"

"It was a shame," said Beth. "If you had only spoken——"

"It was an awkward position. I had provided myself with a ——"

"Yes, to be sure," said Beth.

"A clean shirt, sir, and I was about to put it on. If you will kindly hand me the garments that are behind the door——"

"Oh, we'll go away," said Beth. "I want to look at the down stairs, any way." She left rather hastily, and Walter followed a minute later, shaking with half-suppressed laughter.

"The poor duffer, in that stuffy closet!" he chuckled.

"No wonder he sneezed," laughed Beth.

"Say, Beth," he went on a minute later, "tell me, don't you like Miss Cragan? You used to, I know, and she admires you tremendously. I do want you to like her," he added earnestly. Beth stood by the parlor window, pulling the shade down by its little brass chain and letting it fly up again.

"Oh, I don't dislike her," she said nonchalantly. "She just isn't my kind, that's all. She's a nice enough little thing, if you don't mind her affectation." The curtain flew up with a rattle, and was jerked down again. Walter looked at her in surprise, then instinctively whispered a word or two in his ear, and he replied with an invisible wink of comprehension.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about her," he said gravely, "for I wanted to tell you

something. Did you know that she was engaged to be married to some one you know?" Beth dropped the chain and appeared absorbed by something in the street.

"Yes?" she said, in an odd little voice.

"Of course it's a secret yet," he went on, watching her from the other side of the room. Beth had good blood in her veins.

"I'm glad to hear it," she said quietly. "I've always thought you were just made for each other, and hoped you'd find it out for yourselves." Walter came across the room, mentally calling himself a brute, but unrepentant.

"Oh, it isn't to me she's engaged, but to my little brother. It is to be announced as soon as he gets back. I'm still unconsoled." She changed color a little, but stood bravely by her guns.

"I'm disappointed," she said. "It was one of my favorite dreams." Walter looked a little disconcerted.

"Beth," he exclaimed, "if you don't take that back, I'll make you."

"I must be taking the car back, or Ada will be worried," she answered. "I hope we will run across each other again some day." She started to bow with a woman-of-the-world air that should show him she was not an inexperienced child, and that he did not see through her as plainly as he thought he did, but straightened up again with a very school girlish "Ouch!"

"What is the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Did something hurt you?"

"Not at all. Don't wait for me. I am not ready to go just yet."

"I won't go till you tell me what is the matter," he persisted. "Are you faint at all? You look dreadfully pale."

"Thank you, there is nothing the matter."

"I know you want to get rid of me, but I can't leave you alone. Let me see you to your car, and then I won't bother you any more."

Beth struggled a minute, then dropped her dignity and began to laugh.

"It's only that nasty little curtain chain," she said. "It is all caught in my hair."

"Let me see," said Walter. "I should say it was! Every little link has grabbed a handful all across your waterfall, or whatever you call it. I'll undo it for you, if you'll take that back."

"Thanks, I can manage it myself," with an impatient tug at the chain.

"You're only making it worse, and you're mussing your hair all up, besides. Take it back?"

"When you say things under compulsion, they don't count, do they?"

"Oh, certainly not!"

"All right, then, I'll take back anything you like, if you'll only be quick."

"Absalom did it by his hair," murmured Walter, disentangling the little chain. "Now you know how it feels to be on somebody's string. There, I think I let you off pretty easy. I might have made you promise all sorts of things."

Beth looked up with sudden mischief in her eyes.

"Weren't you stupid!" she said.

"By the way," said a voice from the door, "I've another house for rent just two blocks from here, six rooms and bath, sanitary plumbing. Perhaps your wife would prefer that."

Walter glanced at Beth, then laughed a little to himself.

"Thanks, we'll look at it," he said.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.



MY MARY.

A BARD would praise her saucy ways,
So winsome and so airy,
Her form's sweet mold, her hair's red gold,
Her eyes—the teasing fairy!

No bard am I, but shall I sigh?
Her heart is so contrary,
She'll have me say—no other way—
She's "just my own dear Mary!"

Catharine Young Glen.



From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

JANE HADING.

A brief study of the art and the personality of the famous Parisian actress, with portraits of her as she appears in some of her best characters.

MADAME JANE HADING—who isn't Jane Hading at all, but of that anon—is an accident; a happy, in many respects a delightful accident—still an accident. Here it might be well, perhaps, to pause and remark that there are not a very great many actors and actresses whose success has not been due to fortuitousness; or, to speak more exactly, whose opportunity

to display ability was not accidental. "Ostler Joe's" felicitous drawing room début gave the stage Mrs. Potter. The unexpected badness of a *Delesparre* years ago, in Dublin, when Helen Barry was revealing judicious Boucicaullean teaching as *Armande* in "Led Astray," led to Kyrle Bellew's trial rehearsal in the part.

Was Hading a conservatoire pupil? Surely

not. My first recollection of her is that some leading woman in a play running at one of the principal theaters of Paris was taken ill, and Jane Hading, who was either "supering," or playing an unimportant

requirements on this occasion, for my next reminiscence is that the manager in question—Victor Koning, of the Renaissance—abandoned benevolence for responsibility and acquisitiveness. This latter quality

displayed itself not only in marrying a charming woman, but in controlling the immediate earnings of a promising actress, and the subsequent money value of a new star. I hope I am not doing this gentleman scant justice in these remarks, but in those days we had a definite impression that the marriage was distinctly worldly on both sides.

Jane Hading's charm, it is said by her fellow countrymen and women, is her lack of Frenchness. An inspection of the illustrations accompanying this article at once reveals the fact that the characteristics of French features are conspicuous by their absence. As an experiment, the pictures were shown to a number of people, and the question asked, "What should you take to be the nationality of this lady?" Of those who did not recognize her identity, the majority said "English," a few "American," one "Russian." In the early days of her career there were numerous *on dits* announcing that she was English. The name she bore—whether hers by right or by selection—gave color to this. As to its origin, a good guess would probably be that the Parisian manager, already mentioned, said unto his shrewd self, "Here's a tall, beautiful woman who can act. The English craze is just setting in here. An English name and a few judicious paragraphs will set tongues wagging." And the tongues did wag.

The face of this actress is worth attentive study. Not so beautiful as Mary Anderson's in feature, perhaps, but with a style of loveliness more useful on the stage, for it is desperately hard to get expression into perfect features. They are despairingly immobile; emotion finds little or no anchorage upon them; whereas on irregular physiognomies there seems to be holding ground for such immediate revelations of the thoughts that speech is accessory rather than necessary. Jane Hading's eyes are almost marvelous. No mere picture, how-



Jane Hading as "Mme. de Seglières."

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

part, came forward to substitute for the indisposed "lead" at a few hours' notice. How did she know the words? Here I'm reduced to gossip, and the "gyp" of that hour was that the manager was particularly interested in and benevolent towards the long, lithe girl who was soon to win fame as Jane Hading. She must have satisfied



Jane Hading in "Nos Intimes."

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

ever carefully selected, can do justice to the "windows of her soul." She is tall, thin, and graceful in her stage movements. She weighs what women of her age ought to weigh, and not what too many successful stars are injudicious enough to permit themselves to weigh.

Of her acting it would be quite possible to write nothing but agreeable phrases, but to do so would hardly enable the reader to evaluate her position among her contemporaries. She can play quite well, for instance, a part in which Mme. Bernhardt has failed—that is, in the opinion of the author of the play and of the Paris critics. Yet, to be perfectly frank, Mme. Hading does not advantageously compare with her

older compeers. The real rivals for the position of *première artiste dramatique de nos jours* are Duse and Bernhardt. Hading is merely among the prominent secondary stars, and her best work is when she depicts the French gentlewoman of private life, the young lady who at the instigation of her parents has made a *mariage de convenance*, and, overtaken by the tender passion too late, successfully combats its dangerous workings.

One of her most interesting assumptions is that of *Clorinde* in Augier's "Aventurière." The part is an odd one. *Clorinde* is the sister of a rascally brother, and pretends to be a highly born dame who has been in grief and trouble, and to fall in



Jane Hading in *L'Aventurière*.

From a photograph by Van Bosch, Paris.

love with a rich, and richly sympathetic, old nobleman. The marriage is stopped by the old gentleman's son, who returns from foreign lands in the nick of time, and *Clorinde*, falling genuinely in love, for the first time in her life, with the son, *Fabrice*, retires in a reformatory frame of mind to a convent.

The difficulties of such a rôle are evident. *Clorinde* is used to low life, but must be perfect enough in her presentation of a *grande dame* almost to deceive the entire entourage of the old nobleman's household; yet the audience must be enabled to trace the real woman who is pretending.

This severely difficult feat Hading accomplishes with easy success. Mme. Plessy, who originated the character, never deceived the eye. Mme. Bernhardt, all through her performance, sounded a note that was stridently *cocottish*, and entirely defeated Augier's scheme of construction. It led to her *démission* at the Français.

To sum up, Hading is a very agreeable actress and a very beautiful woman, but her superiority to some American players is not distinctly apparent to the present writer. If the possibility of true greatness is denied her, she will never be without great charm—which in these days is much.

Harry Saint Maur.



LOVE UNDER EASTERN SKIES.

I.

BESIDE the rippling of the stream
Where lilies in the shallows gleam,
Cream white, with hearts of gold,
She waits my coming in the gloom
Where, laden with a strange perfume,
The jessamines unfold.

II.

But fairer, purer, sweeter she
Than any tender flower could be,
My Mut-le-fa, my love;
The little lamps that dot the skies
Are dull and dim beside the eyes
Of Mut-le-fa, my love.

III.

A breeze across the river sweeps
To greet me, where my shallop creeps
On to her fragrant bower;
And in its arms it bears a scent
That but a moment since was pent
Within a starry flower.

IV.

But sweeter far, but far more dear,
Is that low singing that I hear
From Mut-le-fa, my love;
So swift across the stream I win
To find my flower, my jessamine,
My Mut-le-fa, my love.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.



愛茉莉花者具奉

SOME UNHAPPY QUEENS.

Famous women to whom a crown brought sorrow and death—The historical tragedies of English, French, and German royalty.

IF every queen is by courtesy "cousin" to the rest, it has happened in too many instances that she was also sister to those in misfortune. As the procession of women who have sat on thrones passes by, most of them move out of our recollection with bending heads. Sometimes they were burdened only with the sorrows of common humanity exaggerated by reason of their high estate; sometimes they passed into exile sometimes to the scaffold or under its shadow. It is these that interest us most.

Some natures appear to attract the thunderbolts. We are fascinated by their fate, toward which they themselves seem to have,

consciously, contributed so little. It takes a century or two for justice to tell her calm story, but in the end she almost always shows that the women who have suffered most have been the victims of luckless schemes in the brains of others.

These women have almost always been the instruments of great changes. They are like the conductors of tremendous electrical charges that break under the strain. Even Anne Boleyn, who died that another woman might become her husband's wife, was the direct cause of the Reformation in England.

The light heart of the young Anne Boleyn was never intended for the seriousness of a throne, and particularly an English throne. When she was only seven years old, she had been sent to France in the train of Mary, that sister to Henry VIII who married Louis XII; and she passed her girlhood at the gay and brilliant court of the first Francis. When she was twenty, her spirit, liveliness, and tact won her a post as maid of honor to the wife of Henry, and, in a little time, a place in his fancy. A throne was offered to Anne if she would marry the king. She had never loved the queen, and doubtless she blinded herself to the thought of the sorrow that would come to a divorced wife. Doubtless her girlish vanity was stirred at her conquest, at the thought that she had the power to change the history of England; and behind her were the counsels of Cardinal Wolsey, who had already broken off her engagement with Lord Percy.

No king ever exercised such a personal influence over his country as Henry



Anne Boleyn.



The Execution of Lady Jane Grey.

From the painting by Paul Delaroche.

VIII. He crushed public opinion under his arrogance. His subjects submitted even when he changed the church of the country that the Pope might not be able to prevent his divorce and subsequent marriage to Anne.

It was a short reign for the young queen, and an unhappy one. Hardly a year had passed when another maid of honor, Jane Seymour, had taken his wandering fancy, and he was looking about for a way to rid himself of his second wife. She, poor girl, had learned frivolous ways at the French court. She had been taught that a recreant lover might be brought back by coqueties, and it was thus that the queen gave her enemies their weapons. At a May day tourney, Henry, greatly disturbed, arose and left the queen and rode back to London. It was said that he had found her handkerchief in the possession of one of his gentlemen in waiting. The next day a privy council was called, and in the afternoon Anne was sent to the Tower. In bitterness of spirit she wrote from there :

Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find ; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration was fit and sufficient to draw your Grace's fancy to some other object.

Anne was beheaded, and, like the woman she was, prayed a blessing on her husband's head, even as the axe fell upon her own.

The headsman was kept busy in those days, but there was no victim whose blood has left a deeper stain on history than that of the Nine Days' Queen, Jane Grey. Jane Grey was the granddaughter of the Princess Mary who took Anne Boleyn to France. After the death of the French king, Mary returned to England and married the Duke of Suffolk, who was Lady Jane's grandfather. A gentle, soft hearted girl who loved her books and prayers, and who meekly accepted her lot, it was a slaughter of the innocents to send her to the scaffold by way of a throne. She had been the friend and playmate of the young king



Mary Stuart.
From the portrait by Hader.

Edward, and had never thought of succeeding him. When she was told of the greatness which had come to her, she fell down upon her face and wept.

The crown was thrust upon her by the ambition of the Duke of Northumberland, whose young son she had been forced to marry. It is said that these two children wept on their way to the altar; and yet they became friends and lovers afterward. When her little reign was over, and she was in the Tower, every effort was made to hurt her and break her spirit. She might have saved her life had she changed her faith. When her kinswoman and successful rival, Queen Mary, found it impossible to make the prisoner submit, she was wild with rage. She sent Jane's young husband to his death past her window; she brought her father to see his daughter die, and she hounded the last moments of the poor girl's life.

On the day of her execution, her waiting women could hardly walk from weeping, but Lady Jane came forth, a quiet look in her eyes, and stepped from her cell to the block with dignity and composure. She herself bound the handkerchief about her eyes. Even the executioner begged her pardon for what he



Mary Stuart Receiving Her Death Sentence.
From the painting by Carl Piloty.



Mary Stuart and Rizzio.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by David Neal.

must do. She whispered a word of forgiveness, felt for the block, and put her head upon it peacefully. Only seventeen, and a queen nine days!

When the news of Mary Stuart's birth was brought to her father's death bed, James turned over in bed and muttered,

"The devil go with it!" He was thinking of the marriage with Bruce's daughter which had brought the Scotch crown to the Stuarts. "It came from a woman, and it will end in a woman."

No historical subject has been more hotly discussed than the character of Mary Stuart.



Marie Antoinette and Her Children.
From the painting by Mme. Vigée Lebrun at Versailles.

She was beautiful, with a vivacity of expression, a sweetness of voice, and a nobility of carriage which were irresistible. It has been said that her crimes, if crimes they

miserable, sickly son of Catherine de Medici. The two women, each powerful in her way, detested each other; and when Mary was left a young widow, she



Marie Antoinette Going to the Guillotine.

From the painting by François Flameng.

were, were not nearly so fatal to her as this beauty and charm. They were the faults which Elizabeth could not forgive in her.

Mary was educated to be the wife of the

was compelled to return to Scotland. The queen mother, whom she had called a merchant's daughter, could not tolerate her. As she left France, which had been



Henrietta Maria, Wife of Charles I of England.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the portrait by Vandyke in the Dresden Gallery.

the only home she had ever known, her tears fell, and she turned to look upon the rugged hills of Scotland with a breaking heart.

When she was seated on the Scotch throne, almost every unmarried prince in Europe was proposed as a candidate for her hand. She settled finally on her cousin, Lord Darnley, one of the poorest, weakest,

and most vicious men in the kingdom, whose good looks were his only recommendation. For once Catholics and Protestants were agreed that this marriage was a false step; but Mary was immovable. Her marriage ceremony was hardly over before she realized her mistake. Her husband was a compound of folly and worthlessness. He held her while conspirators broke into

her chamber and murdered her favorite friend, Rizzio, at her very feet. Mary turned to him with "I shall be your wife no longer, and shall never lie well till I cause you as sorrowful a heart as you have caused me."

Mary was a very poor judge of men. Three months after Darnley's murder, she married the man who was believed to have actually committed the crime, allowing him to divorce a young and lovely bride that



The Empress Josephine

From the portrait by Prudhon in the Louvre.

Months later, Darnley lay ill at Edinburgh, and Mary stayed with him. One night she made him uneasy. She talked of Rizzio, and mentioned that the anniversary of his murder had almost arrived. Then she went away to a ball. The festivities were still going on when the house where her husband lay was blown up with gunpowder.

she might become his wife. That was the downfall of her reign. They tore her from Bothwell, and the rabble hooted at her in the streets. She grew to hate the Scotch, and in a mad moment she threw herself upon the protection of Elizabeth, only to be a prisoner for years, and at last to lay her head on the block. Guilty she may have

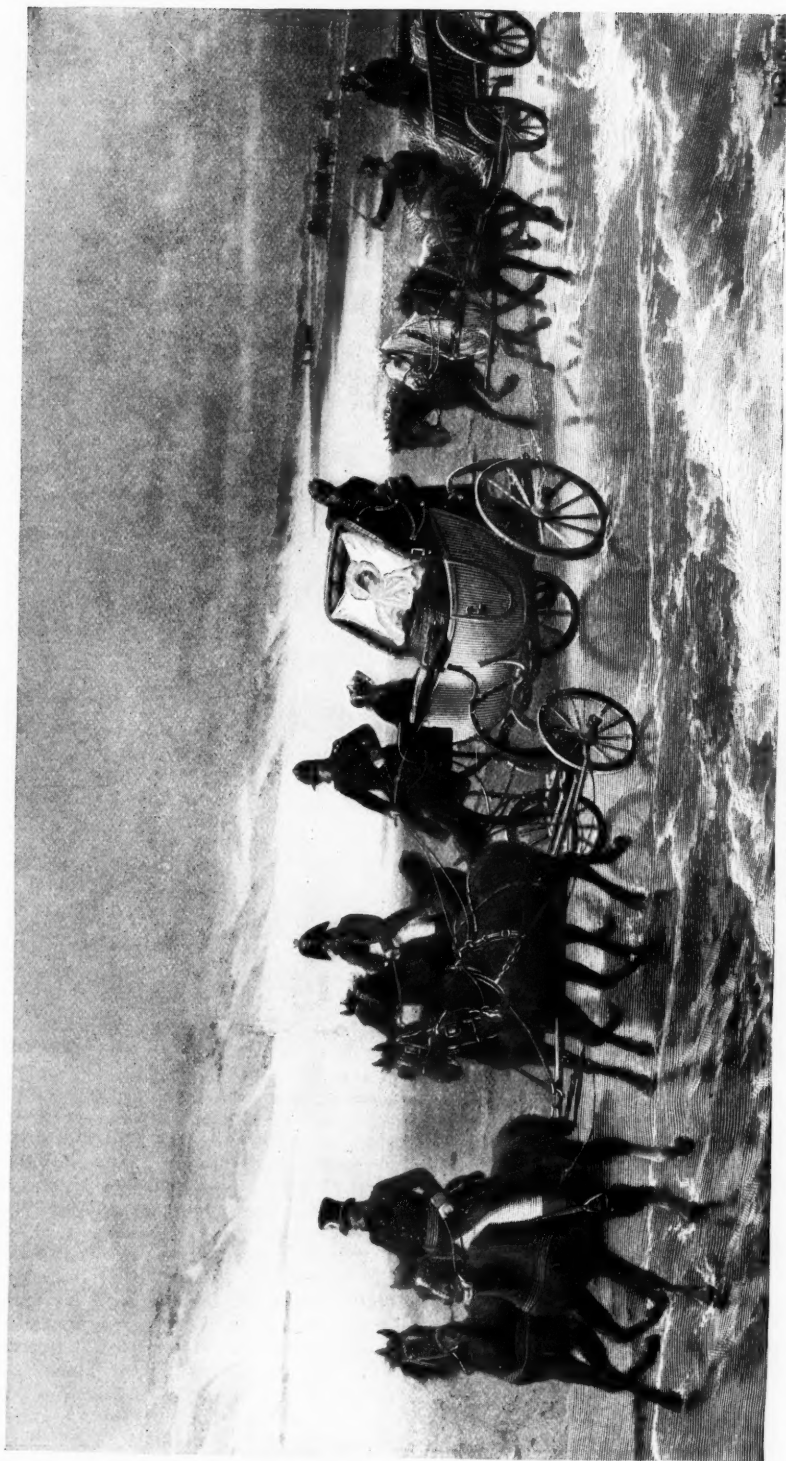


Queen Louise of Prussia.
From the portrait by Koppay.

been, but unhappy always. Yet through her trials England and Scotland became one country, joined in her son James.

Marie Antoinette, another queen to end her days upon the scaffold, knew years of happiness before evil fortune came to her. She had the joyous heart that could not see anything but sunshine; like Anne Boleyn, she was out of place amid the ceremonial of a court. It was her delight to go to the Trianon, where she had instituted rules that she was not to be treated like a queen, but to have the simple courtesies given to any lady. Here she played at making butter, and dressing like a country girl. But nothing she did could please the French. She was German, and even then the German was hated. Financiers said that she was responsible for the bad condition of the country because of her extravagance, and she became the subject of the coarsest calumnies. The affair of the stolen necklace turned public opinion forever against her, although it has been proven over and over that she was absolutely innocent. One day a dealer brought a diamond necklace to her, asking two million francs for it. She refused to buy. Some time after, he wrote to her, thanking her for having taken it, and asking for his money. The queen discovered that she had been represented in the transaction by a lady of the court, but the people were never convinced of it. From the beginning of the Revolution they hated her, and tried to destroy her.

She might have fled, but she stayed with her husband until it was too late. They were seized and imprisoned, and the queen was subjected to every insult. Her little son, tenderly brought up, was made to testify against her. The head of her dearest friend was pushed into her face, and at



Queen Louise's Flight from Napoleon's Invasion.
From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Heydeck.



Queen Louise and Napoleon at Tilsit.

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by W. Camphausen.

last she was pushed on a cart and rolled off to execution. The frivolities of Marie Antoinette were those of a gay young heart, but when sorrows came she showed herself a heroine.

It was not always the women who suffered death themselves who had the hardest lot. There are more valuable possessions than life.

When Louis XIII betrothed his sister Henrietta Maria to Charles I of England, he pledged the young lover to a course of conduct that was certain to bring unpopularity upon the couple. The English prince

agreed to relieve Roman Catholics from the operation of the penal laws. His defiance of public sentiment made the first years of his married life so unhappy that the young queen would often retire to her apartments to weep.

In spite of all the troubles of his reign, King Charles and his wife were devotedly in love with each other, and no misunderstandings could keep them apart. Henrietta Maria was devoted to her children, too. She meddled little with politics, until it came to the point where she must help her husband in his fight with the Parliament.

She threw herself heart and soul into the work of raising money for him, but with always the shadow of defeat over her. Finally she was compelled to leave the king and take refuge in France. She never saw him again.

As her children grew up, they became estranged from her. Even when her son was restored to the throne of his father, she found herself without honor at the English court. Her health failed, and she went back to France to die in loneliness.

Perhaps both Josephine of France and Louise of Prussia, each of whom suffered so bitterly at the hands of Napoleon, could have endured death with more fortitude than the humiliations that were put upon them.

Louise is the heroine of Prussian history. Her brief life—for she died at thirty four—covered the most eventful period of her country's annals; and in the drama of war and disaster she played a foremost part. She was a devoted wife to Frederick William III, who married her for love, but her husband's weakness brought humiliation upon her and upon his country. He delayed resistance to Napoleon's aggression until resistance was impossible. His military preparations—into which the queen had thrown herself heart and soul—were swept away by the thunderbolts of Jena and Auerstadt; and with Louise he was forced to flee from Berlin before the Gallic invader. At Königsberg, one of her children was stricken down with typhoid fever, and she, staying to nurse him, caught the disease. Napoleon still pressed on, and in the cold of midwinter, amid a deep snow, Louise was lifted from her bed to a carriage, to fly further eastward. It was after a journey of extreme hardship along the frozen lagoons of the Baltic coast that she found a refuge at Memel.

Further humiliation was in store for the unhappy queen. Her husband's ally, Alexander of Russia, believed that no man could look upon Louise's sweet, womanly beauty unmoved, and he begged her, for her country's sake, to consent to an interview with

Napoleon. She went through what was to her a bitter ordeal, and went through it in vain. Napoleon followed her with the words, "After all, a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

The darkness of those days never left Louise's life. But from it was born the hatred of France that made the Germans a warlike and united people, and that won for Louise's son, the great Emperor William, an ample vengeance for his mother's sufferings, when he set an imperial crown upon his brow in the conquered palace of Versailles.

To the historical figure of Josephine, the wife of the Corsican officer, the divorced wife of the all powerful emperor, there has come a poetic justice which might almost have compensated her for her sorrows could she have foreseen it. In a thousand ways we see, today, how much Napoleon owed to the brilliant creole. She was older than he, not only in years but in worldly wisdom, and it was through her counsel that the young man gained the opportunity to make himself known and felt. Yet when the highest place was reached, Napoleon put her aside at the dictate of dynastic ambition. To Josephine was given not only the seclusion and loneliness of a dethroned queen, but the infinitely sadder lot of one whose affections have been trampled under foot. In her home she heard the guns announce the birth of the King of Rome, and every shot seemed aimed at her own heart. Yet, after all, it was to be her daughter's son that came back to the throne of France, and it was to be her name that has become linked forever with that of the greatest soldier the world ever saw. She may not have been a wise woman, but she was his companion through the stormiest years of his life. Her very faults were part of the discipline of his character; when he lost her, he lost an integral part of himself, and the power to retain his great prestige in the world. The historian traces the beginning of Napoleon's downfall from the hour when he divorced Josephine.

George Holme.



ROBERT ATTERBURY.*

By Thomas H. Brainerd,

Author of "Go Forth and Find."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

In the quaint old Californian town of Santa Cruz, Robert Atterbury, a young theological student, meets and loves Sara Gardner, who is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Towers, and her cousin Margaret. Robert proposes and is accepted, and both write to Sara's father, who long ago left America and settled, self exiled, in Japan. Pending a reply the lovers separate, and Atterbury returns with his mother to their home in the East.

On reaching Boston, he receives an urgent summons from Van Ruger Blethen, whose wife is Mrs. Atterbury's niece, Claire. On discovering proof of her husband's infidelity, she has left him, and Blethen desires Robert's assistance in discovering her whereabouts. Atterbury finds Claire living with her old nurse. He soothes her and arranges to place her in his mother's care. Then, suddenly, Atterbury, whose brother has recently died of consumption, is stricken with the same disease. His physician recommends a milder climate, and he is soon southward bound in charge of a young doctor, John Richards. Atterbury is conscious of his approaching fate, and in despair he writes to Sara, releasing her from her engagement.

IX.

AFTER Robert had left him, Van Ruger Blethen sat long beside his table in sullen anger. Social condemnation was the one thing which he feared, and now that he realized that Robert would not stand by him, he saw that it might be in store for him. In imagination he met the hypocritical condolences and covert sneers of his friends and acquaintances, and he ground his teeth with rage. His mind ran over all the people from whom he could ask assistance.

Suddenly he sprang from his chair, a new look of hope coming into his bloodshot eyes.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "the very thing! I wonder I did not think of her before."

He went out and cabled to Mrs. Whitwell:

We need your assistance. Can you come at once?

He returned to his room with quite a light heart. Under the charming frankness and exquisite politeness of his French mother in law he had always recognized the knowl-

edge and wisdom of a perfect woman of the world. He felt sure the present crisis would never have come if Claire had grown up under her influence; and even now he believed that she would be able to make Claire listen to reason, as he called it. He smiled to himself as he laid his head on his pillow, and he slept the sleep of the just, calm and full of peace.

Claire also slept long and well. The day was nearly gone when she awoke to realize with her first consciousness that her time was come. Nancy summoned the village doctor, and Claire, calling her Puritan nature to her aid, fought her battle alone and almost calmly. Through the long hours of suffering she uttered no complaint, and was quietly obedient to the doctor.

Then, as another new day came in over the sea, a new life, unwished for and unwelcomed, added its cry to the chorus of human voices.

When the doctor had gone, Nancy brought the baby to the bedside.

"Don't ye want to kiss your boy, my lamb?" she asked.

Claire turned her head away with a weary sigh, and Nancy sat down, crooning to the baby in her sweet, old country brogue, and waiting for Mrs. Atterbury to come. She did not know what was wrong, but her true woman's heart yearned over the little one. Its guardian angel—one of those who always behold the face of the Father—may have recognized in her the true mother; at any rate, a few hours later, when Van Ruger learned Claire's whereabouts and all that had transpired, and sent doctors and attendants out to her, no one thought for a moment of giving the baby to any one but Nancy. It was a happy fate for one born an orphan, into a family which was no family, with parents who were neither father nor mother.

Van Ruger did not intrude upon Claire. Every day he sent out to inquire how she

* This story began in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

was, and at the club he offered himself for the congratulations of his acquaintances. He posed as a happy father, and to all inquiries said that his wife had taken a fancy to go down to her old home for the happy occasion, adding that of course, under the circumstances, her lightest whim was his law. This was the outside; inwardly he was waiting with great anxiety.

* * * *

"*Eh bien, monsieur!* You have indeed the kindest heart in the world, and the best intentions. That we know; but is it not possible that you have not exactly known how to manage the young wife? That is so necessary. It is even possible that she has been *triste*. One may be very *triste* in this country. Ah, *mon Dieu!* Yes. I remember it well. Now if you had more amused her, might it not have been well? To me that is the grand secret. *Bien!* We shall see. We will surprise her with a little gaiety, *n'est ce pas?*"

Van Ruler was glad to do whatever he was told, and under the direction of his mother in law began to open his town house and prepare for the reception of his wife and child.

* * * *

In the almost bare bed room of the lodge, Claire sat in old Nancy's big arm chair. She wore a simple, dark blue wrapper, her hair was brushed straight back above her melancholy eyes, and in neither her face nor her surroundings was there any trace of grace or beauty. Her ringless fingers were clasped tightly in her lap, and their strained tension seemed to assert utter abnegation of joy.

Into this unattractive apartment entered her mother, bringing at once the indescribable atmosphere of perfectly ordered worldly life. Her costume, the rhythmic motion of her step, the perfect delicacy with which she changed the exclamation of horror, which had risen involuntarily to her lips, into one of enthusiastic and sympathetic greeting, all belonged to a world from which Claire had banished herself, to a world which she had fancied she hated and loathed. Her mother noticed instantly that the child was not in the room, and tactfully refrained from asking for it. In a few minutes, while she made tender little speeches and covered the pale face with kisses, she had caressed the soft hair into its wonted waves. Taking from her own shoulders a scarf of daintiest lace and rose colored ribbons, she threw it around Claire, hiding the uncouth gown.

"Ah! *Comme ça va bien avec les joues transparentes!*"

Then, holding the thin hands caressingly in her own, she talked of Paris, of their friends there, and of what was in anticipation. Without going into details she spoke as if Claire must be interested in it all, because she would have her part in all. With no discussion she succeeded in arranging that her daughter should go to drive with her in a few days, and in spite of herself Claire was glad to go.

When the day for the drive arrived, Mrs. Whitwell sent her own maid to dress Claire. She brought with her a lovely wrap of bronze velvet trimmed with gray ostrich tips, and a dainty bonnet to match it. Mrs. Whitwell had selected them in Paris, and her taste was faultless.

Claire sat before the glass, but she was not looking at herself. The deft hands of the maid piled the fluffy light hair in puffs and waves upon her small, shapely head, and placed upon it the dark bonnet which brought out in perfection its pale golden gleams. Silently and rapidly she worked, asking no questions, but instinctively and artistically making the best and most of everything. When all was finished she stood for a moment contemplating her work.

"I hope that madame is satisfied," she said.

Claire had been absorbed in the thoughts which her mother's coming had awakened. Why should she not go back to Paris with her, and live there? Her mother had always fascinated her, and the memory of those short years of delight the two had spent together, came back to Claire's senses with seducing sweetness.

The sound of the maid's voice recalled her to the present. She glanced at the mirror, then leaned forward and looked critically at herself. It was a poor little glass—old Nancy's; but from it there looked an exquisite picture. The face was perhaps a little pale, the great dark eyes a little hard, but it was lovely, it would win admiration anywhere. She smiled at it; and when the expression of the mouth softened and the eyes grew limpid with pleasure, she added another word to the one that had expressed her thought—it would win love. She felt her power. For the first time in her life she realized herself a woman, by birthright a ruler over men's lives, born to subdue them by her beauty, her fascinations, and her knowledge of their weaknesses. She longed to begin her triumph.

When her mother drove up for her, she stepped into the carriage, caring nothing

that it was Van Ruger's carriage in which she was to be shown to all her acquaintances who might meet them on the road. She thought only of herself and her coming life, and no consciousness of Van Ruger troubled her plans for the future.

They drove for a little while, Mrs. Whitwell expressing the greatest delight in Claire's appearance. Her manner was caressing and tender; she seemed to be simply rejoiced to see her daughter's returning health, and to be with her.

"When do you return to Paris?" Claire asked abruptly. "I am going with you."

Her mother hesitated just an instant before she answered.

"That is most sweet in you," she said with smiling cordiality. "I shall love to have my little queen go with me. I have not quite decided when I will go; we have several things to do first. There are some friends of mine here, who came over with me. Van and I are planning to give them some pleasure, as soon as you are able to go with us. We wish to take them to the White Mountains and to some other places in this beautiful autumn weather. Then," she went on without giving Claire a chance to speak, "I am also arranging for the christening. Under the circumstances"—it was the first allusion which she had made to there being anything abnormal in their situation—"it will be wise to make of the christening a little fête, *n'est ce pas?* We are preparing it for a little surprise for you." She noticed, from the corner of her eye, that Claire was very pale, and that her lips were compressed as if she with difficulty restrained a cry. She did not pause. "I have done everything as you would have wished, and, my love, your gown is simply a dream. It is pale gold, just the color of your beautiful hair, and the train is of velvet, as becomes your new honors. The corsage is of satin and tulle; it is entrancing. The christening will be in the afternoon, as is most suitable, but we will have the house lighted by gas, because that is so much more effective. Van is having the conservatory prepared for the breakfast. There will be about a hundred people to sit down to the breakfast. It will be the most beautiful affair of the kind ever given here. The invitations are to go out for next week Thursday." She stopped to pat Claire's hand lovingly and to smile at her. "There is a secret," she added softly, "and I ought not to say anything about it, but Van has gotten for you the most magnificent rubies that I ever saw. He went to New York for them. There are

earrings which are lovely, but the pendant! I have no words to describe it. Just one great, blazing ruby surrounded with tiny points of diamonds. It is a wonderful thing, and I am impatient to see it on your white throat, my darling."

"I will not wear it," burst from Claire. "How dare he get a present for me! I will have nothing to do with him, and he knows it perfectly well."

Her eyes were blazing, and her face expressed all the anger which she felt. Mrs. Whitwell laid her hand softly on Claire's, and only smiled at her, but the girl felt that she had committed a blunder, that in some way she had failed to live up to the social laws which governed her mother's every word and look. She sank back in her seat, moody and silent. Presently her mother began to talk of other things.

"I am most anxious," she said, "that you should meet my friends. They are Mme. Troubat and her brother, M. Jean Sievert. She is my dearest friend; indeed, we have been inseparable for more than a year. I met her at Spa, just after you had left me, and she consoled me in my loneliness. I am sure you will find her charming and sympathetic. Her brother also is delightful. He has one of those perfect natures that are, I think, peculiar to Frenchmen; he wins your friendship at once by his frank kindness to you and his delicate understanding of you, while he is always so absolutely *maître de soi* that you have no fears, simply confidence."

Claire looked inquiringly at her mother. Could it be that she herself was fascinated by this man? There was nothing to indicate it as she proceeded.

"Mme. Troubat and I had made all our arrangements to come over together. The night before we sailed, Jean, who was dining with us, announced that he would accompany us. We expressed at once our delight and our surprise at the unexpected pleasure. 'Why this sudden resolution?' his sister asked. 'I don't know,' he replied; 'I feel strongly drawn to the other side of the water. I don't know what it is unless, perhaps, *les beaux yeux* of madame's daughter.' He was standing under your portrait, which hangs in the dining room, you remember, and of course it was only one of his gallant speeches. Still, he is most anxious to meet you, as is also Mme. Troubat."

When they arrived at the lodge again, Mrs. Whitwell went in for a little while. She waited until Claire's wraps were removed and the maid had left the room; then

she drew her chair close to the lounge where her daughter lay.

"Let us understand each other, Claire," she said.

In broken sentences Claire began her story, but even to herself it seemed very different in the light of those clear, worldly eyes of her mother. The bare outlines of facts she told, but the shame and self abasement, the fierce anger against fate, and the passion of revolt, all these it was impossible to reveal in that cold, judicial presence. When she paused, her mother smiled icily if indulgently.

"Fie!" she said. "I did not think you could be so childish. It seems to me that you have absolutely nothing to complain of. Van has been always perfectly courteous and polite to you. He is liberal to a fault, and if not always thoughtful in arranging pleasures for you, he has but to have them suggested to be enthusiastic with regard to them. What more do you want? For these other things, of which you seem to have made a bugbear, they are simply a part of life, common to all the world; and I must tell you, my dear, it is a part of life with which you have nothing to do. It is not becoming in you to concern yourself with questions in regard to matters in your husband's life which are outside of yours. Ignorance of them is so desirable that I should greatly have hoped that you might have had the delicacy to feign it even if you did not possess it. It seems to me that you have everything that heart can desire, and I fear that you have been in danger of being ungrateful, if not unwomanly. Let us forget all these things, and look at the situation fairly. On the one hand is a lovely home, life in the world, with charming friends to admire and amuse you, and all the countless joys and pleasures of society, with a husband who only asks that you accept with complacency the universal lot of women. You look surprised, but it *is* universal, no matter how it is accepted. On the other hand what have you before you? A lonely life in this *triste* old house"—she shuddered, recalling her own experiences there—"simply to let the days go by from youth to age; nothing more. Think of it, and do not make a false step now. Van has taken every precaution, and no one even suspects that all is not well. It is impossible to estimate too highly his delicacy in the unfortunate circumstances in which he found himself. It only remains now for you to do your duty in a womanly way." She leaned over and kissed the girl's cold face. "Tell me that I may take you home tomorrow."

Claire was silent. She thoroughly understood the pressure that was brought to bear on her. A great chill fell on her as she realized that her mother meant her to understand that she could not go to Paris with her as a woman separated from her husband. It seemed to her to be the very acme of injustice, in view of her mother's own life, but she also knew that it would be vain to appeal against it, that the decision which she made now was the final one.

Still she hesitated. The vision of her own face, as she had seen it in the glass, came back to her. It seemed like Satan's "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." She shuddered and still hesitated. The blood rushed to her pale face, tingeing with its color even her ears, and then sweeping back, to leave her painfully white. She raised herself upon her elbow, and her black eyes looked straight into her mother's.

"I will go back to the house," she said, "and to everything; but"—the words were hard to say—"it must be understood, entirely understood, that I will have my own apartments quite to myself."

She knew that appearances were what Van Ruger cared for most in the world. This was also understood by Mrs. Whitwell. She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"*Ça va s'arranger*," she said.

X.

OUT of doors the day was exquisite. The great sea outside the harbor lay sleeping, wrapped in the fleecy mists of the Indian summer. Its gentle breath served only to stir softly the yellow leaves that floated silently down from the great trees on the avenue. Everywhere the mellow October sunshine flooded earth and sky with the glory of a benediction. It was as if summer, already parted, turned once more to look with love upon her erstwhile home, to ask pardon for past pain, to recall lingeringly past joys, and to breathe tenderly, "Farewell."

Farewell, farewell, a word which hath been and must be,

A word which makes us linger, yet farewell.

It was high noon, and the horses' feet scattered the leaves to right and left as carriage after carriage drew up in front of the Blethen mansion and deposited at the door its burden of well dressed men and women. They entered from the golden glory without, and for a moment the interior seemed lost in gloom; then, as their eyes became accustomed to the subdued light,

they saw the long parlors arranged with seats on each side, leaving a broad aisle in the center, which led to a dais, slightly raised from the floor. On the front of the dais stood a small table, upon which was a silver bowl wreathed in maidenhair fern. Behind the dais was a semicircle of palms; everywhere the walls were hung with smilax, and shaded by the green wreaths were rose colored lights, which filled the rooms with soft radiance, while from somewhere behind the palms came a faint odor of burning incense.

A little to one side of the dais stood a beautiful chair, upholstered in pale golden brocade.

The guests seated themselves, indulging in expectant whisperings, while they noted the details of the preparations. The invitations to which they were responding had read as follows:

MR. AND MRS. P. VAN RUGER BLETHEN
Request the Honor of Your Presence at the

CHRISTENING
Of Their Son,

WHITWELL VAN RUGER BLETHEN,
October 10, 18—.

Softly, as if heard from a distance, came the sound of music, a piano and strings; then a door opened, and a sweet, high soprano voice, a child's voice, began to sing:

"And they brought young children to Him that He should bless them.

"And His disciples rebuked those that brought them.

"But when Jesus saw it He was much displeased, and said unto them,

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Suddenly a whole choir of voices joined:

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen."

Now the sounds came nearer, as the procession passed slowly through the hall. Into the parlor and down the aisle came the boy choir of the church of St. Mary the Virgin. They walked two by two, each carrying in his outer hand a tall stem of St. Joseph lilies. Their sweet treble thrilled the air with tenderness and pathos.

"Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

"Now, this little one receiving,
Fold him in Thy gracious arm;
There—we know, Thy word believing—
Only there secure from harm."

Following them came the rector; then Nancy, in a black silk dress and long apron of sheerest lawn, bore in her arms the tiny being in whose honor the fête was celebrated. Next, Mrs. Whitwell, who was to be god-mother, leaned on the arm of the happy father; and M. Jean Sievert, the godfather, brought up the rear.

When all was ready for the solemn vows, Claire was seen seated in the golden chair, beside the dais. Her fluffy golden hair rested against the paler brocade; the rich folds of her gown wrapped her in an oriental splendor. Her eyes were cast down, and her clear, pale face seemed as if it might have been carved out of ivory. It was a marvelous picture, gold upon gold, pale, rich, and rare. Like a sign and seal, upon her white throat blazed the blood red ruby.

As the ceremony proceeded she looked up, and, apparently oblivious of what was passing, let her gaze wander from one to another of her guests. If it had chanced that any among them had had eyes to see, what revelations they might have found in her grave, melancholy glance!

The clergyman raised his hand, and all rose to receive the benediction. The well instructed Nancy, who had already taken the child, led the procession from the room. She was followed by the children, who sang triumphantly, as they passed out:

Children of the Heavenly King
As we journey let us sing.

Mrs. Whitwell took her place beside Claire to receive their guests, and Van Ruger offered his arm to one of them and led the way to the breakfast room.

The rector of St. Mary the Virgin prided himself upon the fact that he was never at a loss as to what he ought to do. He could be all things to all men. He was very high church, and of course very exacting in the matter of externals, which he was fond of calling the "signs of inward grace." The last dreamy strains of one of Chopin's waltzes were slowly dying on the strings of the violins when, in obedience to the demands of duty, he rose to his feet. In his hand he held an exquisite goblet, in which the amber wine quivered like a spirit in unrest.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the most beautiful moments of life are in their very nature so intimate and so sacred that it is seldom possible to share them with our friends. Therefore when, as on this most happy occasion, the innermost shrine of a home is opened, and we are permitted to draw near, we do so with joyful fear, wishing indeed to remove the shoes from our

feet, which are standing on holy ground. Naturally, in viewing such a scene as the one which we have just witnessed, in such a home, made lovely and perfect by all that intelligence and wealth can bring to its service, our thoughts turn to the one who is always the central and essential part of home. I have searched in my storehouse of words for some name which should embody in itself all her manifold manifestations, but I have not found such a one. I therefore add to the time honored toast the one word demanded by this time.

"Some of us know how much more precious is the wife than can be the dearest sweetheart, and in our truest moments we all realize what ineffable glory and worship crowns the name of 'Mother,' highest, dearest, and best in this ever blessed trinity of womanhood."

He raised his glass to his lips, saying, "Sweethearts, Wives, and Mothers." The men drank the toast standing, and Van Ruger returned thanks gracefully, in a manner which entirely satisfied Mrs. Whitwell. It is not possible to say more.

The sun was disappearing when the guests began to make their adieux.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Whitwell, this has been quite the loveliest christening that I ever saw. It was simply perfect in every detail; and dear Claire is looking so well and so happy."

"Yes, indeed. It almost makes one sick with envy to see the dear girl. She has everything, quite everything in the world. I should think she would feel like doing something to propitiate the evil genius, don't you know? I should be almost afraid to be so perfectly happy."

"I was just thinking the same thing. It doesn't seem quite right that one person should have every blessing—such a home and such a husband, and be so beautiful too. And now a lovely baby added to all the rest!"

And so on and on until the last one was gone.

Claire had endured the day with the heroism which is an absolutely necessary part of a society woman's equipment, but the strain had been terrible, and her strength was almost gone when relief came.

"Will you drink this? You are exhausted, you have eaten nothing."

Jean Sievert stood beside her, handing her a tiny glass of liqueur. She drank it, and handed the glass to him again.

"Thank you. It is most kind in you to drink it. It will do you good."

The words were nothing, but the tones and

manner were much. She raised her eyes to his, and saw that he knew; that he alone of all the vapid crowd understood that she was alone and desolate and wretched. He knew it and he cared; not with pity, but with something akin to it, only more kind, more sweet. With a quick movement of her head she turned her eyes away from his, but she knew that she was alone no longer.

Up stairs, in the sunny nursery, old Nancy had taken off and put away the costly finery that had served to decorate the fête; the baby in its simple muslin slip lay on her lap. She sat near the window, and the level rays of the setting sun played softly and lovingly on the face and hands of the sleeping child. Some idea or feeling of the simplicity and bounty of God's gifts passed through her mind. She bent over and whispered, "The blessed Lord love ye and keep ye, my lamb."

XI.

WHILE all these events, so important to her, were happening in the East, away on the shore of the Pacific the days were bringing lessons of pain to Sara. At first she received notes and letters constantly from Robert. While he was on the way home each train that he passed took a message to his love. Then suddenly, as if the sun should go out in mid heavens, all ceased. For a day or two she waited without great impatience; then there began to grow in her heart a sense of coming trouble. She did not doubt Robert for an instant; it would almost be more true to say that she did not even *trust* him, because her love for him was so perfect, so all pervading, that there was no room for anything but simple love.

The days passed, and while she answered the anxious looks of her aunt and cousin with shadowy smiles, dark circles grew under her eyes and her step lost its lightness. Mrs. Towers watched her with a mother's care, and sometimes there seemed to be more of tender pity in her regard than the case called for.

One day Margaret came in from the post office and handed her mother a letter. Mrs. Towers rose instantly and went out of the room. Coming back in a moment she went to Sara, and, putting her hand quietly on the girl's shoulder, stooped over and kissed her.

"Be strong and brave now, dear," she said. "There is a letter for you in your own room."

Sara saw that her aunt's eyes were wet, and she rose silently and went to her room.

There she found Robert's letter—a poor little letter, written in pencil, and telling its tale almost as plainly on the outside as in its contents. She opened and stared at it. The words swam before her, and her heart throbbed so that she could not hold the paper still. She shut her eyes; then, saying to herself, "At any rate, it is his writing," she pressed it to her lips and read it through.

As she read, slowly she slipped from her chair down to the floor; the veins in her throat began to swell, her breath to come hard and rasping through her teeth. "It cannot be, it cannot!" she moaned. Then suddenly she sprang up, seized the letter and read it again. She walked rapidly up and down the room, the blood came back to her lips and the light to her eyes, but no tears moistened them. "He is not dead, not yet," she said. "He shall not die, I will save him."

She sat down and began to write rapidly.

Robert, my love, I am coming to you, at once. I shall start tomorrow, and when this reaches you I shall be almost there. It cannot be as bad as you think; it cannot, and you cannot give me up. You said that *nothing* could now come to divide us and make two lives of our united life. You said so, darling, and I have taken it into my very soul. You cannot give me back my life; it is yours, and I am strong, so strong. I will give you my strength. I will give you my life; I will cure you; I can. Oh, Robert, do not die before I can come to save you. I am coming—

She had written so far when there came a gentle tap at the door. Mrs. Towers opened it and entered. Sara looked up and met her aunt's loving eyes. The strain relaxed; she threw herself into the arms that were outstretched toward her.

"Oh, auntie, he is ill, he says he is dying!"

She burst into a fearful sobbing and moaning. For a long time she wept unrestrainedly, Mrs. Towers thanking God that she could weep. By and by, when the first passion of her grief was hushed, she looked up imploringly to her aunt.

"It is not so bad as he thinks; he cannot be so very ill in so short a time, and people can always be cured at first. Don't you think so? Oh, auntie, tell me that you think Robert will not die!"

Mrs. Towers said everything to comfort her that she could think of.

"Were you writing when I came in?" she asked.

"Yes, I was telling him that I will go to him at once. I will go tomorrow. You will help me, auntie?"

Mrs. Towers drew the girl to her and held her close for a few minutes, as if she found it difficult to reply.

"Sara, my dear child, I have tried to be a mother to you ever since you were a baby; now if I should ask you to do a very hard thing for me, would you try?"

Sara became suddenly very pale.

"Not to give up going to Robert? You would not ask me to do that?"

"No, not to give it up, but to wait for your father's letter." She hesitated for a moment, then added, "I even think it probable that he will come himself instead of writing, and I do not want you to be gone if he should come. It will only be for a little while—a week or so—and I beg you to wait, my darling."

Something solemn and strange in her aunt's manner impressed Sara with the importance of her request. She sat quite still, with compressed lips, restraining all expression of the conflict that raged within her.

"I will wait for the next steamer from Japan," she finally said. "If he does not come and I do not get a letter by that steamer, you will not ask me to wait longer, because I cannot."

Mrs. Towers consented to this arrangement, and from her heart she prayed that Sara's father would come.

Sara spent the days that followed in writing to Robert. She wrote long letters, trying to cheer him and to take from his mind the fatal hopelessness that she found in his letter.

The summer visitors had almost all gone from Santa Cruz. The beach was deserted; the heavy fogs of autumn rolled in and shut out the water, making the whole scene one hopeless gray. The dreariness suited Sara's moods. Each day, when she had written her letter to Robert, she went out and walked for hours on the wet sand or along the cliffs which stretched to the north. When the afternoon light faded she came in, and, going straight to her own room, went at once to bed. She could not endure the presence of even her aunt and cousin. Usually she slept a little while, from sheer exhaustion, then woke. "Her heart made moan, before she was well awake." Then for the long hours of the night she sat up, listening, watching, praying in all the ungovernable agony of youth. Sometimes her aunt, coming softly to her door, heard choking sobs, half smothered in the pillow. Slipping into the room Mrs. Towers would lie down beside the girl, and, drawing the restless head to her own breast, would

try with fond words and tender kisses to comfort her.

One day Sara sat alone on the beach. Not even a fisherman was in sight. Around her the fog folded close; in front of her was a little stretch of sand, and from out the thick vapor, in constant succession, huge dark masses of water rose and came suddenly into sight. Piling themselves higher and higher into mountains of indistinct green, they rushed forward and broke in foam at her feet. For hours she watched these mysterious rollers of the great ocean dash themselves to pieces on the sand. They fascinated her; they seemed symbolical of life in its sudden uplifting and its terrible overthrow. She lost the hope that had sustained her. It seemed to be borne in upon her mind that Robert would die. With this despair came the fear that she would be too late to see him, that perhaps it was already too late.

Moved by a sudden impulse she rose and went down to the post office. She said to herself, "If the letter has not come today I cannot wait." She seemed to know that it had come, and took quite as a matter of course the package bearing the Japanese postmark which the postmaster handed her. She walked rapidly back to the cottage. She had no concern as to the contents of the package, did not even wonder why it was in this shape instead of being a letter. The only thought in her mind was that now she would go to Robert.

Entering her room she threw her hat and gossamer upon a chair, then lit the candles on her dressing table, and sat down. Her heavy hair was damp with the fog; she pushed it back from her face and leaned for a moment on her elbows, looking at her own face in the glass. It was pale and sad, but she smiled at it. "Tomorrow we will start," she said.

Then she untied the package. There were several wrappers, and at last a small tin box, carefully tied and sealed. She opened it, and found lying on the top a letter in her father's handwriting. Beneath it was something wrapped in many folds of tissue paper. Unrolling this, she found a small miniature. She started when she first saw it, almost thinking that it was a picture of herself. Looking more closely at it she discovered subtle differences, and realized that it must be her dead mother's portrait.

It was a sweet young face smiling at her; a dear, loving, and lovable face. She had always been told that her mother had been beautiful, but her aunt had no picture of

her, and until now Sara had never seen one. Now she gazed at this, and her thought was that her father had sent it to her as a betrothal gift. It was as if he had said, "Your mother would have wished to send you some token now;" and for the first time in her life she had a strong realization of her mother as something real to herself. Her heart went out in love for the young mother who had died so long ago, and she wondered if in her distant home she knew and pitied the agony and suffering of her child. She kissed the picture; then, with the instinct which lives in us all, she whispered, "Dear mother, if you can, help Robert to get well." She laid it down where she could see the face; then opened her father's letter.

My child, the hour has come; the cup which I have prayed to be spared is pressed to my lips, and I must drink it. It is my Gethsemane; but below and beyond my own pain is the most terrible question, what will it be to you? I do not know you. I have tried to make you strong. Are you so? I have tried that you should be self-reliant and brave. God grant that you are! I have also hoped against hope that your life would be absorbed in art or science or work of some kind, and that this day might never come. It had seemed to me that fate might be propitiated by the sacrifice of my whole life, and might spare yours. But it has come, and now, daughter, I bid you bring every strength of mind and body to your aid and bear the burden which life lays upon you.

I send you your mother's portrait. It has lain on my heart for more than twenty years, and I send it to you because the time has come when you must hear her story and mine, which is also yours.

She was twenty years old when I first saw and loved her; for I loved her from the instant that I saw her. I wooed and won her, and in six months I was her husband. There are no words to tell how blessed we were, for she also loved as I did. We went abroad, not so much to see what there was in foreign countries, but that being among strangers we might be more alone together. For one year life was perfect; then, for there was promise of a new life coming to ours, we went slowly back to our home in Oakland.

Her joy in her new hopes was great, and I shared it because it was hers. I had not felt the need of children, my happiness was complete in her. About three months before her confinement there came a sudden change in her. She grew melancholy, then morbid, and I could not hide from myself the nature of her malady. I consulted the best specialists on nervous disorders. They said these symptoms were not unusual, and not especially alarming under the existing circumstances, and bade me hope that all would be well. We tended her with unceasing care and devotion, but she grew worse, and finally, to my unspeakable

grief, she showed such excitement and fear on seeing me that the doctor forbade me to go into her room. At night I waited until the nurse came to tell me that she slept, then went and sat beside her bed and watched her beloved form.

One thing, above all others, roused in her either terror or anger. If she found anything that had been prepared for the child she had expected with so much joy, she instantly destroyed it. Matters stood in this way when the day, longed for and dreaded, came, and you were born.

Can you, now that you are a woman, put yourself in my place, and realize with what agony I prayed that she might be given back to me well, or have rest in death?

She lived, and from day to day the doctor put me off. "Not yet"—eternally "Not yet." He said I must have "patience." One day I sat in my own room, the door open, sadly watching the door of her room. The nurse passed out, stopping a moment to tell me that her patient was asleep. I still sat there, my eyes fixed on the door, when I heard a stealthy step within the room. Instantly I opened the door. She stood, in her long white gown, in front of the fire. She was laughing horribly. A smell of burning wool filled the air. I glanced at the crib; it was empty; then at the fire, and, rushing forward, I seized the blanket in which you were rolled and snatched you from it. I had only time to throw you into the crib—unhurt, thank God!—when, with a shriek which rang in my ears for many years, she sprang upon me. Before the nurse returned and help could be gotten, I had received an injury which deprived me of one eye and left me disfigured for life.

You were at once sent to your aunt, in whose house you have since then found your home. After many efforts to have my darling rightly cared for at home, I was driven to take her to the Napa asylum. The doctor there asked me if this malady was in her blood, if others of her family had been insane. I did not know, and I am sure that she had never known. When I had made inquiries, the facts confirmed our worst fears. The doctors pronounced her incurable.

Still I hoped, and I spent the next two years in Napa, near the asylum, waiting, waiting, and hoping that some day she would open her sweet eyes and know me. Even this was denied me; only when the end was coming, and she grew very weak, they let me go and sit beside her. She did not know me, but it was my hand that gave her food and drink and closed her eyes at last.

Then I turned my back on my country, and hid myself and my misery from all who had known me. For you, my one care was that you should grow up healthy in mind and body; and, as you know, I hoped that you would never wish to marry. You will understand now that marriage for you would be a crime, and by the memory of your unhappy mother, and equally unhappy father, *I forbid you to think of it.*

Do not give way to despair. If I seem to have written coldly, do not think that I feel coldly. I write the plain facts, for they cannot be made other than they are; but now, dearest child, you know why I have lived a stranger to you and to my own country. I have longed for you, but I hoped that you need never know the tragedy of your birth, and so I have stifled that longing. Now, will you come to me? Dearest child of my love, will you come and let my hungry eye see again one of my own? Or shall I come to you? At one word from you I will hasten, only it seems to me better that you should come to me. Come, weep your tears in my arms, and find some balm for your pain in bringing comfort to your devoted, loving father.

Sara's teeth chattered as with great cold while she read. When she had reached the end of the letter she sat quite still, bending forward a little and shaking. Her whole world had gone from her and left her alone, without support. She was powerless to move. Slowly a strong and terrible feeling came over her—a feeling that she had always known this thing, that all through her gay and thoughtless childhood she had been well aware of this ghastly enemy waiting somewhere beside her path. It did not enter her mind to rouse herself and give him battle. After a little she spoke aloud.

"I am glad that Robert is dying," she said.

The sound of her own voice frightened her. She glanced stealthily around, then up at the glass before her. Great God! What was this creature staring at her? For a moment she thought it was her mother, escaped from the asylum and come to claim her; then she saw that it was the reflection of her own wild eyes and haggard face. "No, no," she said. "Not yet, not yet."

She moved away so that she could not see the glass, and sat still again, thinking. Then she put her hand upon the miniature, and, without looking at it, rolled it up in the papers again. She folded the letter and wrote on the last page, "You were right to give me up, Robert." Then she put them both into an envelope and addressed it to Robert. She blew the candles out, moved softly across the room, and stole out into the foggy night. She put nothing around her, and did not notice that the fog was like rain. At the door of the hotel was a post box into which she put the package; then she hurried on.

The streets were deserted, no one saw her, and her aunt and cousin, not knowing that she had received the letter, thought her resting and did not go to her room. She did not pause for an instant, but went over the bridge around to the cliff road,

and on to the lighthouse. As she passed the lime wharf she wrung her hands and moaned, but did not stop.

At the point where the bay meets the ocean, the high cliff turns almost at a right angle. Sometimes, at this spot, the waves roll up in mighty breakers and dash themselves into the air in clouds of spray; then rush out again, swirling round and round in a vortex which the strongest swimmer could not withstand for an instant. At other times the rollers take another direction, and, coming in straight from the ocean, sweep along at right angles to the shore. Then they follow each other in foam crested waves.

The tide was running in, and was almost at the full when Sara reached the point at the extreme limit of the bay. She did not hesitate; her mind was made up. She was conscious only of a terrible pain in her head, and of the imperative necessity of doing this thing before she lost the self control that enabled her to accomplish it. She walked straight to the point, and, holding her hands high to heaven, threw herself off.

As she fell, a great mass of water passed solemnly on its irresistible way into the bay. It caught her, and, folding itself around her, bore her onward. The sharp shock of the cold water woke her as from a dream. In the flash of a lightning stroke she came to herself. She realized what she had done; all her cruelty to Robert, all the despair and disappointment of her father surged through her brain. She understood the cowardice and shame of her act. She was too good a swimmer, too superbly well and strong, to drown in any ordinary water, and before she had time to *think*, she was swimming steadily.

It was a long way to any safe landing place, and when reason had come to the aid of instinct she saved herself by resting at times on the water, then swimming slowly with the tide. Her light summer gown troubled her little, and by and by she saw the long, dark wharf in front of her. She felt her way to the fisherman's stairs, and, climbing up, soon stood beside the same coil of ropes on which Robert had sat to watch the sunrise. She fell down upon it and wept long and bitterly; yet she thanked God that she had not succeeded in killing herself. It seemed to her now that nothing which could come to her could be so terrible as this which she had almost accomplished, and which she knew, if she had accomplished it, would have filled Robert's few last days with pain and suffer-

ing. Then she remembered her father, his long years of exile and loneliness, and groaned to think how nearly she had made of no avail all his teaching and his self sacrifice. "Be strong, be well." How often he had written these words to her, and at the first need for them she had thrown them to the winds.

She rose at last and went home. She was broken hearted, but she knew what she had to do, and she was *strong and well*. She went in and slipped her wet clothes off; then, wrapping herself in a warm gown, she sat down and gazed calmly and steadily at herself in the glass. The great melancholy eyes looked patiently and bravely at her.

"We cannot go to Robert," she said, "but we will go to father and try to comfort him, and"—she bent a little forward, still looking steadily into the watching eyes—"and we will never, never let go the reins again."

There was faithful promise in the strong, self reliant face.

XII.

ABOVE, a dome of blue darkening toward the zenith; all around a heaving plain of gray green waters; at the far south a few downy clouds piled up into the semblance of mountains. The solitude is absolute. Here is no stretch of shore with headland and beach to put a bound to the measureless march of the waves. They are utterly unrestrained. Here no mountain claps hand with mountain to say to the winds, "Turn back." They meet with no opposition.

So it is that in this vast playground the forces of nature sometimes seem to grow sluggish, as if they found nothing worthy of their efforts. The great calm swells follow one another in monotonous succession. The playful winds ruffle the surface of the waves, then fly away to fan the fleecy clouds into shreds and streamers.

This ocean knows nothing of the land, but sometimes, from far away, where the great continent gasps under the throbbing sun, there blows a fierce, hot wind. The sea feels its coming and mutters sullenly; then, as if refusing to receive even a message from the land, it gathers itself together and wages war against it. Then is heard the roar of deep calling unto deep, mingled with the shrieks of the wind warriors. But whether in sleepy peacefulness or in wild warfare, there is nothing here but the elements of air and water. Man has not placed his brand upon the vast plain; no smoke from giant chimneys

blackens its shining surface with the signs of toil ; no sewers vomit the refuse of cities into its uncontaminated depths. It laughs and frowns, plays idly with the summer wind, and dashes its foam to heaven when its waves meet in anger, all unconscious of man and his world; of palaces and fetid prisons ; of hot, dark forges where amid the roar of mighty furnaces the stubborn iron gives up its will and stretches itself out in long serpents of fire, obedient to its master; of crowded workshops where men, women, and little children spend all their days in labor which gives them only daily bread and strength to toil again.

One would say this part of the world had nothing to do with that—that smoky, toiling, greedy world, so full of care and wrong and pain—this free, irresponsible waste of air and water. Yet the earth is a little globe. The morning sun tinges this lonely horizon and wakes to laughter these foam crested waves before the last light of day has faded in the west to the world weary eyes that have forgotten how to joy in its brightness. Who can know that the quiet, resistless march of ages will not bring these ends of the earth together?

Down in these depths, undisturbed by any commotion on the surface, myriads of tiny creatures are toiling. Slowly but surely they build walls, which in time will be reefs, will be islands, will grow through countless years into continents whose snowy mountain tops will gather the moisture from the air and send soft rains to refresh its smiling valleys ; whose spreading forests will creep down to the shores of sweet inland seas. By and by, where now these green waves roll, every sound of life and joy and love will resound.

Out in that other world, the world of men, are also many laborers. They have brave hearts and ready hands. In the dark places of the great cities, in the cruel, blood stained countries of man's earth, man the deliverer is reaching out to his brother men. Across chasms rent by years of wrong and oppression, hand clasps hand ; the poor are learning the griefs and sorrows of the rich and have compassion, the rich are learning the nobility of the poor and have respect ; and in all lands men are coming to know themselves, and the inherent, absolute laws that control their being. Here and there are those who live according to those laws, actually and truly according to them and by them ; and in these rare and possibly isolated places there is growing up a race which will inherit the earth.

We cannot know when it will be, but just

as surely as the reef, upon which the coral insect builds, will appear above the surface of the water, so surely that emancipated race will come. It will be, in its freedom, akin to the waves, in its truth and majesty akin to the heavens ; and it may be that on the unpolluted soil of that new continent there will at last be true human happiness.

* * * *

It was March, and the day was pleasantly warm and balmy. Over the quiet southern sea the barkentine *Santa Mariana* glided leisurely along. The breeze was merry and gay ; it sang little songs in the rigging, and made rippling laughs along the tops of the solemn swells.

Robert and Dr. Richards sat under an awning which the doctor had rigged up for them—Robert reading, the doctor hard at work on a knotty chess problem. The days had passed into weeks and months since they had left Panama, on the *Mariana*, bound indefinitely for a cruise among the South Sea Islands, and then for Sydney. Dr. Richards had considered that they were fortunate to have found the barkentine, because she was new and seaworthy, had a hearty, wholesome captain, and was bound to be for some months in a climate that would do much for his patient. Besides themselves, the only passengers were a missionary's wife and daughter. They were returning to their island home from a visit to their relatives in England.

As Robert changed by slow degrees from a sick man to one who was convalescent and only delicate, the two young men had naturally fallen into the relation of fellow travelers rather than that of doctor and patient. They used all of their resources to make the long, monotonous days agreeable ; played endless games of chess, and talked still more endlessly. They were well matched in intellect, each ready to find the truth and also ready to follow wherever it should lead when found. They were well matched in chess, of which both were fond, and victory perched now on one side, now on the other. The last game had resulted in checkmate for the doctor, and he had arranged the board again as it had been before the last few moves, and was going over and over the fatal ending, his eyes intent and brow knitted.

Forward, in the west, the sun was settling toward the horizon, and the lights began to pour their colors over the sea and sky as they have no power to do on a broken landscape. Robert went aft and leaned over the side of the ship, watching them at their work. Presently he drew himself up

and filled his lungs with the warm, salt air. The unchanging life of these days had silenced his self consciousness. A man must be with other men, and obliged to make constant comparisons, in order to keep an active sense of his own condition. Now, as Robert stood with his shoulders back, drinking delicious drafts of the balmy, life giving air, it suddenly came to him that he was much better and stronger than he had ever thought to be again. He examined himself critically for a moment, and as he did so he remembered how a few months before he had been brought upon the steamer a dying man. Simultaneously with this memory came a thought of a fellow passenger on the steamer; a woman whom he had noticed because she also had been brought on board in an invalid's chair. He had not thought at the time that he noticed her particularly, but now he recalled her face perfectly. He walked back to the awning where the doctor sat.

"John, do you remember the woman who was brought on board the steamer almost at the same time that I was?"

"Yes, I remember her very well. I was called in to see her several times on the way down. She was going to her home in San Francisco."

Robert looked thoughtfully at John for a minute.

"Did she have consumption?" he asked.

"No, at least not pulmonary consumption. She is the victim of one of the unanswered problems of modern society, or rather of one of the wrong answers; a kind of martyr to what I call a false morality. I do not know what you would call it."

"What is the problem, and what was this answer?"

"The problem is one which confronts most young married men and women in the present time, and can be stated in this way. A and B wish to marry. A's business is sufficient to warrant him in the conclusion that he can support himself and wife in comfort. They marry. At the end of the first year C is born. The sickness and other expenses attendant upon his arrival have made large calls upon A's surplus funds; still, he can manage. In less than two years more, D puts in an appearance. There are more expenses, more sickness, and life begins to look very serious to A. This goes on for a longer or shorter period, but any one can see that the limit is soon reached. If B goes on having children, the time is not far distant when A cannot support them at all, to say nothing of supporting them in comfort. The problem, then, which all

those people have to meet is 'What is to be done about it?' Some of them find one answer, some another, according as they are governed by superstition, knowledge, passion, or anything else."

"How do you mean 'by superstition'?" Robert asked.

"It is a most remarkable fact that the most religious people often adopt the methods which to the scientific mind are most absolutely wrong. For instance, this woman of whom you were just speaking. I had a very plain talk with her. I told her that she could not pursue the course which I found she had taken, and live any number of years. She was weak and hysterical, and cried, saying that all she wanted was to make her husband happy. As if a man could be happy living with a nervous, broken down woman who cries half of the time!"

Robert was determined to get to the bottom of John's idea.

"Did you help her to solve her problem?" he asked.

The doctor shut the chessmen up in their box, stretched himself back in his chair, put his hands into his pockets, and looked straight into Robert's eyes.

"Yes, I did. I gave her the only solution that I know of," he answered. "And it is one that doesn't exactly fit in with conventional ideas of propriety. Doctors cannot accept convention as the well spring of truth and wisdom. What we have to do is to study human nature as we find it, and discover from itself the laws that govern it."

"Human nature as we find it is not natural, but fallen," said Robert.

John laughed.

"That is a theological term which we do not know."

Robert got up and began to walk up and down the deck. His loyal love for his human brothers and sisters forbade him to look upon the one as the hopeless slave of his own passions, and the other as merely the minister of those passions, whether as wife or mistress. Yet he could not deny to himself that the whole world seemed to groan under the misery of the existing relation between man and woman. His love for Sara had lifted him up into a higher and nobler world than the one of sense. He worshiped her with his soul far more than with his body, and her body was to him as something sacred to the glorious end for which it had been created. It was for this reason that he had with firm hand put away from himself the temptation to let her come to him, to have

for the short life remaining to him the blessedness of her companionship. He knew that marriage with him would rob her children of their birthright—the right to be born well and strong.

Now as he paced the deck a terrible depression was upon him. He thought of Claire Blethen's almost mad invectives against fate, and of John's philosophy, which seemed to him to mock the whole world's woe. The doctor had said, "We must discover from human nature itself the laws which govern it." This brought to Robert's mind the familiar words of the old Hebrew singer, "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord." He paused beside the railing and looked out over the sea.

"What is the 'law of the Lord' about this matter?" he asked.

On the edge of the horizon the last red arc of the sun was resting. It sank slowly into the water, and in the deep night blue of the sky the stars shone out suddenly. Down in the cabin the missionary's daughter was singing:

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

The doctor called to him to come in out of the night air, and he went down, saying to himself, "We are indeed 'pilgrims of the night,' but the light must be there, in the 'law of the Lord,' if we can only find it."

XIII.

ROBERT rose late the next morning, having fallen asleep at daybreak after a night of earnest thought. While he was dressing he was impressed with the feeling that something out of the ordinary was going on. The usual quiet of the ship was gone, and instead there was a thrill of expectancy in the air. When he stepped out on the deck he saw John, with the captain and several others, examining something with the captain's glass. He looked in the same direction as that in which the glass was pointed, and thought he could see something like a faint cloud resting on the horizon.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is land," John answered gaily. "That is one of the Samoan Islands. It has been in sight from the mast head since sunrise, and I have been up in the rigging looking at it. What in the world have you been doing to yourself?" he added, as, turning to look at Robert, he recognized his not very satisfactory appearance.

The doctor insisted that they should go below at once. He made a thorough ex-

amination of Robert's lungs and general condition.

"I do not understand why you look so badly this morning," he said when he had finished.

"I have not slept much," Robert explained, "but I do not feel ill, only tired."

The doctor turned away, dissatisfied. He had been both happy and proud in the steady improvement of his patient; and being rather dramatic in his temperament, he had planned a little scene which he intended to arrange on their arrival in Sydney, in which he, assuming for the moment Robert's clerical manner, should say to him, "The sins of thy body are forgiven; go and sin no more." Today he did not feel so confident.

Dr. Richards spent most of the day watching the barkentine's gradual approach to the land. When afternoon was merging into evening, he went down into the cabin, where he found Robert seated, writing, while page upon page of manuscript lay on the table beside him.

"Hello! What is all this?" he exclaimed.

"It is my answer to your problem," Robert said. "I have found one which suits me better than yours does, and I am writing it all out. It is of no use for you to shake your head," he continued, "because I must do it. Last night I found that there may be a good and perfect use for even the end of my broken life. I have made my plan." He laid down his pen and held his hand out to the doctor. "You have been very good to me, and now I am as well as I ever shall be, and have no right to keep you from those who need you. I shall miss you sadly, of course, but I am glad that since the time is near for you to go back to your work, there has come to me an absorbing occupation for the remainder of my life. I have a message for my brothers and sisters; I cannot preach to them from a pulpit, but I will write it to them. It seems to me best that I should remain in Apia, and that you should take the first opportunity to go back to the world where you belong."

John had not arranged this, and was not pleased with the plan.

"How much writing is it your purpose to do?" he asked.

"I cannot tell," Robert answered. "The subject grows with wonderful rapidity to my mind. I shall write in the form of sermons, that being rather a natural method for me to use. When I have something finished, I will send it to my friend in Boston.

He is an editor, you know, and a publisher as well. I will consult with him as to the best way of offering what I have to say to the public. Meanwhile, I will write as constantly as possible, to lose no time."

"May I inquire how long you expect to live?" John asked.

Robert looked at him with earnest, questioning eyes.

"I don't know. About how long do you think?"

"Well," said the doctor, "you are about twenty seven now, I believe. That leaves forty three years before you will attain to the allotted three score and ten years of man; and if by reason of any great tenacity of life you should hold out to four score, it will be fifty three years. You are as likely to do it as any one."

Seeing the emotion on Robert's face, he made haste to change his tone.

"Seriously, my dear fellow, there is nothing whatever the matter with you that

need shorten your life. I do not say that you are a strong man, or will probably ever be strong. You are not. You will have to live in a good climate; may have to change the climate occasionally; you will have to obey the laws of health rigidly, but granting that you do these things your life is as secure as any one's. If I were examiner for a life insurance company, I would take you at the usual rates."

Robert had been perfectly motionless while the doctor gave his opinion, but the storm which rose in his soul was terrible. What? He was to live! A long life, alone, away from her! It was impossible. He could not face such misery.

John had expected, at least, some expression of satisfaction on the part of his patient, and was amazed to see his face grow stern and white. With trembling hands he gathered up his papers, and said, rising, "Excuse me, John;" then he went into his own room and closed the door.

(To be continued.)

THE SONGS I SANG FOR YOU.

I SANG for you one early morn

When leaves with dew were wet.

Though years have passed, that simple song

Rings in my memory yet;

You were my little Queen of Flowers,

I lay low at your feet,

And crowned you with a diadem

Of blossoms fair and sweet.

I sang for you one afternoon,

A bird sang overhead:

"Your song is far the sweeter song,"

Those were the words you said;

I wooed you for my bonnie bride,

You gave your heart and hand,

And forth we wandered arm in arm

Across the twilight land.

I sang for you one starless night;

My tears fell like the rain;

You bade me sing "Abide with me"

I did not end the strain;

You closed your eyes, and lo, your ears

With angel music rang!

I wonder if you e'er recall

The earthly songs I sang!

Clarence Urmy.

ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK

It is unfortunate that there should be recurring rumors affecting the authenticity of some of the art treasures of the Metropolitan Museum. Whatever may be the real status of the museum's oft criticised Cyprian antiquities, however, it is satisfactory to believe that the charges of illegitimate treatment of certain valuable paintings are greatly exaggerated, if not entirely baseless. It is not denied that canvases have been treated, as they are in all art galleries, to counteract injuries due to the corroding touch of time. One painting whose bright appearance has been commented on as suspicious is Rubens' fine "Holy Family Returning from Egypt." It is positively asserted that there has been no retouching of this, but only a careful and thorough cleaning.

A picture that needed more heroic measures was Meissonier's "Friedland," one of the museum's most cherished possessions. Although painted so comparatively recently, this costly work was in very bad condition when it left the gallery of the late A. T. Stewart. It had cracked to an extent that does not speak well for the French master's choice of pigments, and the evil had been magnified by improper treatment. An effort was made to have it retouched by Meissonier himself, but was frustrated by the illness that ended, not long afterward, in the painter's death. The canvas was then taken in hand by George H. Story, curator of the museum's galleries. He has photographs that show how some of Meissonier's figures were almost obliterated by a network of cracks. Upon these he went to work with poppy oil, which he carefully rubbed in until the paint was so softened that he was able to unite the edges of the fissures. The process and its results have been approved by the most exacting critics.

TEN or a dozen years ago, the popular appetite for etchings seemed almost insatiable. They were the fashion, with all that that implies. "People used to buy them simply because they were etchings," a New York importer said the other day. "Now, I cannot sell them unless the subjects are specially attractive." Nor were all of them brought from abroad; good plates were etched and printed in America, and sold at remunerative prices. This is, generally speaking, no longer the case; there is very

little demand for native work today, except in the cheap field. The decadence of the etching may be due to the increasing competition of the photograph and the many forms of photo engraving; or it may be another instance of the proverbial instability of popular taste.

THE Düsseldorf professor, Walter Petersen, who is at present painting portraits in America, is one of the German artists who have produced excellent likenesses of Prince Bismarck without once being able to chain the chancellor down to a regular sitting. Rather than deprive himself of his liberty to move about, Bismarck invited Herr Petersen to visit him at Varzin and Friedrichsruh for an unlimited number of days, and to make sketches whenever and wherever an opportunity offered itself. Of this offer the artist made good use, as is shown by his sketch book, which for a time was exhibited in New York.

Lenbach, the most famous of Bismarck's biographers on canvas, studied his subject in the same manner—"by fits and starts," as the prince once said. "If photography had not been invented," added Bismarck, "the world, I believe, would have to get along without a true portrait of myself, as it does without a genuine likeness of Frederick the Great."

Last year Vilma Parlaghi, the Hungarian artist, who is such a favorite with the Kaiser and the imperial family, while visiting at Friedrichsruh, succeeded in engaging Prince Bismarck in animated conversation on topics congenial to both for two hours at a time. While retailing gossip of her native country and of the Quartier Latin, she made a detailed sketch in oil of the great man's wonderful head.

"Good gracious," exclaimed Bismarck, when he saw the clever woman's work, "don't let Lenbach hear of this!"

ONE of Lenbach's portraits of Bismarck was recently added to the Metropolitan Museum's collections. It is a good specimen of the somber, powerful style of the Munich master—a style that has been cleverly caught by his pupil Parlaghi.

Lenbach's fame as a portrait painter has completely overshadowed the reputation he won, early in life, as a copyist. He was a student in Munich when Baron von Schack



"A Song of Springtime."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by H. Schmitz.



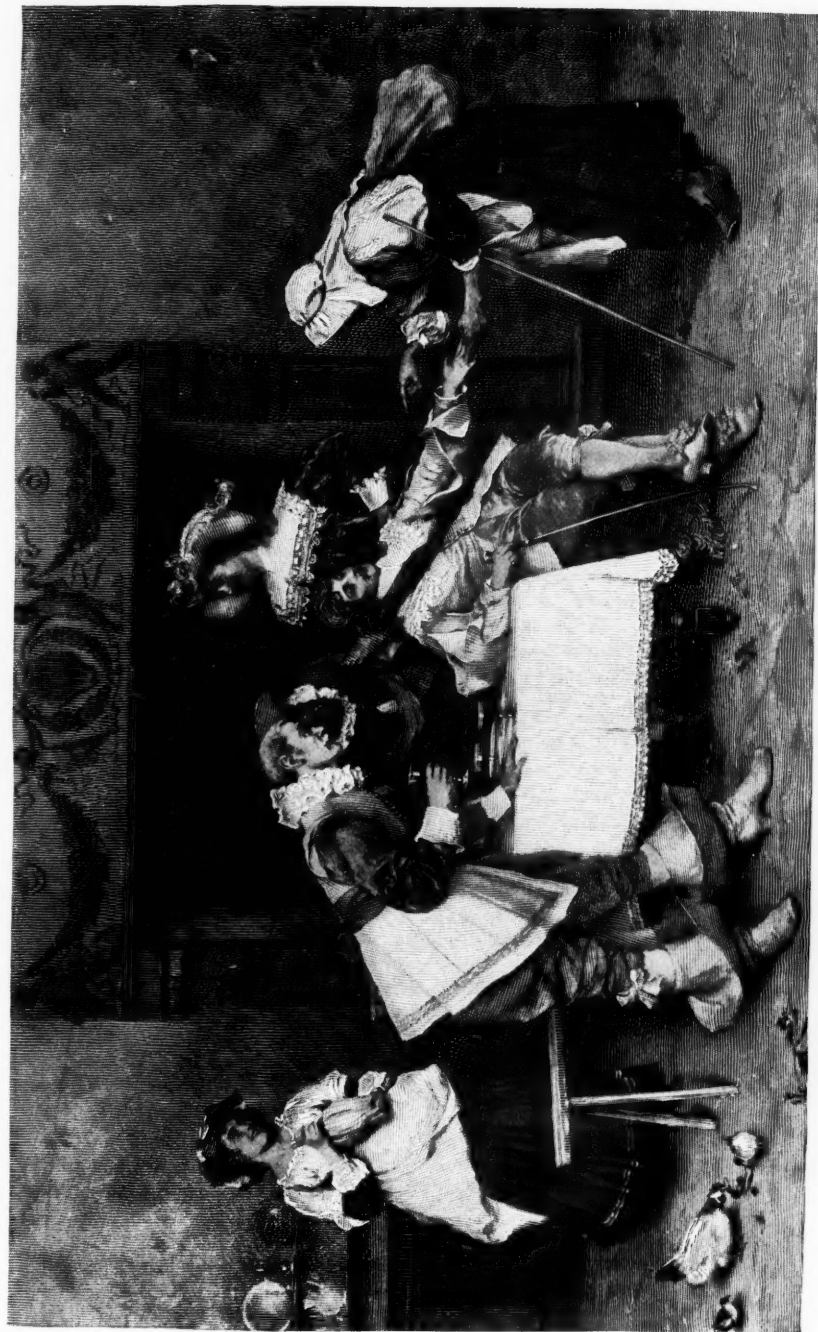
"A Rustic Esmeralda."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successors) after the painting by J. R. Goubie.

took a fancy to him, and gave him a roving commission to travel through southern Europe and reproduce the masterpieces of medieval art. The result was the fine collection of copies in the famous Schack gallery, rated as the best work of the kind that has ever been done.

Then came Lenbach's association with Hans Makart. The two men, so unlike in their art—the one a brilliant colorist, the other a lover of the dusks of Rembrandt—worked together in Vienna, and traveled together in the east. It was in Makart's splendid studio, built for him by the liber-

ality of Francis Joseph, that Lenbach painted portraits of the Austrian emperor and of many members of the Viennese court. From that time he has been almost the official portrait painter of Germany, having placed on canvas the features of nearly every famous Teuton of this generation. Most of his sitters are men, his style being rather too gloomy for popularity with the other sex; yet he can render beauty as well as strength, and some of his most striking faces are those of women. His favorite method is to make a number of sketches of his subject, in varied poses and



"The Fortune Teller."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by F. Vinet.



"Autumn."

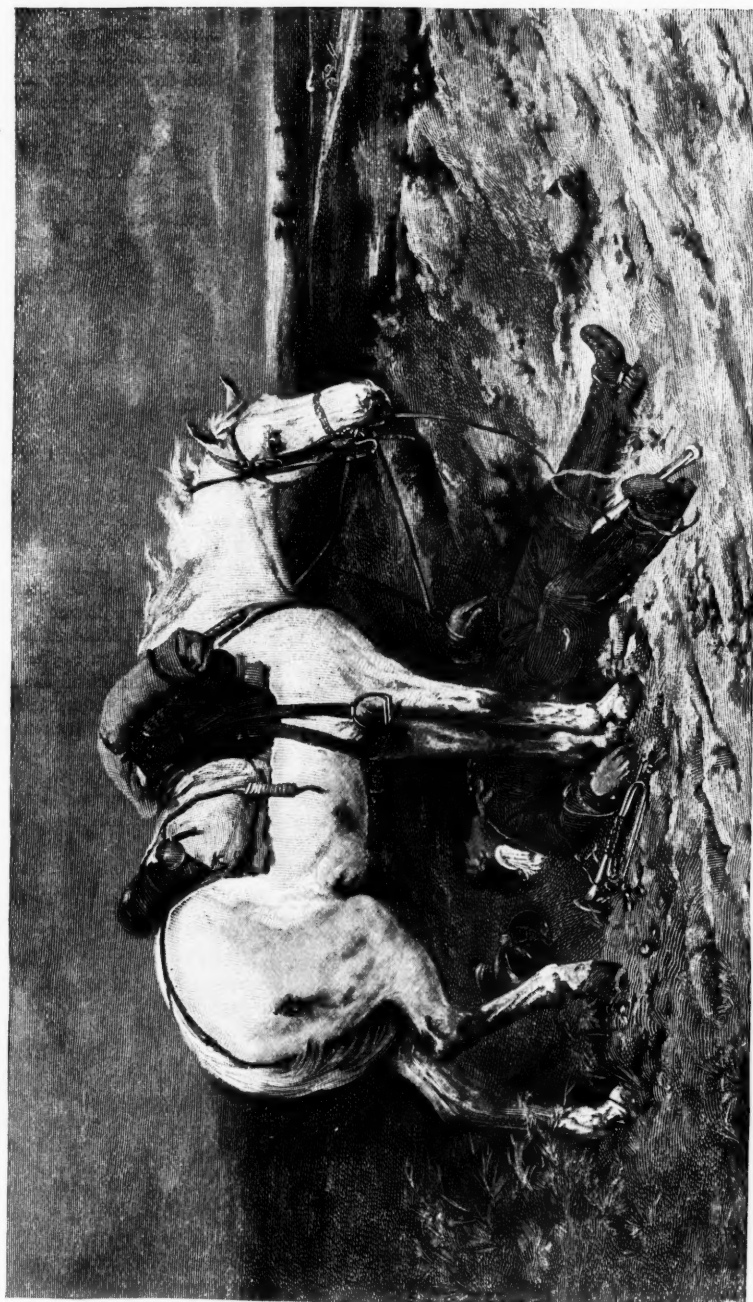
From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by Eilman Semenovskiy.

with varied expressions, and then to combine them into a composite portrait.

* * * *

Few Americans go abroad to have their portraits painted, nowadays, by the famous

masters of Europe. The preference for the foreign signature still lingers in many quarters, to the detriment of our own artists, but an ocean voyage is no longer necessary. The European masters cross



"Forgotten."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by J. A. Walker.

the Atlantic to make professional tours of our great cities, and to go back with pocket-books full of American greenbacks. From the classically correct Benjamin Constant to the dashing Swedish painter, Andreas Zorn, artists of many schools and nationalities have invaded our financially fertile fields and have reaped a more or less rich



François Flameng.

From a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

harvest. Professor Petersen, already mentioned, is one of the latest to follow in the footsteps of these European pilgrims.

Meanwhile we have not only a long list of clever and successful American portraitists—such men as Chase, Porter, Munzig, Carroll Beckwith, Frank Fowler, and many others—but we even export them to Europe; for are not Sargent, Whistler, and Shannon at the very head of the craft in London and Paris?

* * * *

A REPUTATION has been won in Munich by a lady whom the German papers describe as a "beautiful American sculptress." Much has been said of one of her latest works, a statue of the late Ludwig II of Bavaria, recently erected on the banks of the Starnberg Lake, where that unhappy monarch committed suicide nine years ago.

It seems that Miss de Ney was born in

South America, and as a young girl came to Munich to study. King Ludwig noticed her, and took a great interest in her work, giving her several commissions, and finally building a studio for her. After his death she suddenly vanished from the Bavarian capital, and went to Mexico, where she remained in seclusion for several years.

Then she reappeared in Munich, and set to work upon the memorial which has just been unveiled at his mountain chateau of Linderhof. It represents Ludwig in the picturesque St. Hubertus hunting costume, and the likeness, which is founded upon studies made during the king's lifetime, is said to be an excellent one. It remained in Miss de Ney's studio for some time before the administrator of the demented King Otto's private estate saved up a sufficient sum to pay for it, and to have it set upon a lofty marble pedestal overlooking the romantic Alpine lake.

* * * *

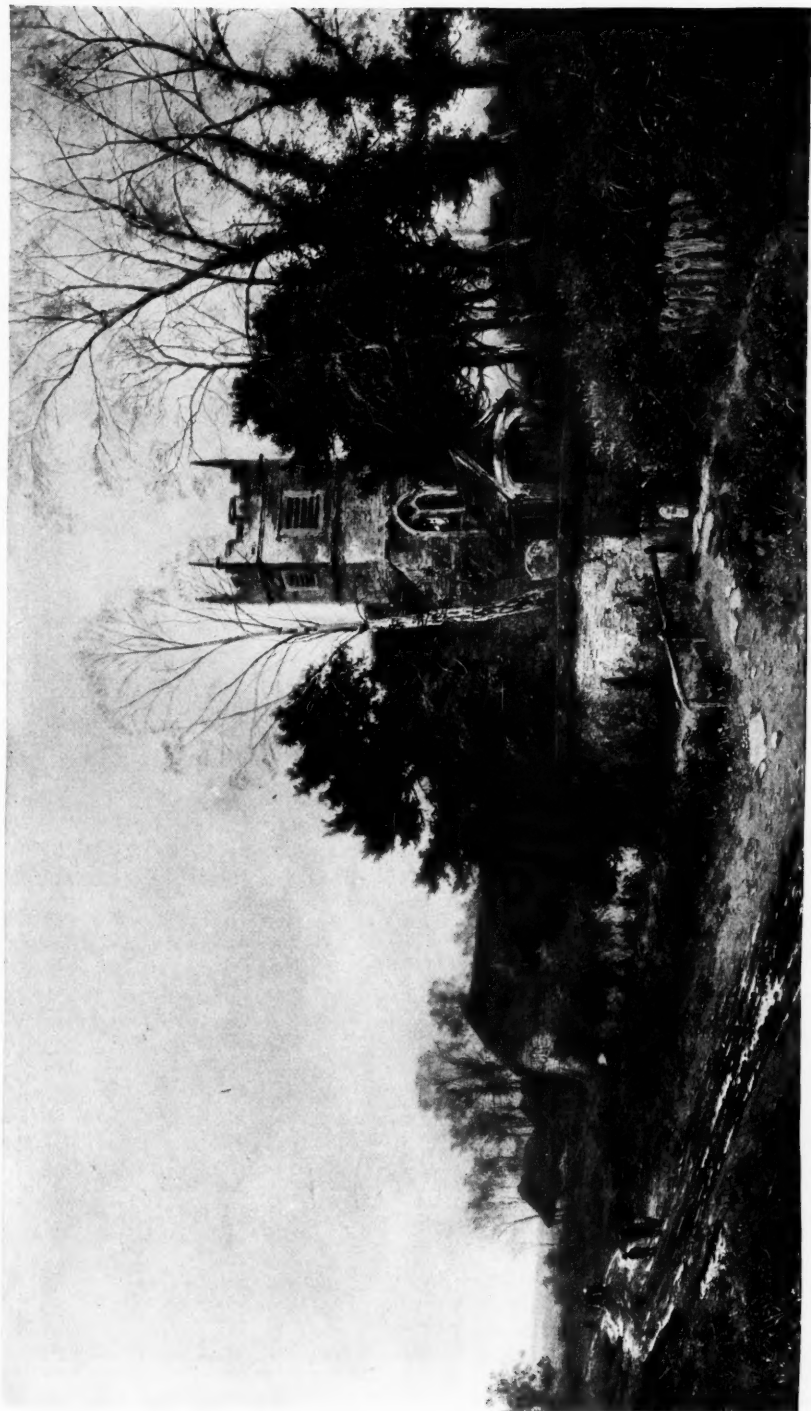
Of the younger artists of Paris, François Flameng, whose portrait appears on this page, is one of the foremost. He made his mark in the historical field, but in the last few years he has followed the example of many another successful figure painter, and has taken up the more lucrative branch of portraiture. Some famous people have been among his subjects; one of his commissions involved a visit to St. Petersburg, where one of the last acts of the late Czar Alexander

was to sit for a portrait by M. Flameng.

He was only nineteen when he won his first prize at the Salon—a second class medal, in 1879. His father, Leopold Flameng, a well known Parisian engraver, had given the fullest encouragement to the young man's precocious talent, and had sent him to the very best masters—Cabanel and Laurens, among others. His reputation was fully established in 1884 by his "Massacre of Machéoul," a canvas huge in size, disagreeable in theme, and masterly in treatment, founded upon a bloody incident of the war of 1793 in La Vendée. In the following year he exhibited another picture that has become well known—"Marie Antoinette Going to the Guillotine," an engraving of which may be found on page 169 of this magazine.

* * * *

THE various schools of nearly half a dozen



COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"At Eventide."

From the painting by E. W. Loder—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Sally in Our Alley."

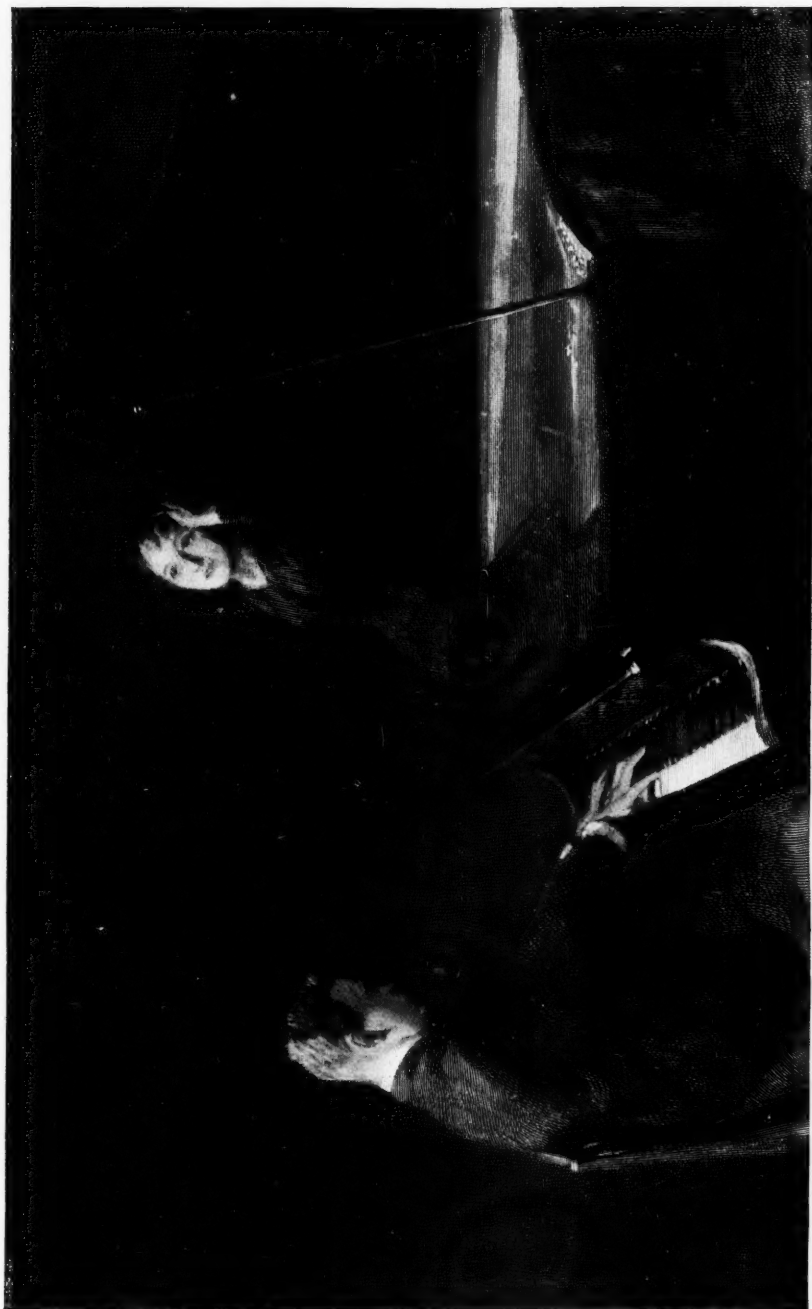
From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

nationalities are represented in the engravings on the accompanying pages.

Jean Richard Goubie is a pupil of Gerome's, though his work is not especially suggestive of that veteran master's. A

Parisian by birth, training, and residence, his field is outdoor life, and he is best known as a painter of horses and dogs.

Francesco Vineo has the lightness of treatment, the decorative style, characteristic of



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"In Harmony."

From the painting by F. Elck—By permission of the Berlin Photographische Company, 14 East 33d St., New York.

the contemporary art of the country of Rafael and Michelangelo. He is a native of Forli, near Ravenna, and studied with Pallastrini in Florence. There is a picture of his, "An Italian Dance Party," in the Vanderbilt collection in New York.

Leader's landscapes—of which a good example is given on page 197—are among the most widely known of recent Eng-

August Wilhelm Leu is a veteran of the Düsseldorf school, though late in life he settled in Berlin. He was a pupil at the Academy of the Rhineland city under Schirmer, and has painted landscapes all over Europe, from the North Cape to Sicily.

* * * *

MAHOMETAN tradition forbade the introduction of man's likeness into a picture.



"Sunset."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by August Leu.

lish paintings. The artist—whose name is self adopted, he having been born to the more prosaic patronymic of Williams—has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for forty years, and was elected an associate of that institution in 1883. It was an American collector who, in 1854, paid him fifty pounds for the first picture he ever sold.

Another regular exhibitor at Burlington House is Blair Leighton, who first attracted public attention in 1879 with "Until Death Us Do Part." He is a graceful painter of idyllic scenes from old time English life.

That this ancient law, however, is no longer observed has been proved by the exhibition, in Berlin, of half a dozen figure paintings by a Turkish artist, Hamdy Bey. They attracted a great deal of attention, and it is perhaps a little surprising to learn that they won general praise from the critics. They are described as rich to gorgeousness in respect of color, and their realistic rendering of oriental character is said to have been strikingly original, in comparison with the somewhat conventional work of western painters who have traveled in Turkey.



"Tea Roses,"

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by Corcos.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF SWEDEN.

The crowned descendants of a humbly born French soldier—King Oscar's family and court, his conflicts with the Norwegians and with the nobles who regard him as a parvenu.

THE disregard for legitimacy in questions of royal inheritance has always astonished the people of a republican form of government, though not more so in the past than today, when the royal family of Sweden is trying to bring order out of the hopeless state into which unions that could not be recognized have thrown

it. King Oscar, the ruling power, maintains his own through all attacks, though the nobles about him sneer, and the peasants—many of whom trace their lineage to the old Norse kings—turn up their noses. The king, a grandson of the Gascon law clerk, Bernadotte, and the discarded fiancée of Napoleon, Desirée Clary, has been obliged to disinherit his second son and namesake, Prince Oscar, the most promising of his boys, because he married the girl he loved, a woman who happened to be of the common people. It is not an easy thing for even a king to disown his favorite son; it was particularly hard for the King of Sweden, because it was this particular son who is to inherit the colossal fortune that gives Scandinavian royalty its support and standing among the majority of its subjects.

King Oscar has little or no income of his own. His civil list of five hundred and seventy five thousand dollars, annually drawn from the government revenues, pays only a very small portion of his expenses. Still, he is considered a very rich monarch, on account of his wife's wealth.

The queen of Sweden was a princess of Nassau. Her father and her brother, the Grand Duke of Luxemburg, owned the gambling tables in Wiesbaden while reigning over the little duchy of Nassau, and accumulated a vast fortune. This money the queen inherited. She is now in broken health, and it will probably be but a few



The Queen of Sweden.
From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.



The Crown Prince of Sweden.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

years before the property passes to her heirs, chief among whom will be Prince Oscar. It happened that the old queen loved the pretty commoner whom her favorite son married, and she has vowed that the young couple shall have all her money to recompense them for the loss of their rights of succession.

So runs life on a throne. The great grandson of a red republican and a bourgeoisie throws away his birthright to marry a woman not of the blood royal; his mother, the daughter of the ancient house of Orange, which has given the world many famous princes and generals, and who is a firm believer in the principles of legitimacy, discards all interest in the dynasty

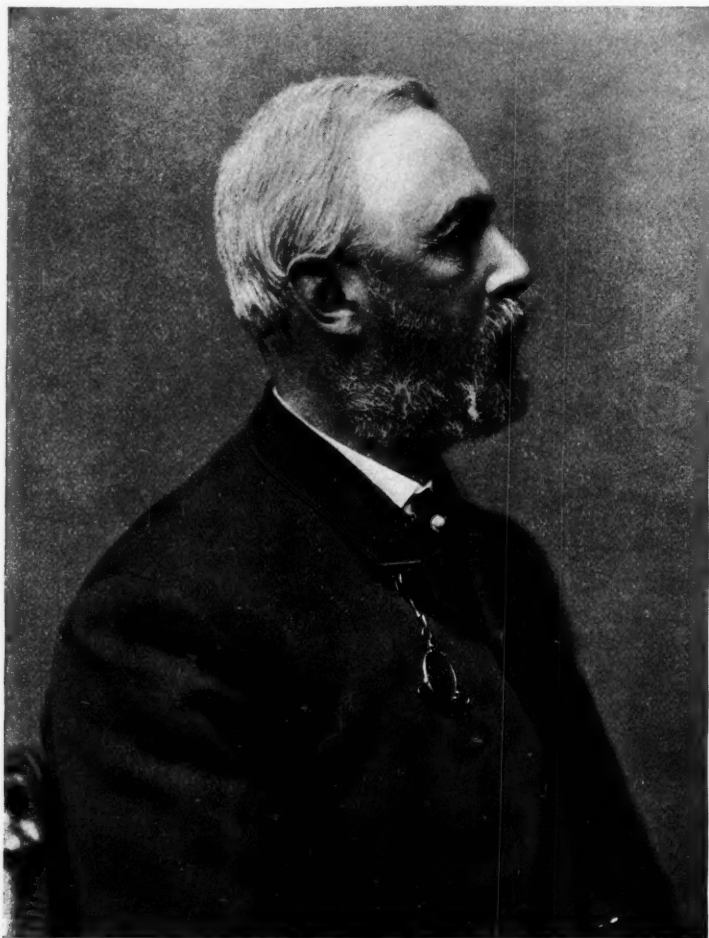
she has helped to propagate, and leaves her material possessions to the bourgeois prince, and to his wife, who does not even bear her husband's name.

These royal Swedes are very proud of their crown and prerogatives. They ignore the family name of Bernadotte, and claim descent from the house of Pontecorvo, one of the mushroom titles invented by Napoleon I for his marshal, in 1806, and officially doomed to oblivion three years after, together with the semi independence of the five mile territory in central Italy whence it was derived. But when it comes to parting with forty or fifty millions of the coin of the realm to a son and brother who, according to royal precedents and

judgments, proved himself unworthy of the position "to which nature appointed him," that is quite another matter. Prince Oscar is not mentioned in the family circle, for the king and his other sons regard the future Croesus in anything but a friendly spirit.

crowns they claim to hold "by the grace of God"?

Until three years ago, the Swedish royal family, with its four stalwart sons, and the three promising boys of Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, was always regarded as a para-



The King of Sweden.

From his latest photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

There has even been talk of contesting the queen's will immediately after her majesty's death, on the plea that she was of unsound mind when it was executed.

May this not be taken for a refreshing sign of democracy? If kings and princes of the blood royal adopt the ethics of millionaires' sons and cousins and aunts as to their relatives' mundane legacies, may we not, in the end, expect them to barter away the

gon among kingly households. Then the bugbear of *mésalliance* and financial disappointment crept into the palace. The crown prince, a very imperious personage, is said to have induced his father to emphasize his brother's official disinheritance by a special decree, which contained many annoying allusions. This had the effect of cementing the love between the Prince of Bernadotte, as Prince Oscar is now called,



Two Sons of the Crown Prince of Sweden.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

and the queen, and these two have formed a silent coalition against the other members of the royal family.

King Oscar is in many respects a remarkable man. He was forty three years old when he ascended the throne. Up to that time his life had been spent in study, in the army and navy, and in travel. His literary productions show genuine talent, and might have attracted the serious attention of scholars and critics even if their covers were not decorated with crowns and crests. As it is, these emblems may have had something to do with his majesty's reputation as an author.

To the American mind, his majesty's prose writings are a trifle heavy and cum-

bersome. For that very reason, however, they appeal strongly to a Scandinavian audience. I remember to have seen in Stockholm, some years ago, a play by King Oscar called "Some Hours at the Castle of Kronborg." The title alone would suffice to kill the piece with us. On the Swedish program it had three or four subtitles, and its long monologues, tiresome harangues, involved situations, and impossible dénouement were received not only with respectful patience, but with genuine enthusiasm. Since then I have often wondered why his majesty does not follow up his dramatic success. There is nothing more inspiring to the literary mind than the applause of a large assemblage of men and women.

One of the sights of the Stockholm season is the opening of Parliament by his majesty. Other monarchs of Europe have allowed occasions of that kind to fall into innocuous desuetude, thus missing a rare opportunity

Imagine this royal six footer in the gold embroidered uniform of a general, a red and gold mantle over his shoulders, with train and collar of snowy ermine, a high crown on his head, and a jeweled scepter in



The Crown Princess of Sweden.

From a photograph by Florman, Stockholm.

for the display of pomp and circumstance. "Speeches from the throne" are read nowadays only by editors, foreign ministers, and diplomats, and the dual kingdom of Sweden and Norway being of little importance to the world at large, even King Oscar's scholarly effusions of state probably do not escape the common doom. That fact, however, does not detract from the charm of their delivery in the gorgeous hall of the Rigsdag, amid scenes of medieval splendor.

his hand. Thus attired, see him step forward from his brilliant suite to deliver a carefully prepared oration, which is more of a historic review than a political document. As his impressive voice rings through the throne room, all hearers, be they friends or members of the opposition, listen intently to his words. "Although but a plebeian, he is every inch a king," said a Swedish count to the writer at one of these occasions. Oscar II has a handsome, florid

face, gray beard and hair, and dark blue eyes, which, as one of the ladies of the court expressed it, "are black as night and bright as day." His figure is tall and erect, and his shoulders broad.

It has been proven to almost a certainty that Bernadotte had Jewish blood in his veins. This would account for his grandson's pronounced aquiline nose, and other slight Semitic characteristics of his face that become manifest on nearer acquaintance. When not on parade, King Oscar invariably dresses in dark blue with a white peaked cap—the undress navy uniform—without marks of rank. He wears no jewelry whatever, save his wedding ring, and his tastes are the simplest. One may run across him any day in the streets of his capital, or in the neighborhood of his estates, walking alone, or, more often, escorting a pretty woman. In the first instance his majesty will remind you of the captain of a great ship, treading his bridge with full confidence in the power of his command. As a cavalier, he is conspicuous for courtly grace. In this his French descent clearly shows, while in other respects no more thorough Swede than the king exists.

His majesty is the first Bernadotte to display any great liking for feminine society. It is recorded of the French marshal that he had none of the Gascon's sprightliness or readiness of speech, and preferred the pedantic Mme. de Stael to his wife. King Oscar delights in the company of women that are young and pretty—feminine attributes which in Sweden almost invariably go together. One may walk for miles in Stockholm without meeting a handsome woman above the age of twenty five or thirty. When his majesty travels through his country, there is always a gathering of the people at the railway stations or naval depots, and the young and pretty girls are bidden to be well in evidence. They are ordered to wear the brightly colored dress peculiar to each province, and must be prepared to accept a kiss or two and a hearty embrace from their king, if the latter should be inclined so to honor them.

On winter days the king may frequently be seen upon the ice, surrounded by a bevy of handsome young ladies attired in the smartest of costumes. Often he gathers about him a small regiment of beauties, who in their turn attract all the men of fashion at the capital. All this is done openly, without a shadow of reserve, either on the king's part or that of his fair courtiers. It may be for this reason that Swedish court life is singularly free from scandal.

Behind all the Norwegian troubles, which in the past summer have evoked so much newspaper comment, there is the proverbial "black horse." The real fight is not for the power to name consuls and foreign ministers; that coveted privilege is but a blind to hide the true issue of Norway's claims. The stalwart Norwegians have never gotten over their resentment against the decree of the European powers which forced them to live under the crown of Sweden. In 1814 they elected their own king in the person of the Danish prince, Christian Frederick; and there is still a very strong party that secretly supports the claims of an alleged brother of Charles XV, Oscar's predecessor on the throne of Sweden and Norway.

The annals of Norway, thirty years ago, record that this mysterious prince was killed while hunting. According to the story told by the prince himself—or shall we say the pretender?—the hunting accident was a fiction invented by his father, Oscar I, to account for his son's dismissal from court after he had secretly married a woman of the people. The marriage and the out-casting of the prince, it is said, happened in the beginning of the forties, and in consequence of it the present king, Oscar II, although only the third son of Oscar I, succeeded to the throne after Charles XV's death. The disinherited prince, cheated out of the dual crown, would now be willing to compromise all his claims for the royal diadem of Norway; not such an unreasonable offer, if the facts outlined can be substantiated.

Queen Sophia will live in history as the modern interpreter of the phrase "The history of kings is made in the nursery." She bore her husband four sons, healthy in body and mind. The eldest, Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, is now in his thirty seventh year; the youngest, Eugene Napoleon, is thirty.

Ebba Munck, the wife of the second born, the Prince Bernadotte, acted for many years as the queen's maid of honor. The Muncks have figured prominently in the history of Sweden as statesmen and generals, and several members of the family now hold important offices in the civil and military service. Like their forefathers, they have more than once refused to accept paltry titles of nobility from their more or less plebeian sovereigns.

The crown prince is even taller than his father, but lacks King Oscar's complaisance of manners and grace of speech. Last summer, when the Norwegians became

more troublesome than usual, he was the first to advocate bringing them to terms by force of arms. In extenuation of his rash suggestion, which he will be sure to regret in later years as sincerely as the majority of his future subjects now condemn it, it may be said that the prince is a soldier, soul and body, and unfortunately regards the German Kaiser as the ideal ruler, whom he emulates as far as possible. In this he is supported, no doubt, by his wife, Princess Victoria of Baden, who is the emperor's first cousin. She is one of the few princesses of the present day who can lay claim to beauty, but unfortunately her health is exceedingly delicate, and a weakness of the lungs forces her to spend the greater part of the year in southern climes. She is constantly under a physician's care, and it is generally assumed that she is a victim of consumption, though the Swedish official press strenuously denies the allegation. Princess Victoria has visited Norway once or twice for a few days, and occasionally attends a court function at the Stockholm palace. High bred and amiable woman that she is, she has made many friends in the upper circles of her adopted country, without attaining general popularity. The Swedes do not look with any degree of deference upon their royal family. They regard the Baden dynasty, whose present line sprang from the union of the last Zaehring with one of his low born mistresses, with even less respect, and refuse to take her royal highness' claims to regal prerogatives seriously.

During his travels in Sweden, the writer was told an amusing anecdote, illustrating this rivalry between the descendants of the old Norse kings and the Swedish dynasty, or rather the former body's persistent at-

tempts to press their claims. At a state dinner, one of the leading members of the Swedish Parliament, who had his seat to the left of the crown princess, once or twice carelessly placed his arm around the back of her chair, and proceeded to chat with her in the most informal manner. Finally, having satisfied his appetite, he moved his chair back, crossed his legs, and, again encircling the fauteuil on which the Princess Victoria was seated, renewed his attempts at conversation with a hearty grunt. Whereupon the royal blood of the Zaehring began to boil, and Victoria, without an instant's consideration of the political effect of the affront, rose unexpectedly, and, pushing her chair against the Storthing orator, gracefully upset him.

The crown prince has three boys, aged thirteen, twelve, and six years respectively.

Prince Carl of Sweden, the king's third son, is the best looking of the Swedish princes. He is a soldier who is devoted to his profession, and works enthusiastically to complete the reorganization of the army. If he was not so poor, all the princesses of Europe would strive for his smiles. His youngest brother, Eugene Napoleon, bears a strong resemblance to the founder of the dynasty, Marshal Bernadotte, with his black hair, hooked nose, sparkling eyes, and firm mouth. He is known as the "red Prince," as Bernadotte was called the Jacobite on account of his democratic notions. Unlike his other relatives, he cares nothing for the army or the navy. His ambition centers in the art of painting. Several years ago he took a course of study with M. Humbert and M. Gervex in Paris. Of late one of the Scandinavian masters has taken the young man in hand, and great works are promised from his brush.

Henry W. Fischer.

MIRAGE.

How many day lengths have I wander'd here,
 In this dun desert's fierce monotonies
 Of molten dawns and noons—these whirling seas
 Of sand? At times a spectral phasma clear
 Dazzles my sun blind eyes; there lingers near
 Soft lapse of running waters, and the breeze
 Blows briny cool, pregnant with ministries.
 And, of all human voices, one most dear
 Mocks glibly through the chorus'd undertone,
 And goads my soul to madness. Ah, more wise
 To bar my senses 't were 'gainst hope's demands,
 And stumble o'er the arid plain alone
 Till death companion me—where white hot skies
 Tent breathlessly the tawny desert sands.

Bessie Gray.

A "BOOM" TOWN TRAGEDY.

FROM the low lying bank of the muddy Missouri, across the flat bottom lands, up the steep hillside and on toward the south where it straggles aimlessly and at last fades into the country, Centropolis stretches its dreary length along the river. It is a patchwork of staring white packing houses and dingy dramshops, caught in the gigantic meshes of a web of railway tracks; on the hilltop a jumble of ill paved, dirty streets lined with low, box-like, red brick shops, with here and there an office building, ostentatious, new, bristling above its humbler neighbors like a self made man among his less successful fellows. Through the residence quarter, toward the south, stretch treeless, dusty avenues, bordered by vacant ground, broken only at intervals by pretentious houses of florid architecture. Crude, unlovely, blatantly new, the town sprawls ever under a heavy canopy of dull smoke.

The gray afternoon of a November day was deepening into twilight. Two men sat in the private office of the president of the Higgins Investment Company in the Higgins Building, the most ornate and towering structure of the city. One of them, a pompous, red faced man with thin brown hair smoothed carefully across his bald head, had been talking earnestly and long, tapping meanwhile with his pencil on the plans of a bridge which lay spread open on his desk. His smooth flow of words ceased at an impatient movement on the part of his companion, and his small, heavy lidded eyes watched that person narrowly as he said,

"It's no use wasting words, Higgins. We have been all over those points before. Your bridge scheme may prove the bonanza you prophesy, but I haven't faith enough in it to advise my clients to invest. Mark my words, Centropolis has seen its best days; a collapse is coming, and coming quick." The speaker arose and picked up his hat.

"You will see your mistake when the bridge is built and is coining money," replied Higgins, smiling uneasily, and rubbing his great hands together. "You had better reconsider your decision, Crandall."

"No! I have made up my mind. Good night, Higgins."

"Good night."

When his visitor had gone Higgins still sat drumming impatiently on the desk with his pencil, a look of perplexity and chagrin upon his face. Finally he rolled up the bridge plans, fastened them securely with a rubber band, and touched an electric bell at his side. He waited for a response to his call with his arms clasped across his ample stomach, his fingers tapping thoughtfully one against another. The door opened slowly, admitting a thin visaged man, sal-low, middle aged, deferential.

"Well, sir?"

"There is no hope from Crandall. He absolutely refuses to touch it. And he means no when he says it—damn him! He has only to say the word, and money would pour in like water. It simply amounts to this: I have got to look somewhere else. We *must* have the money by the first of next month!"

"Yes, sir, or let our guaranteed mortgage bonds go to the wall; and that means——"

"Careful, Dodge!"

The man flushed slightly. "Well, you know what I mean," he said.

"I know what you fear—you're a coward, Dodge! You always were one. Confidence is what you want. Look at me! Where would I be by this time if I hadn't had confidence?"

"Yes, I know," returned Dodge humbly; "but I didn't see just where the money was coming from unless Crandall would interest his people. The bank won't do anything more."

"No. Between ourselves, the bank is devilish hard up, too. Let me see—today is Friday."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I shall leave tomorrow night at seven o'clock for the East."

"Is there a chance there, do you think?"

The big man arose from his chair, eying his companion majestically. "Think? I know! Am I in the habit of jumping in the dark?"

Dodge withdrew nervously, closing the door carefully and silently behind him.

Higgins' was a story common enough in the "boom" towns of the Western States. Ten years before, at the commencement of

the wave of real estate speculation which swept over the country west of the Missouri, he had arrived at Centropolis with \$1,500 in cash, unlimited faith in his own judgment, and a singularly elastic conscience. Within six months a series of daring real estate speculations had increased his original capital to twice as many thousands as it had been hundreds, and within five years his \$1,500 had grown into a sum close upon the million mark. His faith in his judgment and ability grew apace with his increasing reputation as a great "boom financier," and from a daring, unscrupulous real estate gambler he evolved rapidly into one of the representative citizens of the growing, feverish town. He was one of its "solid" men, a warden of its most fashionable church, whose pretentious edifice his money had more than half paid for, and, although close upon fifty years of age, he had rounded out his respectable rôle as a financial and moral pillar of the community by marrying a young and pretty woman. He had installed his young wife in the biggest, newest, and most impossible architectural fantasy of the south end. He was proud of her, and lavishly kind to her as well. His present financial difficulties would have daunted a man endowed with a less overwhelming belief in his own destiny, but luck had not once deserted him during the past ten years, and he believed in it.

As he was driven this evening through the dreary streets of the ugly town, a feeling of confidence in his ability to cope successfully with any obstacle which fate might throw in his pathway possessed him. "Let Crandall and his croaking go to the devil," he thought. "The town is all right and I am on top." To his wife as she met him at the door he said,

"Pack up your traps, my dear. I'm going to take you for a little flier to New York tomorrow night."

* * * *

At six o'clock in the afternoon of the following day Higgins was still at his desk. A pile of letters lay before him, and as the last one of the line of men who had claimed his attention during the long day retired, he touched the bell summoning Dodge.

"Have all the men gone, Dodge?"

"All except Handly, sir. He is just putting up his books."

"Tell him to go to the Union Station with these tickets, meet Mrs. Higgins there, and check her trunks for her. I can't get away for half an hour yet, and she will be worried if some one isn't there to take care of her."

"Yes, sir." Dodge started to leave the

room, but paused with his hand upon the door. "A woman has been waiting some time to see you," he said. "She won't tell me what she wants—says she must see you."

"The devil! I haven't any time for any one now. Some book agent or beggar. Make her tell you what she wants."

"I don't think she is either of those, sir. She looks like a respectable sort of a person—a widow, I imagine. She says she won't detain you but a moment."

"Oh! Well, show her in. I can listen to her gabble while I run over these papers."

She was a gaunt, little woman, thin and worn, with the lines of a hard, unhappy life about her drawn mouth and dull eyes. She was dressed in rusty black; her hands, encased in cotton gloves, were tightly clasped as she stood just within the door looking sharply at Higgins' back as he stooped over his desk, rapidly scanning the file of letters in front of him.

"Well," he said abruptly, not looking up from his desk, "what can I do for you? I'm very busy, and haven't any time to waste."

She made no reply, but stood calmly with folded hands.

"What is it?" he cried, looking up impatiently, annoyed by her silence.

Their eyes met. The woman caught her breath sharply. A sudden look of fear crept over the man's face. The woman smiled grimly as she advanced toward him.

"You ain't quite sure whether it's me or somebody else, are you, Jim?"

"My God! Mary!"

He started from his chair, but fell back quickly, with great beads of sweat on his brow.

"Yes, it's me—flesh and blood. You don't appear to be glad to see me, but I'm most surprised you know me at all after all these years. Lord knows I'd ought to be changed after all I've went through." She sat down beside his desk, smiling viciously and scanning his face closely. "You ain't changed so awful much," she continued in her whining monotone; "only you're better fed looking than you used to be. You ain't changed half as much as your name has, Jim Walton!"

The man was cowering in his chair, breathing heavily. At her last words he sat suddenly upright.

"Shut up!" he said hoarsely. "Don't you dare to use that name again!"

"Po'h! you can't frighten me. It's yours, ain't it?"

Higgins glanced uneasily toward the

window and door. The shade was drawn, and they were free from prying eyes from the street. The door was closed, and Dodge alone was in the outer office, quite at the far end of it probably; at any rate, not within reach of their voices.

"No," he replied doggedly; "it isn't. Neither you nor anybody else can prove that it ever was." His usual dictatorial manner began to assert itself once more. "My good woman," he continued, fixing his little eyes squarely upon her, "you are trying to run a bluff game. It won't work! I hold all the cards, and you can't win!"

The woman eyed him calmly. Unloosening her shawl, she settled herself in a chair. The man's eyes shifted a little under her insolent gaze. He waited anxiously for her to speak. If she would but give him an inkling of what she proposed doing, he could meet her attack. He fidgeted in his chair. At last his impatience led him to make a false move.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked.

"Oh, you ain't quite so sure I can't do anything, are you? I haven't come all the way from Ellensville just to be scared off at the end. You're rich and powerful. I'm a poor woman, and nobody knows me here. But"—pointing a blunt finger at him—"folks will know me before I give up. In spite of your riches and your power I can make this town too hot to hold you, if there's any decent men or women in it. If I can't prove your name's Walton, I can prove it was onct, and, what's more, I guess your riches and big name nor nothing will help you much when folks knows you're a bigamist!" Her voice grew shrill. The man's air of bravado forsook him as he listened. "You didn't think I knew so much, did you?" she asked, with a hard little laugh.

"It's a lie," he muttered.

"Oh, no, it ain't. Ain't I your wife, and ain't you got another woman who thinks she is, too? I read all about that other woman in the book."

"In what book?"

"The book this town sent out, telling all about its big men, with the story of their lives. If all the rest of 'em was as big a pack of lies as yours was they must be a holy lot. I knew your picture the minute I laid eyes on it. I showed it to brother Wash, and he knew it, too, an' he set me on to coming here to get my rights—give me the money an' all. I don't know as I'd have come, though, if it hadn't been that the book said you'd married a high toned girl, and it gave a lot of fol-de-rol

about her. Lies like the stuff about you, I suppose. That made me mad! Lord knows I didn't want you, and I could get along without your money, but when I read you was married to another woman, an' she a trailin' round in silks and satins, while me, your lawful wife, was diggin' and delvin' like I've done ever sence you skipped out and left me, then I got mad, an' I says to Wash, 'I'll go, and if it's Jim Walton sure enough, I'll have my rights'—an' here I am, and you *are* Jim Walton, an' I'm going to stay till I get what's due me."

Higgins sat watching her quietly during this tirade, thinking how common and unlovely she was, flattering himself that he had risen far above her class—his class once—comparing her with a sickening heart to the other woman whom he called his wife. The woman by his desk was growing more excited. She clasped and unclasped her hands continually; she had shifted her position quite to the edge of the chair, and her shawl had slipped off, exposing her flat breast and stooped shoulders.

"I tell you," she went on, "that other woman shan't live in that house. Maybe you think it's too fine for me to live in, but she shan't if I can help it."

He looked at her questioningly. "Oh, I've seen it. I was out there today!"

"You have been to my house?" he asked slowly, his voice trembling a little. "Did you—did you see—" his question died upon his lips unfinished.

"Oh, no; I didn't go in. What kind of a fool do you take me for? Do you suppose that I would give myself away to her first, and let you have a chance to skip out together before I could nab you?"

A feeling of intense disgust crept over him. He was a coarse man, unprincipled as might be, but he fully appreciated, in the young woman he had deceived, all those virtues which he lacked. In a dumb sort of way he fancied that her refinement and moral uprightness offset his own failings, and when with her he always radiated a gentle benignity oddly at variance with his natural brute selfishness. That she should be classed as a guilty partner in his crime filled him with mingled shame and rage.

"I should have killed you if you had dared to see her," he cried. "She is as far above you and me as the sky is above the earth. If she knew, she—" He paused suddenly. He had no wish to inform the woman before him of the fact that the other one would spurn him at once and forever if the truth about his past became

known to her. But for a second time his words betrayed him. His wife read his face aright, and completed his unfinished sentence for him.

"She would leave you, eh?" she said with a chuckle. "Angel, is she? Well, her wings will be pretty well dirtied up after I'm through with her!" She arose from her chair, crossing her hands primly. "I don't want to waste words with you, Jim. I guess I'll move on."

Higgins sprang to his feet.

"Stop, Mary! There's no use in our fighting this way. We always used to, I know"—he attempted to smile a little as he spoke—"but what's the good? Let's talk sense. You've found me out. I don't pretend I'm glad of it. I was a fool to let my picture go into that book. I knew it at the time, but God knows I never thought one of them would get to such a hole in the ground as Ellensville. But as long as it's happened, I'm willing to do the square thing. I'm a rich man." Even in his excitement he remembered that this was a conditional fact. "I'm a rich man, and I'll do what's right. Now, you don't care anything about me, and you are poor. What's the use of spoiling my life and not helping your own? If you will go away and not say anything, I'll give you"—he hesitated, true to his business craft to the last, trying to hit upon the least sum which might accomplish his purpose—"I'll give you five thousand dollars."

The woman shook her head sullenly, drawing her shabby black shawl about her shoulders.

"Ten thousand if you'll go away, anywhere but to Ellensville."

Still she remained silent, looking up at him with a grin.

"Fifteen thousand," he gasped, wondering where he might be able to lay his hands upon that amount.

"Why, you fool!" she broke forth suddenly, "you must think I'm crazy. Ain't I your wife? Ain't that big house mine if I want to live in it? Ain't a good pile of all you've got mine if I want to claim it?"

What a rusty Nemesis she was, this yellow faced little woman with her dull eyes and thin lips! But she was a Nemesis! This common, unlovely, insolent old woman held his destiny in the hollow of her misshapen, toil worn hands. Whether she went away or remained near him he would never again be safe from her attacks. After all the years, she had tracked him down to denounce him, to ruin him, or at the best to make his life a perpetual nightmare of dread. He

felt his past success, his present power, his future hopes, crumbling into the dead ashes of defeat before the obstinate, malicious hate of this worn, old woman, old beyond her years, who stood silently before him with folded arms and grinning lips.

A sudden fury seized the man. His breath came in great, quick, uneven gasps. The woman shrank from him as she saw the change, and stepped backward, but his hands were upon her throat, his arms pinioning hers to her side. She struggled, and tried to cry out, but she was a weak little creature, powerless, lost in the clutch of his great hands, in the vise-like grip of his arms against her own. He pushed her back against the wall with his hands clinging to her throat, his breast pressed against her mouth. His eyes were bloodshot, his red face showed great blotches of purple about his heavy cheeks. There was a mighty roaring like that of raging wind in his ears.

It was past in a minute. His hands weakened their grasp on the woman's throat, and he began to tremble. He looked about him dazed and anxious. What had happened? What was he doing? He stepped back; the woman's body swayed and fell forward. It would have struck the floor, but he caught it in his outstretched arms. There were great dark marks upon her throat where his fingers had pressed. He bent over her and whispered her name. He shook her gently, then fiercely. He unfastened her shawl, and placed his ear to her heart. A great horror froze him as he realized what he had done.

He stood with the woman's body in his arms, staring at her distorted face. He had hated her almost from the first day of their wedded life in the remote village whence she had just come, and where he had deserted her years before. For fifteen years she had been but a hateful memory. At first, he remembered, he used to fear pursuit and discovery, but afterwards, with his change of name and increasing prosperity, came a feeling of security, until finally she had become only a bad dream which came upon him sometimes in the night. But she was here now, in his arms; here, and—

He glanced again toward the door and window. Had Dodge heard anything? What could he do with her?

Adjoining his office was a large closet, where he kept his coat. He opened its door now, carrying his burden carefully. How thin and worn she was! He placed her body on the floor at the end of the

closet, locked the door and dropped the key into his pocket. He sat down at his desk, trying to control his trembling hands, and listening intently with his eyes upon the door leading into the outer office.

The moments dragged wearily; with fumbling fingers he felt for his watch. Fifteen minutes of seven! With a start he remembered the other woman—who was awaiting him at the railway station. Some word must be sent to her, or she would become alarmed at his non appearance and would come to his office. He shivered with apprehension at this thought, and with a supreme effort nerved himself to face the man who might have heard the struggle, and was perhaps waiting now outside his door ready to denounce him. He touched the bell button and waited with anxious eyes.

Dodge opened the door with his usual air of respectful self effacement.

"Well, sir?"

The president of the great Higgins Investment Company spoke rapidly. "I find that I can't get away tonight," he said. "Go to the station, Dodge, explain matters to Mrs. Higgins, and see that she gets safely home." His voice faltered. The glance of the other man was traveling slowly around the room in quest of the woman who should have been there. "I—I hope to get away tomorrow night," he continued haltingly. "Tell her that. And tell her not to expect me home tonight until late. And—and, Dodge, you saw the woman who was here go out, didn't you?" he asked suddenly with parched lips.

"No, sir; I didn't. I was just wondering how it happened. I must have been busy at my desk, and she slipped by without my noticing her."

"Yes, yes, that was the way it happened. She was a little woman and stepped lightly." He laughed uneasily, drawing a shaking hand across his mouth. "She wanted to borrow some money. She might just as well have told her business to you."

Would Dodge never leave him? He felt that in another moment he must cry out, or laugh, or sob.

"Hurry, hurry, man!" he cried. "I am afraid you will be too late!"

"Yes, sir," replied his secretary, passing out with wondering eyes upon his employer's face.

Did Dodge suspect anything? How strangely he had gazed at him! Could he have heard their voices or their struggle? No! His face showed that he suspected nothing when he first entered the room.

But he had looked for the woman. He *knew* that she had not gone away. Perhaps he would not go to the station at all—maybe he was lying in wait outside the closed door now! The thought was maddening.

With stealthy steps Higgins approached the door to the outer office. He placed his ear against it, listening, his hands clenched, his eyes peering intently through narrowed lids. Some one was moving about out there! He crept back across the room, the blood leaving his heart wildly. Then a sudden impulse seized him to know the worst. He recrossed the room and threw the door open fiercely. A sigh of intense relief trembled upon his lips. What a fool he was! It was only the night watchman who came on duty at seven o'clock. The man looked up pleasantly at Higgins. "Working late tonight, sir!" he said.

Once more behind the closed door Higgins regained his composure somewhat. "I must think, think!" he murmured, sitting at his desk, his face buried in his hands. He knew the woman was dead. It was an impossibility to get the body out of the building that night. There was but one exit from the room, and that through the main office where the watchman would remain until morning; and in the morning? He tried to think of some way in which he could get rid of that horrible, silent witness to his crime. Dare he leave the building and run the chance of throwing suspicion upon the watchman? That, too, was an impossible thing. Dodge had seen the woman, and had already expressed surprise at not having noticed her when she left the office. Was he devoted enough to his employer to keep his mouth shut? Even if he was it would only be a temporary respite, for the woman's brother knew of her whereabouts, knew where she had gone, and what she had gone for. The whole miserable story was bound to come out when he arrived on the scene; but he was a grasping, miserly wretch, and perhaps his silence could be bought more easily than his sister's. The thought that all this would take time flashed into the brain of the man who sat with his face buried in his hands. Weeks probably would be necessary for him to accomplish all that was necessary, and by that time the first of the month would be long past, the financial crash would have become a horrid fact instead of a possibility to be fought against and overcome. The thought of Crandall flitted through the man's teeming brain. "Curse him! Curse him!" he muttered. "If he had only put his money in I might have a fighting chance even

now." Like a rat in a corner he sought for some loophole of escape. There was but one. On one hand was ruin, disgrace—possibly the gallows; on the other were ruin and disgrace also, but the possibility of life.

He opened his pocket book and counted his money. Then he looked about for his great coat and hat. They were in the closet where *she* was. Twice he went to the door, taking the key from his pocket each time, but twice the courage to open the tomb failed him and he shrank away to the farthest corner of the room, looking back as he went as though he feared a presence behind him. He sat down again for a moment at his desk to get himself together; then, rising, crossed the room slowly, unlocked the closet door, and swung it wide open. It was too dark for him to see to the farther end, even had he tried—he didn't try. Reaching within he snatched his coat from its hook and took his hat from the shelf above. Then he closed the door quickly and locked it. With another effort he opened the door into the outer office, and passed out, mumbling a good night to the watchman.

As the street door swung to behind him he drew a long breath, and, turning his coat collar about his ears, hurried away toward the river. A cold, drizzling November rain was falling, but of this he was glad; it kept the streets free from pedestrians. On, down the narrow street, he pursued his way almost at a run. At a dark corner some one touched his arm. He sprang back with a cry. It was only a beggar, shivering in the rain. Shaking him off he went on, slipping on the steep incline, stumbling in the dark.

Near the river he entered a dingy dram-shop and got a flask of brandy. He crossed the bridge and listened, shudderingly, to the hungry lapping of the water below him. At the further end he paused, and turning, looked back across the river to the lights of the town. Slowly his eyes traveled up the hill until they rested upon a cluster of lights which, blurred and indistinct through the rain, burned high above all the others—the lights which encircled the great tower of the Higgins Building. He remembered well the night when first they burned there. How full of self-sufficient pride he had been; what a pleasant thing life had seemed, and what an easy thing success! It had been but a few nights before his second marriage, and he had given his friends a banquet—his last social appearance as a "bachelor."

As he gazed and thought, a great longing

suddenly possessed him to look once more upon the woman he had wronged, but whom in his hard way he loved. A horror of his future fell upon him—that future when he should be a skulking wretch fleeing from justice, fearful of the daylight, watching and listening in the darkness of night, ever within the shadow of his crime, ever stumbling upon the brink of detection. And with it all—above it all—there glimmered, too, in his dull soul a flame of pity for the woman whom he was leaving, disgraced, nameless, penniless.

Yes, he would go back; he would see her once more.

With dogged energy he retraced his steps across the bridge, and began to climb the steep bluff of the town.

A narrow ray of light shone from the window of a room in his house—the room in which they had been in the habit of sitting together when alone. He fancied he saw the woman there, and he crept noiselessly along by the wall of the house, and crawled up the steps of the veranda, upon which the room opened.

The window shade was lowered. He got down on his knees, so that he could bring his eyes to a level with the space between the curtain and the sash. A fire was burning in the grate, and in front of it sat the woman, with an open book resting on her knees, her anxious eyes fixed upon the flickering flames before her. She was waiting for him, vaguely wondering at his delay and at the sudden changing of his plans. Waiting for him, and he dared not go in to her! He could only crouch outside in the darkness and watch her stealthily, and then slink away through the night into oblivion.

A wild sense of regret for her, mingled with a selfish despair at his own loss of the great house, his social prestige, and his mock respectability, surged over him, and a groan tore itself from his lips.

She heard him, and started from her chair. In an instant he, too, was upon his feet, tiptoeing his way toward the steps. As he reached them, the great hall door was thrown open, and a flood of light caught his retreating form, while a woman's voice called questioningly, anxiously,

"John! Is that you?"

He turned toward her, mumbling,

"Did I startle you? I—I was just coming in."

She came to him, and drew him inside the house, glancing wonderingly at his pale lips and shifting eyes.

"What has happened?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

"Nothing has happened. I have been worried and overworked today. I am not ill—only tired."

She looked at him anxiously, and helped him to get off his hat and coat, which were soaked with the rain.

"Why, you walked home this wet night!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I walked home," he returned huskily.

"Why are you so careless, John? No wonder you look cold and sick!"

She lighted a spirit lamp, and heated water mixed with whisky. He listened to the gentle singing of the kettle, watching her movements with confused eyes, as if but half awakened from a heavy sleep.

"Drink this," she said, holding a glass full of the steaming liquid toward him. "You must get off your clothes and go to bed at once."

He drained his glass, and followed her dumbly up the stairs like a bewildered child.

She got him to bed, and, putting out the lights in his room, left him. As she closed his door, a shivering terror came over him, and cold sweat covered his body. Before his hot eyes there arose the vision of that dark closet far below—the glittering lights in the tower of the Higgins Building, and of the shabby little woman in the old black dress and shawl, who lay there with great black marks upon her throat. He clenched the covers of his bed fiercely to stay the nervous restlessness of his hand, and stared into the darkness, shuddering at each chance noise of the silent night. At length, with stealthy care, he slipped from the bed and groped for his clothes. The woman in the room adjoining heard him, and asked,

"What do you want, John?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I am restless. I cannot sleep."

He sat by the window, hoping she might sleep, but she spoke at his slightest move. Twice during the night he attempted to dress himself and escape, but each time she aroused herself and checked his flight. And when the eastern sky broke into dawn he crept back to his bed wondering how he could live through the hours until another night should come to shield him as he fled.

Through the early hours of the day he cowered in the great house, fearfully alert at each sound of footsteps in the door yard, drawn by a morbid longing to visit the scene of his crime, held back by an unreasoning fear of detection should he go.

About noon he roused himself to quiet the woman's alarm at his unnatural nervous

state. He repelled her suggestion that a physician be called, and with tight lips laughed at her forebodings of illness. Finally he told her that he must depart for New York that night, and that he must go alone, silencing her quick expostulations with a hard brutality which stung her to tears that he could not dry. She watched him with sorrowing, anxious eyes as he mounted the stairs to make ready for his journey.

It was just noon. With fumbling hands he was busying himself in the dim room when the faint, sharp notes of an electric bell struck his ears. He stole into the hall and listened. The sound of men's voices at the door reached him. He heard them say,

"Something serious has happened. We must see Mr. Higgins at once!" Then he heard the rustle of a woman's skirt upon the stairs. She was coming to tell him he was wanted—wanted for what?

The unreasoning terror of a wild beast at bay seized him, and sent the blood surging from his heart. *They knew!* They had found the body! They had come for him.

He jumped back into his room. In another moment the crack of a pistol shot rang through the house.

The two men below sprang up the stairway, but at the open door of the front room they paused, horrified at the scene before them. Higgins lay upon the floor, with a wound just above the temple, and by his side, holding his bleeding head in her hands, knelt a woman moaning piteously.

Opening the offices of the Higgins Investment Company, the morning after Higgins' stealthy departure, the watchman of the building was startled by a low moaning. He was straightening Higgins' desk when he heard the sound. The window was up. The rain clouds of the night had passed and the bright morning sunlight flooded the room. There was nothing ghostly about the environment, and the watchman stopped to listen, with all his reasoning faculties alert. There was no mistaking the sound; it was a moan—deep and human. He went into the outer office; no one was there. He looked out into the hall, but saw only the scrubwoman, with her pail and mop. He came back into the inner office, and on the threshold listened again. The sound was repeated. It was near him—in that room. He waited until he heard it again, and then crossed to the closet and tried to open the door. It was locked. He put his ear to the keyhole, and shuddered as the knowledge of a presence within became certain. He shook the

door and called, but only a moan, low and deep, answered him. He ran into the hall and shouted down the shaft for the elevator boy, then he went back into Higgins' office and unlocked the closet door.

With an exclamation of terror and surprise he discovered the woman Higgins had put in there for dead the night before. She had recovered from her swoon, and had crept close up to the door for air. She had been too weak to call out—she could only moan. As the door swung open she fell heavily forward at the feet of the watchman.

With the help of the elevator boy he lifted the woman up and laid her on Higgins' couch. In less than an hour she had completely recovered, and was conveyed to the police station.

The news of the finding of a woman, half dead from strangulation, in the closet of the private office of John Higgins, spread

through the great building like wildfire, and before noon it was abroad upon the streets.

To the chief of police she told her story timidly, her voice choking with sobs; told it all—from her marriage with Higgins back in the little town of Ellensville, where he was known as Walton, to her visit to his office the day previous and his fierce attack upon her.

"He looked as though he would kill me," she said. "Maybe he thought he had. He offered me money. 'Tain't his money I want. I want my rights. I'm his wife—his wife."

They brought her in as a witness at the Higgins inquest—and there she told her pitiful story again, told it straightforwardly, and, this time, without emotion.

And the newspaper notices of the death of Higgins spoke of him as Walton.

Anthony Leland.



A LITTLE LOVE SONG.

My heart was like a sunless, cold,
Unlovely land of ice and snow,
Wherein no blessed buds unfold,
Nor singing waters flow.

But all at once the April skies
Laughed in your look, and at that hour
My spirit melted, torrent-wise,
My life broke into flower!

Oh, dearest heart, I had not guessed
What marvel of immortal seeds
Lay hidden deep within my breast,
Beneath its barren weeds!

But now I know, but now I know
The glory of the flower of love,
The joyous splendor of its glow,
The subtle pain thereof!

Evelcen Stein.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

NOVEMBER is to be a remarkable month in music. On the 2d of the month, Mme. de Vere Sapio will sing in the first concert of the Symphony Society, giving us a new air written for her by Saint-Saëns. On the 22d, the English contralto, Marie Vanderveer Green, will sing in Handel's "Il Penseroso" in the first of the Oratorio Society's concerts. Three violinists of whom we hear wonders will all be here this month—Ondricek, the Bohemian; Marsick, who hails from Liège, that nursery of violinists; and Rivarde. Emile Sauret, who has played here before, is also coming.

Marsick has engaged a young Brooklyn musician, Howard Brockway, to accompany him in his tour. Mr. Brockway has spent five years in Germany studying the piano. The audiences at the Seidl concerts have heard some of his compositions played by that orchestra during the past summer.

Rivarde's manager has taken great pains to write letters to the papers denying that the young violinist was born in America. It seems that he first saw the light on board a French ship on its way here. Americans are not so prejudiced against home talent as these notices would make it appear, and it is probable that we all expect the artist to make us forget trivial facts when he touches his bow.

GRAND Opera in this country this winter is expected to surpass all previous seasons in the variety of its presentation, if not in the excellence of its performers. Rarely has it been possible here for music lovers to enjoy in a single season the best production of the three first schools—German, French, and Italian—yet that is what the metropolis is now anticipating.

New York is not to be the only American city, however, to possess a continuous winter season of grand opera. Philadelphia, which has long been under the disadvantage of being obliged to submit to makeshift casts from the New York companies, with a general shabbiness and meagerness of mounting that has placed it in the category of "one night stand" towns of a tenth its size and importance, has at last awakened to a realization of its rights, and will have an opera season of its own with a regular and permanent opera troupe. The company, which is to consist of many prominent

singers, will be under the direction of Gustav Hinrichs, and the best Italian and French operas will be performed. The Academy of Music will be the scene of this revival in the Quaker City. A series of fifteen orchestral concerts will also be presented by the same organization.

In New Orleans, the French opera, though somewhat spasmodic at times, will continue to be a fixture in the Southern city.

Many of the large centers through the central States and the West will have short periods of operatic activity. Walter Damrosch and his German company will open at Cincinnati early in the present month, and will play for some weeks in Chicago later. Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Louisville, and St. Louis, all of which came in for a few bars of music last year, will undoubtedly give encouragement to either or both of the two large opera companies whose movements will mark the ebb and flow of the tide of musical life.

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JANUCHOWSKY has made herself very much a favorite here in New York, and that long before the beginning of the opera season. The Wagnerian festivities at the Madison Square Garden, which began in September, gave the public an opportunity to hear and become delighted with her voice.

Her husband, Adolph Neuendorff, was also a notable figure in these concerts.

Januchowsky is known to us as the leading singer of the Vienna opera house, as the daughter of an Austrian officer, and as an American favorite in New York and Boston in 1881. Her husband is not so popularly known, although he studied music in New York, and some years ago was a director here. In 1860 he and his father made a concert tour through Brazil. Since then he has appeared here in various positions, and he has conducted German opera in New York for several years. In 1870 he produced "Lohengrin" for the first time in this country—a country which then had absolutely no appreciation for Wagner.

In 1871 Neuendorff brought the tenor Wachtel to this country, and in 1872 conducted opera at the old Academy of Music,

where Parepa Rosa, Adelaide Phillips, and Wachtel sang.

It was Neuendorff who brought Eugene Pappenheim to New York. In 1877 he brought out "Die Walküre" in America, and the year after was elected conductor of the Philharmonic Society. In 1880 he conducted the Materna concerts.

Neuendorff is so full of enthusiasm himself that he inspires it in others. He even started a Wagner craze in the city of Mexico.

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THIS year we are to hear at least one opera singer who adds great personal charm to his fine voice. Popovici, who created the part of *Telramund* at Bayreuth, will sing with the Damrosch company. Abbey & Grau offered him a three years' contract, but he preferred to sing with Klafsky and Ternina. Popovici is a Roumanian, and he left the palace at Bucharest, where he was a guest, to come to America.

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ALVARY'S engagement for this season was a surprise to everybody in and out of the musical world. There was great dissatisfaction with his voice when he was heard here before, but the agent of the Damrosch company says that he could find no tenor in all Europe who equaled Alvary in *Siegfried*, and back he comes. Alvary lives in a beautiful villa in Thuringia, in the very heart of the country from which Wagner drew his inspiration for "Tannhäuser."

Mr. Damrosch's agent comes back with the report that among all the music students abroad there are no young singers of great promise. When he comes to collect his artists, it must be from the stock we all know. No singers from the Dresden opera house are allowed to come. Twelve years ago, when the Metropolitan was first opened, Emil Fischer, the basso, broke his contract in Dresden to come to America. The King of Saxony makes a fad of the opera in Dresden, spending three million marks a year for the encouragement of his favorite art. He was so annoyed at Fischer's desertion that he has never allowed a singer to come to America since.

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MARIE VANDEVEER GREEN is to sing here in December. For seven years Madame Green has been among the most successful artists on the concert stage abroad. Even the London *Times* speaks enthusiastically of the charms of her beautiful voice.

When Madame Green left America seven years ago, she had just married. She had been a well known concert singer of Brook-

lyn, and her departure was mourned. For three years she lived in Australia, where her success was great. Each triumph fired her ambition the more, until she determined to go to Paris, perfect her voice, and try for higher laurels. Since then she has grown to be an actress, a thorough artist as well as a wonderful singer.

The passion displayed in her rendering of *Delilah's* amorous appeal to *Samson* has been likened in expression to Sarah Bernhardt's work. Americans who have heard her abroad are anticipating a great success for her here.

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AMY SHERWIN, who made her first appearance in opera in this country in 1881, has since become one of the best known concert singers in Europe. Like Melba, Mme. Sherwin is from the Australasian colonies, her home being in Tasmania. She is the wife of Hugo Görlitz.

She is always ready to give advice to a beginner. "A clear and distinct pronunciation is one of the principal elements of a good voice," she tells every one. She does not think that a beautiful voice alone can make a great singer, but that the prima donna is the result of many talents highly cultivated. She strongly advocates the thorough study of church music, as it gives solidity of style and a delicacy and refinement of intonation.

When Mme. Sherwin returned to Tasmania, a few years ago, she was presented with an address of welcome which greeted her as one who had done more than any born Tasmanian to make her country illustrious.

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THE youngest prima donna in the world is Mignon, the eight year old daughter of our own Emma Nevada, who won all our hearts a few years ago, and then left us for a quieter life. Little Mignon made her début before King Alphonso XIII of Spain, some weeks ago, singing the soprano part of Humperdink's opera "Hansel und Gretel," which we are to hear for the first time this winter. His nine year old majesty was enchanted. When the eight year old prima donna had finished her first piece he ran out of the room, reappearing after a little while loaded with bonbons, which he threw into Mignon's lap as she sat on the queen regent's knee. The boy king was overcome with delight. He seized the prima donna around the neck and kissed her on both cheeks, declaring that he would have her sing to him every day in the year. It is not improbable that the queen regent will be forced to engage the services of

little Mignon, and she may make her, at the age of eight, a full fledged royal court singer.

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THERE was no Wagner festival at Bayreuth this year, Munich monopolizing the artists and the great crowd of tourists who go every year to refresh themselves with Wagner at the fountain head. But Wagner opera at Bayreuth has ceased to be distinctively German, and has become cosmopolitan. American, English, Italian, and even French singers take the chief rôles. It begins to appear that the most distinctively German opera in the world is to be given by Mr. Damrosch this winter in America.

The Munich festival in August and September was conducted by three of the most thorough Wagner scholars—Hermann Levi, Richard Strauss, and Franz Fischer. Fischer has become celebrated for his interpretations of Wagner on the piano. No one, save Liszt himself, has ever equaled him in this. Strauss was a favorite pupil of Liszt, and is one of the most poetic of modern composers. Critics who have gone again and again to hear his rendering of his own compositions call him the Titian of music. His direction of the Wagner festival this season added greatly to his fame.

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DR. HANS RICHTER has invited the English prima donna, Miss Marguerite MacIntyre, to participate in the next Bayreuth Wagner festival. Richter has also engaged a number of English musicians for his orchestra. This is an entirely new departure, and it remains to be seen what the Germans will do about it. It is more than probable that Mme. Wagner's wish to promote her son Siegfried's success on the English concert stage has brought about this change of attitude on the part of the festival management.

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THE birthday of Beethoven is to be celebrated in New York, on the 14th of December, by almost all of the musical societies. Bloomfield Zeisler will play Beethoven's concerto in E flat at the concert which the Philharmonic is arranging to give on that day.

The personality of Beethoven has recently been called to the mind of musicians by the published facsimile of the autograph of his sonata in A flat. The facsimiles of great musical works are important, as a note is changed here, and a mark there, by each successive interpreter, until finally much of the original meaning is lost. This Beethoven autograph was discovered in Bonn by Dr.

Erich Prieger, who is an enthusiastic student of the German master. All the way through it shows interesting processes of the composer's mind. Bars are altered and erased, the new phrasing being written above. Musicians consider the reprint of it so valuable that it will be doubtless followed by others.

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THE Sunday concerts in the Carnegie Music Hall will continue through the greater part of the winter, with a brilliant list of conductors and singers. Almost every concert performer of note in the United States will be represented.

One of the earlier singers will be Corinne Moore Lawson, of Cincinnati, who is altogether and distinctively American. She was educated wholly in this country, and up to this time has sung almost entirely in the West. Mrs. Lawson is peculiarly fitted for oratorio. She has a fine presence, and the intelligence that grasps the finer meanings of the grand music she sings. During the past summer she sang in the "Messiah" at Ocean Grove, under the leadership of Walter Damrosch, with a chorus of four hundred voices, and the New York Symphony Orchestra. Nearly ten thousand people filled the great seaside auditorium, and it appeared an impossible task to sing to them; but it was one in which Mrs. Lawson acquitted herself with remarkable success.

She will be heard in New York and Boston this season.

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THE music of the new Sullivan opera which Francis Wilson has brought over this year proves one thing conclusively—the humor of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas was contributed by the librettist. When the words of "The Chieftain" suggest Gilbert, and they very often do, the music comes along with its old catchiness and snap. When the editor of *Punch* forgets that he has a model, the music suffers, as comic opera music.

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MASCAGNI has written a new opera called "La Cigarette." Ever since the production of "Cavalleria Rusticana," this clever and dramatic Italian has been looked to for some startling and delightful piece of work to freshen up the monotony of the year's music. The new opera, however, appears to be in trouble. The subject is taken from one of Jules Claretie's novels, the same that furnished the libretto for Massenet's "Navarraise." It seems that Claretie objected to the subject being used by Mascagni, and

it was only through the intervention of Massenet that final permission to produce the opera was obtained. It will be produced some time during the early fall at La Scala in Milan.

Whether Mascagni will ever succeed in giving us an opera equal to his first great success remains to be seen. The failure to do so will not be for lack of effort on his part, as he is one of the hardest and most careful of workers. His is not that temperament which calls for self indulgence, and which has been misnamed "artistic."

Mascagni is at present engaged on a ballet taken from "The Porcelain Figures" by Mathilde Serao. He has been studying "Nana," Zola's disagreeable novel, for some months with the expectation of making it the subject of an opera. The libretto for still another has been furnished by a German. This last is taken from a story called "Duke Theodore of Gothland." Verdi was at one time very keenly interested in this story, and Illica is said to be studying it with the view of using it for a libretto.

VERDI is engaged upon a new opera bearing the unusual title of "The Purgatory." The libretto is by Boito, who after eleven years of hard labor has just finished the great musical drama of "Nero." The music of "The Purgatory" is the outcome of a bet with Boito. One day during the past summer Boito told the maestro of his resolution to finish "Nero."

"You will never do it," laughed Verdi.

"I will, and before fall, too. What will you bet?" cried Boito.

"Anything."

"If I finish 'Nero' this summer, will you write the music for my 'Purgatory'?"

Verdi consented, being confident that he would never be called upon to undertake the work. Boito, however, set to work with a will. After months of constant application he finished the libretto, and one fine morning appeared at Verdi's house, manuscript in hand. The maestro was delighted with the libretto of "Nero," though not with Boito's way of enforcing payment of the wager he had won by finishing the great work.

PADEREWSKI is the musical genius who seems to generate the marvelous sounds that come from under his finger tips, and to have in his personality the magnetism that belongs to every such human storehouse of originality. Every type of artist is attracted by him. The painters beg him to sit for portraits, that

they may try to immortalize something of the power they see in him. In Paderewski's house in Paris, near the Avenue de l'Opéra, there are three magnificent portraits of the young man—one by Alma Tadema, one by Burne-Jones, and one by a celebrated Austrian.

The home of the idol of the musical world is full of the offerings that have been laid at his shrine. The air is always heavy with flowers sent in by his Parisian admirers. Pictures of the famous composers are all about the rooms, particularly in the musician's piano room. High above everything else is a bust of Chopin, crowned by a silver wreath, which is one of the many souvenirs of artistic triumphs. The American and Polish flags that were presented to Paderewski at the Metropolitan Opera House, when he played for the benefit of the Washington Monument, have been made into portières for his hall doorway.

YSAÏE, the famous violinist, makes the astonishing declaration that Russia is the country which will presently lead in music. The Muscovite empire, he says, has some of the characteristics of those early ages which gave us the masters in the arts. She has that tranquillity, that repose, that isolation, under which masterpieces come to perfection. Ysaye says that he has requested the German managers to bring forward the works of the Russians, but this they refuse to do. The Germans live upon their glorious past.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON spent most of the past summer in Sweden, where she was born. She was a peasant girl there, and she never tries to forget the fact. With her first earnings she purchased the farm of Sjöabal, where she was born, and gave it to her brother. Year after year, when it has been possible, she has gone back home and dressed in a short woolen gown, to wander over the fields she knew in her girlhood.

There was always a little strain of melancholy in Nilsson, more of the dreamer than the woman of the world. Patti, gay worldling that she was, was never very friendly with her.

While Nilsson was living over again her childhood days, Patti has been entertaining her usual house party in Wales. This year her great piece at the theater was not an opera, but a pantomime called "Mirka the Enchantress," in which Madame Patti, in the title rôle, danced a Bohemian dance.

"READING to music" is a rather unusual

pastime which attained a certain vogue in Washington last season, and is doubtless enjoyed occasionally by the artistically inclined of other cities. From the nature of things, its scope is limited, for it requires as its participators a person who can read or recite so that, unaccompanied, the effect produced would be that of a very slow and quiet chant, and a musician who can improvise fitting modulations, in sympathetic rhythm, so as to emphasize the true meaning and spirit of the words. The effect is essentially lyrical; the verses selected should be short, and must appeal directly to the emotions. Narrative is much more difficult to accompany with any success, and the didactic is not to be thought of. The songs from Tennyson's "Princess," and other short poems by the late English laureate, are particularly effective when recited with a continuous and sustained tone, to the softest possible accompaniment of a piano. Swinburne, Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Longfellow have all written expressive and impassioned verses which are revealed in new beauty, both of color and outline, when placed against the many hued musical background.

If his elocutionary ally be not accustomed to work of this sort, the musician generally finds difficulty in securing a sufficiently deliberate recitative. There should be pauses between the verses long enough to give the pianist time to finish a theme and return to the point in his improvisation admitting either a repetition or a development of the modulations already used, accordingly as the sentiment has remained practically the same or has reached another stage of significance. Subdued chords are most appropriate; rapid or noisy settings artistically inadmissible. Of course the musician should be more or less familiar with the poem, although he may have no idea what he will play until his fingers touch the keyboard. It is only by entering into its conception that he can produce a background of any significance.

For the music is, after all, but a background. It is intended merely to illustrate and reinforce the substance and meaning of the poet's creation, helping to tell the story of love or sorrow, hope or doubt, with the delicate, subtle voice that appeals to the inmost heart.

* * * *

MUSICIANS, like other artists, are prone to cherish warm affections for women, and to marry early—as well as often. Yet there is no lack of warnings to women against wedding artists, and there are instances

enough to give good support to the belief that it is a risky step. That artists make worse husbands, as a rule, than other men, would be hard to prove. Even Daudet, who wrote a book on the subject, insists in his prologue that his own marriage was most happy, and his acquaintances bear him out in the statement.

The wife of Haydn was a veritable Xanthippe, whose ceaseless scoldings drove him to find companionship outside the home walls, and compelled him into *liaisons* he was hardly to be blamed for. Mozart's wife had little sympathy with his art, and unlike Bach's first wife, had not even a provident outlook upon expenses. She was a peevish and nagging invalid, and did not attend her husband's funeral, leaving his burial to strangers. Both Haydn and Mozart married the younger sisters of the women they really loved.

Chopin never married, and his natural melancholy was not much brightened by his life with the eccentric and revolutionary George Sand. Liszt's amours resulted in children, but never in wedlock. Beethoven, like Michelangelo, and like Handel and Schubert, can be credited only with Platonic devotion to woman.

But the home life of Bach was supremely blessed. His first wife was his cousin; his second spouse was a devoted admirer of his art and the greatest aid in his work. Mendelssohn's wife made his home a paradise and a proverb for happiness. Schumann's marriage was ideal, and his wife, a remarkable musical artist herself, was a continual encouragement to him. They were like newly betrothed lovers all their lives. Though Wagner's second wife was the natural daughter of Liszt, and left her first husband, Hans von Bülow, to live with the author of "Lohengrin," her devotion to his interests while he lived, and to his memory since he died, is unexampled.

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THE concert season in America this year gives promise of being the most remarkable ever known in this country. The leading concert companies have engaged the best artists available—vocal as well as instrumental.

There are to be a number of novelties brought out. Richard Strauss' "Der Eulenspiegel," and the pantomime music from "Hansel und Gretel" are among them. Added to the unusual lavishness of the Philharmonic and the Symphony concerts, we are to have six Thomas concerts in March.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

ONE of the most thoroughly educated royal women of our times is the Queen of Portugal, Amélie Louise Hélène of Orleans, who has just finished her thirtieth year. She spent her childhood in England among the most favorable surroundings, being brought up with the Prince of Wales' girls under the eye of their mother and of her own highly cultured parents, the late Count of Paris and his wife. As a young girl she enjoyed the hospitality of her own country, passing the summers at her father's beautiful Norman home, the Chateau d'Eu, and the winter season in Paris. She added the finished grace of a Frenchwoman to the solid foundation of her English training.

As the engraving shows, Amélie is a beautiful queen. She is blonde, lithe of figure, with a sweet and yet energetic face. Like her mother, the Countess of Paris, she is an experienced equestrienne and an enthusiastic huntress, and excels in all womanly sports. The people of Portugal esteem their young queen for these attributes no less than for the happiness she conferred upon the country by presenting her husband with two fine boys—the Crown Prince Louis Philip and Prince Manuel, eight and six years old respectively.

Whether by reason of her "sporting blood," as some courtiers assert, or from her wish to conform with national habits, her majesty is one of the most regular patronesses of the Lisbon *corrida de toros*, the bull fight arena. At one of these gory spectacles, not long ago, she saved her husband's life by pushing aside a flag pole that was coming down upon his head—a feat of strength and bravery that more than ever endeared her to the gallant Portuguese.

The history of Queen Amélie's courtship is a romantic one. Her husband was about to start for Vienna to celebrate his betrothal to the Archduchess Marie Valerie, daughter of the Austrian emperor, when upon his arrival at Paris he received news that her imperial highness had changed her mind. Prince Carlos, then known as the Duke of Braganza, was unwilling to return without a bride, and sought the advice of the Marquise de la Ferronay, an old friend of the family. Her ladyship showed him the picture of a young girl, who she said was rich, talented, and his equal in rank.

"I will have her, whoever she may be," exclaimed Carlos. "Where can she be seen?"

"According to this morning's *Figaro*, her royal highness, the Princess Amélie of Orleans, arrived yesterday in Nice."

Three days later the duke and princess met for the first time, and shortly afterwards their betrothal was announced.

* * * *

OF the descendants of Napoleon's brothers only five male princes remain. These five are Victor and Louis Bonaparte, the grandsons of Jerome, sometime King of Westphalia, and husband of Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore; the Cardinal Prince Lucien and Prince Napoleon Charles, sons of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, who was the most gifted brother of the great Napoleon; and Prince Roland, nephew of the cardinal, and son of the late Prince Peter Bonaparte and Justine Rufin.

Of the five, the last three are of no more interest to the imperialists of France than the grandsons of Jerome's disavowed American wife—Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, an officer in the French army, and Charles Joseph Bonaparte, who is a distinguished lawyer in Maryland. The cardinal, as well as his brother and nephew, is more Italian than French in education and sentiment. Napoleon Charles married the daughter of a great Roman noble, Princess Christina Ruspoli, who bore him two children, girls. Prince Roland, husband of Marie Blanc, who inherited from her father several millions, the profits of his Monte Carlo gaming tables, is also the father of two princesses.

Victor Bonaparte, the present pretender to the imperial diadem of France, is the eldest son of Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte—popularly known as Prince Napoleon, or by his nickname of "Plon-plon"—who died in March, 1891. "Plon-plon" was himself the son of King Jerome of Westphalia, by the latter's marriage with the Princess Caroline of Würtemberg. That this marriage was bigamous, and therefore null and void, according to American and French law, there can be no doubt. When Jerome espoused the German princess, his union with Elizabeth Patterson had not been dissolved except by an autocratic imperial decree.

Of the great Napoleon's brothers, Joseph, the eldest, was childless; both Lucien, the second, and Louis, the third, became estranged from the emperor. It was the latter's decree that, in case of the death of



The Queen of Portugal.

From a photograph by Bobone, Lisbon.

his own son, the short lived King of Rome, the succession should go to the heirs of his youngest brother, Jerome. In spite of this arrangement, it was a son of the disinherited Louis who succeeded in restoring the empire and mounting the throne as Napoleon III. After his downfall, "Plon-plon" claimed to be the chief representative of the imperial family; and in 1879, when the only son of Napoleon III was killed by the Zulus, his pretensions would have been generally recognized by the adherents of the Napoleonic cause, had not the young prince designated his cousin Victor as his heir, instead of Victor's father.

Prince Napoleon left three children, Vic-

tor, Louis, and Letitia, now Dowager Duchess of Aosta. Of them only the latter resembles the great Napoleon, though Béranger's *bon mot*, coined in "Plon-plon's" honor, and asserting that the latter represented "a medallion of the little corporal dipped in German fat," holds good also in her case. Prince Victor lives in Brussels. He is thirty three years of age, unmarried, and devoted to study. He lets it be understood that he has not waived one jot of his "imperial rights," but does little towards asserting them. At the present time the imperialist party in France is without a head, Baron Legoux and Paul de Cassagnac having declined the honor.



Prince Victor Bonaparte.

From a photograph by Girardet, Brussels.

Victor's brother, Prince Louis, is an inoffensive young man without political aspirations whatsoever. He holds a commission in the Italian army, and is said to have a pretty hard time getting along on a meager salary and a slender allowance from his mother, the Princess Clotilde, sister of King Umberto.

* * * *

COLONEL WILLIAM R. MORRISON tells a short story about himself. Out in Illinois, it seems, two hunters were quarreling over the possession of a duck, which both claimed to have shot; but after some argument one of them gave up the duck to the other. A

spectator who thought he recognized the sportsman who had given way, asked another bystander, "Was that Colonel Morrison or his brother?" The person addressed responded that it must have been the colonel's brother, "because," he said, "if that had been Bill Morrison he'd have got the duck."

The anecdote affords Colonel Morrison no little entertainment; for fortunately it does not touch him at a vulnerable point. It may illustrate his aggressiveness, but it is no indication of acquisitiveness. The colonel's lack of wealth is reckoned by his supporters one of the chief arguments in favor of his nomination by the Democratic party for President of the United States. Among so many men who have grown rich while professedly devoting their energies to the public service, Colonel Morrison stands out prominently as a financial sufferer by his participation in politics. He is not exactly poor, but he would have been much richer if he had devoted his time and talents to his own affairs.

Colonel Morrison was a "forty niner" who experienced the hardships of the plains in the days of the gold fever, a wounded veteran of the civil war, and a Congressman of long service, before he entered on his present duties as interstate commerce commissioner. In Congress

he was the pioneer of latter day tariff reformers. As chairman of the House committee of ways and means, he proposed that horizontal reduction of the tariff which gained for him the newspaper sobriquet of "Horizontal Bill." He contended earnestly but ineffectually for this reform, and made himself so conspicuous in his opposition to the protective system that he became a shining mark for its advocates; and one day, by extraordinary efforts in his district, they overturned the colonel's majority and elected his opponent, Jehu Baker, a Republican. The dignity of having defeated Colonel Morrison gave more prominence to Mr.

Baker than anything that occurred during his Congressional career.

Colonel Morrison was never in very close sympathy with Mr. Cleveland, but the latter recognized the Illinoisan's great services to

agreeable man with a rather rough crust. He is a charming conversational companion, when he will be, and he has a reputation as a raconteur. In Washington he lives at a hotel, but he has a home in western Illinois,



Prince Louis Bonaparte.

From a photograph by Schenboche, Turin.

the Democratic party, and his personal ability and worth, by appointing him, at the end of his Congressional term, to a place on the interstate commerce commission. He is now the senior member of the commission, and will probably remain in office as long as he wishes, unless his party should add a greater honor to his record. Colonel Morrison is now seventy years of age, and that is usually regarded as the limit for Presidential candidates; still, his name is mentioned frequently as one to be considered in the convention next spring.

Personally, Mr. Morrison is an extremely

where Mrs. Morrison and he spend a few weeks each year.

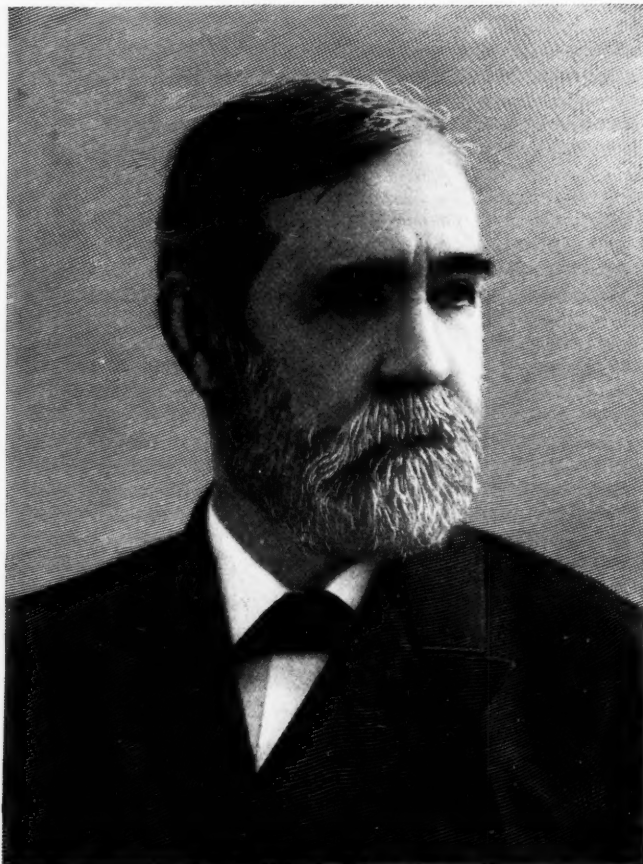
* * * *

THE name of Garfield is once more heard in Ohio politics. The second son of the murdered president, James Rudolph Garfield, is following in the footsteps of his father, surrounded by a chain of sentimental coincidences. Young Garfield has been nominated for State Senator in the district which in 1859 gave his father an election to the same office. The nomination came to the son on July 2—the fourteenth anniversary of Guiteau's shocking

deed. As in 1859 some of the stern old Republicans of the district thought James Abram Garfield too young for senatorial honors, so in 1895 the same charge was brought against his son; but the objections were overruled and young Garfield was

Miss Newell—live there with the president's widow, who has always been devoted to her children.

Young Garfield's political career, now just beginning, is one of possibilities. In a few years he will probably take his father's



Colonel William R. Morrison.

From a photograph by Stacey, Washington.

nominated by acclamation. His election is regarded as certain.

James R. Garfield is a lawyer, a graduate of Williams and of the Columbia Law School, and is a partner of his brother Harry, the eldest son of the family. Though practising in the city of Cleveland, he retains his residence at the old Mentor homestead in Lake County. It is the home that his father loved, though since the president's death it has been changed from a modest country cottage into a handsome mansion. James and his wife—who was a

place in Congress, and once established at Washington, backed by the stalwart constituency of the old nineteenth district, who knows what he may accomplish in carrying out the unfinished life work of his father?

* * * *

ADLAI E. STEVENSON, Vice President of the United States, and possible nominee for the Presidency next year, has seen a good deal of office holding in his time. Aside from local offices in Illinois, he was in Congress for four years, and was first assistant postmaster general in Cleveland's

first term. It was in this last post that Mr. Stevenson conspicuously endeared himself to the national Democracy. Whatever the principles of a party may be, there is a practical yearning for office among its followers when they find their brethren in power. Mr. Cleveland was a public advocate of civil service reform, and when he was made President he did not "turn the rascals out" so fast as many members of his party

had no real chance for this political prize, and he would not have been named for the Vice Presidency if the New York friends of Mr. Hill had not so strenuously opposed Mr. Gray of Indiana.

No sooner had he been inaugurated Vice President than a movement for his nomination for the Presidency was started. It gained strength steadily, until domestic misfortunes compelled Mr. Stevenson to



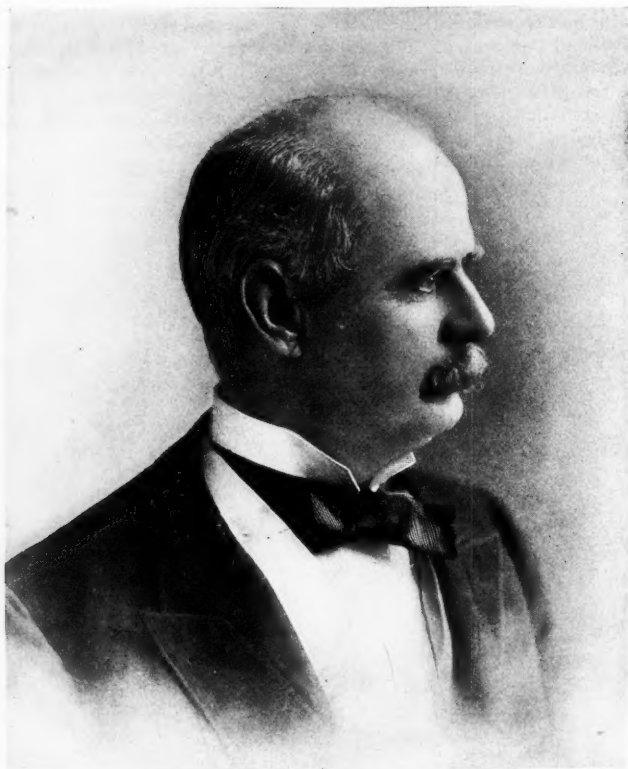
James R. Garfield.
From a photograph by Decker, Cleveland.

would have wished. The most extensive patronage, however, was in the hands of the first assistant postmaster general, who had the appointment of fourth class postmasters, not subject to the approval of the President. Mr. Stevenson was in sympathy with those who wished the Republicans put out and the Democrats put in; and he beheaded Republican postmasters at such a rate that "Adlai's axe" was a subject for hilarious congratulation among those who were disappointed in some of the other features of Mr. Cleveland's administration.

It was Mr. Stevenson's agility as a headsmen, as much as any other public service he had performed, that made him a candidate of the Illinois Democracy for the nomination for the Presidency in 1892. He

retire from active politics for a time. Two obstacles stand in the way of Mr. Stevenson's popularity as a candidate. Illinois has another favorite son, Colonel Morrison, who has a strong hold on the people as the original tariff reformer of the present political generation. Then, there has been disappointment in the distribution of offices among the Democrats of Illinois, and Mr. Stevenson, who was confidently expected to do something for his people, has found himself with half a dozen minor places in his gift. He has, too, a record as an advocate of free silver coinage; but records of that sort are being effaced every day.

Mr. Stevenson is a tall, large headed, plain man. He is dignified but easy of manner, and personal contact always in-



Adlai E. Stevenson.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

creases the number of his friends. As a presiding officer, he has gained the good will of both Republicans and Democrats in the Senate. He has been extremely happy in his home relations, and grief for the death of one of his three daughters has made him almost a recluse for some time. He is a man of moderate means, and his social achievements in Washington are very modest when compared with those of his wealthy predecessor, Mr. Morton.

Mr. Stevenson lives in a hotel in Washington. His family home is in Bloomington. His great grandfather was Ephraim Brevard, the author of the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of 1775, the first public assertion of American independence.

* * * *

Two years ago, while traveling in Hungary, the writer came near making the personal acquaintance of the unhappy ruler of Bulgaria, whose attempts at governing appear like spasmodic struggles against political suicide on the one hand, and as-

sassination on the other. A great New York company, at the time, had engaged to insure Prince Ferdinand for the amount of a million dollars, and the writer was invited by its agents to accompany them to Sofia, where the papers were to be signed. On the eve of our departure from Budapest a telegram was received by the head of our little party, ordering us to remain in the Hungarian capital, as his royal highness had decided to come thither on his steam yacht; his arrival was fixed for the following day. This was thought to be a ruse adopted to forestall the fulfilment of the contract contemplated, and the negotiations were considered at end; but forty eight hours later Prince Ferdinand's adjutant appeared at the company's office to report that his master had just arrived by rail, and had taken quarters at the Hotel de Paris. "Tomorrow," he said, "he will meet you gentlemen on board the Vienna steamer."

We mistrusted the information, but never-

theless repaired to the steamer, and traveled to Vienna, much against our will, relying on the assurance of the prince's adjutant—proffered at the moment of our departure—that Ferdinand would join us at a station somewhere between Budapest and the

responsible for our good behavior; yet at the last moment Ferdinand's courage failed.

The above, though merely a personal experience, is a typical case. "It is Prince Ferdinand all over," said an Austrian statesman to the writer, who had told him



Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

From a photograph by Firon, Paris.

Kaiserstadt. To cut a long story short, our royal customer never "showed up," and we had to pay our own expenses on the trip, and return to Hungary poorer and wiser citizens.

Prince Ferdinand is a man of neither bravery nor resolution. Once in a great while he makes up his mind to do a necessary or politic thing, but suspicions, misgivings, or fears of assassination generally prevent him from acting the part he has undertaken to play. All the members of our party were well recommended to his highness; the representative of the American government had become personally

of it. Because Stambuloff dwarfed the prince's personality, he was dismissed, and a nonentity was put in his place. Because Bulgarians continued to regard the deposed premier as their real leader and chief, he was foully assassinated, and his death is openly charged to friends of the crown.

The chapter relating to the struggles of the Balkan states is one of the saddest in the annals of the nineteenth century, and Prince Ferdinand's biography, we are afraid, will not add luster to its pages.

* * * *

THE venerable Queen of Denmark is now in her seventy eighth year, but her re-



A Royal Family Group.

The Duchess of Fife. The Queen of Denmark. The Princess of Wales.

From a photograph by Dorney, London.

markable intelligence and her influence upon the "high politics" of Europe are still unimpaired. As mother of the Dowager Empress of Russia, who appears to be close to the head of affairs in St. Petersburg, and mother in law of the Prince of Wales, who places great reliance in her judgment, she may be said to hold the balance of power in Europe as far as concerns the personal politics of the Czar and of the heir to the British crown—factors that are of the greatest possible consequence to Germany and France. But for her, it is

said, young Nicholas might have declined to accept the dangerous crown of Russia after his father's death. It was she, too, that made peace between the Guelphs and the Kaiser. Her son William is King of Greece; and considering her numerous progeny—she has six children, nearly thirty grandchildren, and many great grandchildren—she well deserves her title of "the mother in law of Europe."

Her eldest daughter, Alexandra, Princess of Wales, still lays claim to considerable beauty, though now in her fifty first year.

The English people regard her royal highness with much affection, and sincerely wish her to become their queen. Of her four remaining children the eldest daughter, Princess Louise, married the Duke of Fife. The young duchess has a daughter, styled Lady Alexandra Duff—Duff being her father's family name—who at present stands but one remove away from the line of succession to the throne of the Georges.

* * * * *

WITH the exception, perhaps, of that of Wellington, the ducal title of Marlborough is the most famous of the British peerage; and the recent announcement of an engagement between its holder and an heiress of a famous New York family has brought it more than ever before the public eye of America. The present duke—the ninth—is a young fellow of twenty-four, whose abilities are said to be promising, and whose maiden



Lady Lilian Churchill.

From a photograph by Russell, London.



Lady Norah Churchill.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

speech in the House of Lords was heard with attention. It had often been surmised that he might follow the matrimonial example of his father, who regilded the halls of Blenheim with the gold of a rich American bride.

Since his accession, three years ago, the young duke has lived at Blenheim with his mother and his two unmarried sisters, Ladies Lilian and Norah Churchill. His mother was Lady Albertha Frances Hamilton (daughter of the Duke of Abercorn) before her marriage to the late duke, who then bore only the courtesy title of Marquis of Blandford. She has another daughter, Lady Frances, who was recently married to Sir Robert Gresley, a Derbyshire baronet. The two younger girls are described as bright and attractive, and are said to be favorites of their stepmother, formerly Mrs. Hammersley of New York, and now Lady William Beresford.

THE STAGE

SEPTEMBER 2, 1895, will go down in theatrical annals as the date on which New York witnessed more openings than ever before in her history. That in which most interest was taken was the début of the brothers Holland, E. M. and Joseph, as joint stars in a new comedy written for them by the brothers Paulton. Mr. Mansfield's cozy Garrick Theater was crowded with a friendly audience, who knew beforehand that success was assured so far as the actors were concerned. The only question was of the play, which proved to be bright and sufficiently entertaining, if not deeply original or surprisingly

clever. Two such sterling artists deserve well at the hands of the public; given a medium of equal merit with themselves, which "A Man With a Past" certainly is not, an evening with the Hollands should come to mean much to the theater goer.

Perhaps all who see him are not aware of Joe Holland's infirmity. Certainly none would guess it from his work. He inherits deafness, and as he cannot catch his cues by ear, he is obliged to learn every rôle in the piece. Then he times the moment for his own speeches by a system of counting which never fails him—



Norah Lamison.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



Yvette Guilbert.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

unless by some untoward accident due to the blunder of another actor.

The Hollands are well supported by the Garrick stock company. We present a portrait of Norah Lamison, a promising member of the organization. Miss Lamison began only two years ago, with a small part in "The Sportsman." Later she was seen in "The Private Secretary," and "Shenandoah," and has also been with Rose Coghlan. She had long desired to be in Mr. Mansfield's company, and last Christmas he offered her the engagement that had been the object of her ambition.

It is a singular fact that the majority of the singers who make a sensational success on the vaudeville stage have neither good voices nor good looks to commend them. They seem to conquer by a certain charm of manner—an ability to capture the class of audience to which they appeal by throwing out a nameless sort of magnetism which appears to numb the critical faculties. Yvette Guilbert is no exception to the rule, and yet, if reports are to be believed, her yearly earnings exceed the salary of the President of the United States.

The story of her life is an interesting one.



Eleonora Duse.

From a photograph by Bettini, Leghorn.

Her father gambled away his money, and at his death Yvette was obliged to help her mother in the superintendence of a shop for the making of embroidery. But Mme. Guilbert became blind, and Yvette, now seventeen, was obliged to go out into the world to earn bread. She was first a lay figure for the trying on of gowns at a dressmaker's; then she went to the Printemps, the great Paris dry goods establishment, and slaved there as a shop girl for twenty dollars a month. Her health broke down under the

strain, and she tried writing society notes for one of the papers. This opened the way to managers, and at last she was engaged at the Eldorado.

She made so little impression that after two months the director reduced her salary from five hundred to four hundred francs a month. But Yvette felt sure she had found her vocation, and persevered. In spite of the apathy of the public, and the insolence of managers, she struggled on, and success came at last. Paris,

as everybody knows, went wild about her; London, likewise, has declared her to be incomparable, and now Oscar Hammerstein, after a fierce competition, has engaged her to open his new Olympia Music Hall this month at a fabulous salary.

oh, how pretty I should have been! The *Sun* frightens me."

To the reporter of a Brussels paper Guilbert once gave the following directions to insure success as a "variety" singer:

"You must buy a pair of long black gloves



Blanche Massey.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1895, by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

Guilbert was not especially anxious to come, it appears. The correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, interviewing her last May, tells of the impression made on her by the New York *Sun*'s prognostications of her failure here.

"I am not a Mme. Duse, I am not a Bernhardt, says the *Sun*. I am not many people. But the *Sun* never says I am Yvette Guilbert. It also says I am not pretty. The *Sun* is right. I am not pretty. You see, I was not consulted before my birth as to my looks. If I had been,

—real black ones, and very long ones, too. Into them you slip two long arms as long as possible, and you allow them to hang in a negligent manner in front of you, below your waist. You don't make much use of these long black arms. What is the use of tiring them? Then you must look as if you are greatly annoyed, and the public, which is very kind, will say,

"Ah! there is a real nice little woman. How full of ennui she appears to be, and notwithstanding that she is good enough to come



Amelia Summerville as "Trilby."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

forward and sing us a little song. How kind of her!"

"So you sing and become a great success."

* * * *

WHEN Duse was here two years ago, she attracted more attention by positively refusing to be interviewed than columns of the usual reportorial twaddle would have gained for her. Nor was her action dictated by the artful suggestion of an enterprising advance agent, skilled in the concocting of novel devices for capturing the ear of the public. The letters of

the great Italian actress, whose success in America was so unquestionably great, are about to be published, and in them she tells the reason for her wish to keep the personal side of her life wholly to herself.

Twelve years ago Duse was playing in Rio Janeiro, while yellow fever was ravaging the city. Diotti, a fellow actor, was stricken down during a rehearsal, but the company were compelled to play all the same. The first night they gave "Fedora," and so full were the actress' thoughts of the dying man, that, as she

says herself, she might as well have said, "Loris, I love thee," as "Loris, I leave thee." So weak was her voice that none in the audience would have known the difference. The next program was "Denise," given to an almost empty house.

"My poor *Denise*," she writes, "so simple,

care not and who do not care for you, to inquire who you are and what you are, what you feel, what you think. They want to know all about your past. And when you refuse to receive them, when you do not answer their questions, they call you proud, full of pretensions, arrogant. Arrogant, and why? Be-



Julia Arthur.

From a photograph by Thore, San Francisco.

so devoid of all sensational elements—no toilets to speak of, no jewels—the audience listened to her during the first act; they paid her some attention in the second act, too. In the third act I had a crying scene; I cried real tears, and the audience cried with me. Mine was victory."

But Diotti died, and Duse's life was changed.

"You cannot help remembering," she says, "what has at one period of life torn your heart. And then come men and women, people you have never seen, strangers for whom you

cause you will not tell them what you are afraid to tell yourself, what frightens you, what you mean to keep a secret from your own heart."

We were to have Duse with us this winter, but she has been so ill that her engagement with Mr. Miner was necessarily canceled. She is said to be beset with acute melancholy, and at times her life has been despaired of.

* * * *

OUR portrait of Blanche Massey recalls "The Gaiety Girl," Augustin Daly's incongruous



Madeleine Verneuil.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

success of last season. After Cissy Fitzgerald's defection, Miss Massey stepped into her place. Daly's season this year was opened with a piece of an altogether different character. "Le Collier de la Reine" ("The Queen's Necklace") is such an exhibition of Worth gowns as the stage has never before set forth. Fancy a ten dollar a week "super," with never a word to say, wearing a dress that cost nine hundred francs, and which bears the tag of the most famous maker of women's clothes in the world! No wonder the ladies flock to see a play which presents one galaxy after another of toilets in the pronounced picturesqueness of the Louis XVI period. Mrs. Potter wears no less than twelve different gowns, and it requires

two separate tables in her dressing room to hold the hats that accompany them.

Mrs. Potter plays the dual rôle of *Marie Antoinette* and *Oliva*, and in the last act is called upon to make a complete change of costume in one minute. Mr. Bellew is very impressive as *Cardinal de Rohan*.

* * *

HENRY IRVING'S company this season contains a member so familiar to us all that we are wont to look upon her as an American. And yet Miss Julia Arthur owes allegiance to the sovereign who so recently knighted Mr. Irving. She is a native of Hamilton, Canada, and played *Juliet* when she was only sixteen. She was leading woman with A. M. Palmer's

company when he produced "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Miss Arthur prefers emotional rôles to any others, and declares that the hardest thing for her to do on the stage is to laugh to order, as she was obliged to do in the first act of "Saints and Sinners."

* * * *

It was at Toronto, by the way, that Amelia Summerville became seized with the burning desire to go on the stage. Mrs. Holman, with her two little girls, was playing in "The Forty Thieves," and Miss Summerville, being little more than a girl herself at the time, left no stone unturned until she brought about the realization of her desires.

Her hit as the *Merry Mountain Maid* in Dixey's "Adonis" is remembered by all. And now she has paralleled it by her success as *Trilby* in the "Merry World's" burlesque. Miss Summerville declines to tell how she transformed herself from the proportions of *Mrs. Pixton* in "Jane" (which character she has also impersonated) to the truest picture of Du Maurier's heroine that the stage has yet given us.

"I saw," she says, "that there was a better opportunity for me in the svelte line, and I have made myself equal to it, as you see. My profession is merely a matter of business. I have the support of my two young children to look after, and although my work keeps me separated from them, the money must be forthcoming. The footlights no longer possess any charm for me. They simply mark the boundaries of my nightly toil."

* * * *

SINCE Miss Summerville's defection from the ranks of the "heavy weights," May Irwin reigns alone as star of the realm. She has this season become a star in fact as well as by compliment, and has achieved a goodly store of success with "The Widow Jones," which opened New York's Bijou Theater under the management of Rudolph Aronson. Hitherto this house has borne an uncertain sort of reputation, but now, swept, garnished, its narrow limits apparently widened by walls frescoed in azure tint, and all sense of cramping lost in the comfortable roominess of the new chairs, the Bijou will rank with the best houses in the metropolis—so far as the hither side of the curtain is concerned.

For the rest, "The Widow Jones" is an auspicious note to strike as an overture. It is a light one, to be sure, and farce comedies all have their tedious moments, but May Irwin is so sincere, so frankly conscious of her limitations, and so clever at doing, being, and assuming that for which nature has fitted her, that with her on the stage there is an end to the dead flat level of commonplace on which the usual "comedy with songs" reposes.

To those who have seen "The Widow Jones," and noted that its third act is laid among the Thousand Islands, it may be of interest to know that Miss Irwin owns Island No. 669 in the St. Lawrence river group.

THE ancient Athenians were accused of constantly seeking some new thing. New Yorkers could not well be blamed for doing likewise, after the enervating effects of last summer's roof garden season. And they have actually found the "positive novelty," in ample quantity, too, for it is in the shape of George Lockhart's comic elephants at Proctor's Pleasure Palace. Trick ponies, performing dogs, educated cats, the whole list of brute and human kind who try hard to entertain us, pale before the easy nonchalance with which these three elephants dance, stand on their heads, ride the velocipede, and actually enact a comedy. To see Boney simulate intoxication, even to the rolling of the eyes, is to experience an almost uncanny sensation of wonderment. Not one of the creatures requires to be coaxed, the pitiful spectacle so often seen in the circus ring. The performance appears to be an actual delight to them.

A somewhat unusual addition is being made to Mr. Proctor's new building in the shape of a Palm Garden and an Oriental Divan, so arranged that for star acts like that of the elephants, the two stages, which are back to back, may be thrown into one, when the two audiences will find themselves facing each other.

* * * *

THEATER going is being made too expensive. While the general trend of prices is steadily downward, the cost of an evening's entertainment has recently been placed on the ascending scale. And it is just when a manager's outlay promises to be diminished that he proceeds to raise the rates; for with a long run assured, he escapes the expense of fresh mountings for a new piece. The report of a success instantly draws the speculator to the scene, so that three hours in a well located orchestra chair at a really popular play means \$2.50 for each person. Compare the value he receives for his money with the return he would get by investing the same sum in a thirty months' subscription to MUNSEY'S!

That reasonable prices for theatrical entertainment are not only practicable but profitable, is evidenced by the continued success of the Castle Square Theater in Boston, referred to in our September issue. MUNSEY'S will be glad to commend to its two or three million readers the next manager who will place himself in this vanguard of the coming era.

The New York houses now charging the old standard price of \$1.50 for the best seats are the Academy of Music, American, Broadway, Bijou, Casino, Fifth Avenue, Garden, Herald Square, Olympia, Palmer's, Standard, and Star. The two dollar theaters are Abbey's, Daly's, Empire, Garrick, Hoyt's, Lyceum.

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ALTHOUGH Sothorn is not exactly a personage of regal aspect, he has made a hit with "The Prisoner of Zenda," which to those who have not read the story is an extremely interesting play. On the man who has followed Mr. Hope's narrative, the changes that have been introduced into the dramatic version

make a somewhat jarring impression, and yet it is not difficult to understand why "Zenda" stands out as the dramatic success of the autumn. The love of romance is inborn in every breast, and it is romance pure and simple that breathes from every scene of the dramatized adventures of *Rudolf Rassendyll*. The prologue is tedious and quite unnecessary; the management of the Lyceum give evidence of having an impression of this sort themselves by advertising the first act to begin at 8:30, the prologue at 8. The stock season at this house opens during the present month with "The Home Secretary," by R. C. Carton. If this play equals in merit Mr. Carton's "Liberty Hall," Daniel Frohman's clever company should not find it necessary to trouble themselves with rehearsals for the remainder of the season.

The failure of the autumn was "The City of Pleasure." Why Charles Frohman should have decided to put this on at the Empire seems hard to understand. When his handsome theater was opened, he expressly announced that it was to be carefully reserved for the performances of the regular stock company. It seemed like the hand of avenging fate that the admission of melodrama to the place should be attended with dire disaster. New Yorkers, however, can afford to view the failure with equanimity, as it gives them two weeks more of the John Drew season.

Even "The City of Pleasure," whose last and worst act was remodeled before its brief run ended, roused real enthusiasm in spots through the vigorous work of Elita Proctor Otis, who was intrusted with a rôle which in less competent keeping would have utterly damned the piece instead of giving it the right to live as long as it did.

MR. FROHMAN may recoup himself for the losses sustained through "The City of Pleasure" by the monetary gains from "The Sporting Duchess" and "The Gay Parisians." The last named comes to us from a highly prosperous career in Paris, and appears to have suffered little by the transplanting, an operation which has of late been fatal to others of its kind.

Apropos of the French capital, our portrait of Madeleine Verneuil shows the actress who created the rôle of *Queen Caroline*, one of Napoleon's sisters, in "Madame Sans Gêne," at its original production. She has since gone from the Vaudeville to the Gymnase.

"The Sporting Duchess" is far below "The Fatal Card" in artistic merit, but it is equally well cast. Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddart, E. J. Ratcliffe, R. A. Roberts, Francis Carlyle, Cora Tanner, Alice Fischer—these are names that seem strangely out of place in a play where horses come and go as freely as do men and women. Or at least they would have seemed out of place two seasons ago. Nowadays one "blood and thunder" drama absorbs as many good people as would have sufficed to cast two or three society plays half a decade ago. If it be true, however, that we can-

not find clever plays in the legitimate line, and must fall back on the tank, the paddock, and the dynamite bomb, it is an extenuating circumstance that the fall is broken by such clever hands.

THE most curious feature about a melodrama is the inevitable impression of burlesque which it conveys to the well balanced mind. For five years past we have been regaled with certain alleged jokes of a melodramatic flavor by the humorous journals of the land, and when the hero, the villain, and the persecuted and beautiful damsel once more tread the real boards it is hard to remember that their lines are to be seriously construed.

This is true only of the blasé worldlings who in immaculate evening dress occupy the orchestra chairs and the boxes. In the dim, mysterious heights of the gallery, where coats may be discarded, and where peanuts are strictly *comme il faut*, the heroics of melodrama are surpassingly attractive. The tribulations of injured innocence, the wondrous machinations of the omnipotent detective, the ultimate vindication of the hero—all these bring the gods to their feet in an ecstasy of appreciation. At the various climaxes of "The Great Diamond Robbery" the air is filled with a babel of sound in which shrill whistles, trampling of feet, and cries of triumph mingle strangely. And what do the players think of these noisy demonstrations?

To Mme. Janauschek, who of late has been a comparative stranger to metropolitan audiences, such a reception must be dear as the breath of life. She plays her part excellently. Under the name of *Frau Rosenbaum* it is a faithful representation of Mother Mandelbaum, for years one of the most notorious criminals of the metropolis, and Mme. Janauschek is thoroughly mistress of her work.

To Katherine Grey, the harassed heroine, the vociferation of the gallery gods comes as a new experience, and is not wholly pleasing. Miss Grey is immensely ambitious, and true to the highest ideals of dramatic art, and is therefore sensible of the fact that melodrama dangerously approaches the bourne of barnstorming. But the uproar of her audiences is, after all, a tribute that expresses only unbounded admiration.

The situations of "The Great Diamond Robbery" are well conceived. It is not a very impressive type of drama, but of its kind it is as meritorious a composition as New Yorkers can hope to see; and with the strong cast given it at the American Theater, it really is well worth seeing.

WHEN the parts for "The Chieftain" were given out last spring, Francis Wilson informed Lulu Glaser that she was to play *Dolly*, his wife.

"Very well," said Miss Glaser, not in the least surprised, for the rôle was precisely in her line. But she had scarcely begun to plan her conception of the character when somebody

discovered that *Dolly* appears only in the second and last act.

"The public will never stand that, you know," said Mr. Wilson. "I tell you what we will do; you must be *Juanita*, the dancing girl. That is the soubrette part, after all."

"Very well," said Miss Glaser again, with perfect confidence that she would be cast to the best advantage whatever happened.

The season ended, Miss Glaser went with her mother to their summer home at Sewickley, just out of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Wilson sailed for Europe. He saw "The Chieftain" in London, and at once sent off a cablegram to Sewickley: "You are to play *Rita*."

This was indeed a surprise to Miss Glaser—to be the sedate and dignified prima donna of the house bill! It almost took her breath away.

"Do you think I can do it?" she asked Mr. Wilson, when he returned.

"I will stake my reputation on it," was the prompt reply.

So when Sullivan's brigands' opera was produced at Abbey's in September, the public and the critics were electrified to find that Mr. Wilson's leading woman was as strong in "straight" parts as she had proved herself to be in the lighter lines in which she had first endeared herself to them.

"But oh, wasn't I nervous that first night!" she confessed to the writer. "And didn't I pick up the papers the next morning with fear and trembling?"

Of the other new comic operas of the autumn, "*Fleur de Lis*," designed for Della Fox, seems better adapted to set forth the abilities of her clever comedian, Jefferson de Angelis, than her own. "*Princess Bonnie*" proved groundless the fears of the Philadelphian, cited last month, by remaining for six weeks at New York's Broadway Theater, where Gilbert's new opera "*His Excellency*" will be playing when these lines are read. The costumes in this last production are of such an elaborate description that the London *Queen* devoted a special article to them. The women's stiff head dresses are said to be extremely effective. They are made of velvet or cloth, with antique jeweled pendants hanging just above the face, the whole secured at the back with bows of ribbon, the long ends left streaming.

At the Casino, now closed for rebuilding, we are to have, on November 4, Frank Daniels as a comic opera star in "*The Wizard of the Nile*," for which Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert are jointly responsible; while to the Garrick, in the gap left by Mr. Mansfield's illness, comes the new opera by Thomas Pearsall Thorne, whose melodious work was last heard in "*The Maid of Plymouth*."

By the time this number is in the reader's hands, the public will have passed upon a new play by that prolific writer, Henry Guy Carlton—"Ambition," now billed for presentation by Nat Goodwin at the Fifth Avenue Theater.

James A. Herne will shortly return to this house for a two months' season with "*Shore Acres*," to be followed by Crane, with a new comedy by Franklin Fyles, co-author with David Belasco of "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*."

Speaking of Belasco, much is expected of his "*Heart of Maryland*," for which clear time has been reserved at the Herald Square Theater. Although not a melodrama, the incident with which the third act closes is well calculated to thrill the most sluggish nerves. Mrs. Leslie Carter, in order to prevent the ringing of a bell that will betray the escape of her lover from prison, climbs the steeple of a church and clutches the clapper of the bell just in the nick of time. The feat is such a hazardous one that Mrs. Carter has taken a special course of gymnastic training in order to fit herself for the rôle. To be an actress nowadays a woman must needs possess not only the dramatic instinct to conceive a part, but the physical courage to face injury and possible death in depicting it. The horses that were latterly introduced into "*The Girl I Left Behind Me*" literally drove Sydney Armstrong from the stage:

Who shall decide when two critics employed by the same establishment disagree? Speaking of the Holland brothers' new drama, "*A Social Highwayman*," produced at the Garrick Theater September 24, the morning *Sun* of the next day said, in the course of its condemnatory review:

If it were necessary to dwell any further on the weakness of the play, it might be suggested that Miss M. A. Stone has not made a drama out of Miss Train's story with any regard to the demands of effective stage writing. The work is little more of a play than it was in the original form.

That same afternoon the *Evening Sun's* dramatic man wrote:

Miss Stone has done her work well. The play which the audience saw last night was notable for its unconventionalities. Miss Stone has steered clear of all the familiar claptrap. The climaxes are quiet, and it is worth while noting that with all the materials of a riproaring melodrama close at hand, the actors played their parts with so much discretion that the play was raised into the plane of high comedy at once.

As a matter of fact, "*A Social Highwayman*" is one of the cleverest pieces of dramatic work our stage has seen in many weary moons. The morning *Sun* man must feel very lonely, for his evening satellite was only one of a host of reviewers who lauded Miss Stone's work. Not to see this play is to miss a treat. And the secret of its success? Action, for one thing. There is something for the eye to watch from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same. Then, the effects come naturally; one is spared the sight of labored straining after them. There is no skimping in the cutting of the cloth out of which "*A Social Highwayman*" is made. Reserve power is an insistent element throughout. And the Holland company are in every respect equal to the por-

trayal of this latest addition to the lengthening list of happily dramatized stories.

QUITE an interesting little history is connected with the production of "A Social Highwayman." The novel, which is by Elizabeth Phipps Train, appeared last July. Mr. Mansfield read it, found strong dramatic possibilities in it, and passed it over to Miss Stone, who is his private secretary, to turn into a play. This she did, accenting the part of *Hanby*, the valet—now enacted by E. M. Holland—which Mr. Mansfield intended to play himself. Then came his illness, and the sudden need of the Messrs. Holland for a new piece.

"Let them have 'A Social Highwayman,'" said Mr. Mansfield, and Miss Stone was asked to make the necessary alterations in her work.

These were so sweeping that it practically amounted to rewriting the entire play. In fact, the fourth act was completed barely a week before the night of the first performance.

THE success of this dramatized novel, following so closely on that of "Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda," threatens to inundate the stage with stories made over into plays. "Tess" has already been turned into one; Hall Caine's "Manxman" made a very good impression last season, and altogether literary men and women do not cut such a sorry figure before the footlights as we have been led to believe they do.

Paul Potter's version of "Trilby," by the way, was produced by Beerbohm Tree at Manchester, England, early in September, with the most gratifying results. But "Alabama" fell flat in London. A like fate was meted out to Augustus Thomas' "The Capitol," produced at New York's Standard Theater early in September, although Mr. Hill made a scarcely laudable effort to force it. Mr. Thomas' name, of course, insured a respectful hearing for the play, but one cannot escape the conviction that had such a deadly uninteresting, awkwardly constructed drama come from an unknown hand, it would, if produced at all, have shared the early grave in which "The Bathing Girl" was buried after one night of life on Broadway.

"WHAT'S in a name?" Certainly enough to make our playwrights cautious about the category in which they place their work, after Henry Guy Carleton's recent experience. When John Drew produced "That Imprudent Young Couple" in New York, for the opening of his season at the Empire, the critics fell upon it tooth and nail. Even Mr. Drew himself, confirmed metropolitan favorite that he is, did not escape. A visit to the theater, on the night following the publication of these animadversions, revealed a play full of bright touches, replete with clever dialogue, burdened with perhaps two or three scenes that need cutting, and the whole witnessed by a good sized audience, which was undoubtedly amused. The theme is slight, to be sure, and of course it is somewhat of a shock to see the

man who was so strongly virile in "The Bauble Shop" making wry faces in a farce. But at the same time it displays the versatility of the artist, and just here is the rock on which the critics split. Mr. Carleton has called his play a comedy, and as such it was reviewed, but it is really a farce.

DANIEL FROHMAN is reported as saying that there is more money to be made with "The Prisoner of Zenda" on tour than in New York, "even under the most favorable circumstances." As he had previously stated that the Hope-Rose play was as big a metropolitan success as he had ever managed, this last assertion carries much weight, coming from such a source. In very truth, New York is the bugbear of the profession. All managers covet its indorsement, but all realize that they must suffer in pocket to secure it.

One well known theatrical man boasts that although he has controlled many amusement enterprises over a long term of years, he has never brought one of them nearer the metropolis than Brooklyn. Nat Goodwin threatened at one time never to play in New York again. Francis Wilson would much prefer spending his whole season where he can run out to his home in New Rochelle every night, but while he makes money in New York, he makes so much more in other cities, on New York's indorsement, that the temptation to keep on gathering it in is too strong to be resisted. Gothamites are thus placed in the somewhat anomalous position of having the cream of the theatrical menu spread before them while other towns settle the bill.

An investigation into the reason for this condition of things reveals the fact that so many managers are eager for the metropolitan *visé* on their offerings that they glut the market. Even London, with its enormous population, has only some sixteen first class playhouses, while New York, with two rivers cutting it off from its most densely peopled suburbs, boasts of eighteen. When premises such as these are taken into consideration, is it not the inevitable conclusion that the managers themselves are to blame if the metropolis is rated a poor show town from a box office point of view?

HENRY IRVING opened his American season in Montreal, September 16, and thanks to the speculators, found himself confronted by not a few empty seats. If Americans should take a firm stand in this matter, as the Canadians now appear to have done, perhaps our managers will discover a more effective method of dealing with the nuisance than their present flaunting but futile display of sign boards and transparencies on the sidewalk. The announcement that tickets bought outside will be refused at the door is either a childish dodging of responsibility, or else a tacit confession that the box office is in league with the speculators; for if the tickets are not marked in some way, how is the gateman to know where they have been purchased?

LITERARY CHAT

THEY have a "silly season" in London every year, and it always breeds some question that is furiously discussed for the moment. This year they had two. One was a frantic effort to discover the proper age for love, and the other a discussion whether novel reading prevents marriage.

The weight was on the affirmative side of this last question. Statistics were given to prove that wherever novels are read in great numbers, men and women marry later and later, and many never marry at all. One young man wrote that "novels make real life appear tame; after reading of the turquoise backed hairbrushes which society (?) girls send to their admirers, the modest Christmas card seems poor indeed." It is supposed that novel readers have not the pluck to face the Spartan simplicity of love in a cottage.

But the decision is hardly likely to affect the sales of Mr. Du Maurier's new novel. The book will not be out for two years, but it is said that over ten thousand have already been ordered.

* * * *

MRS. LYNN LINTON sees everything in the full daylight. There are no illusions for her. She has spent a rather long and fairly busy life in pricking bubbles of one sort and another. Somebody said, a dozen years ago, that he pitied Mrs. Linton's contemporaries whenever she should begin writing reminiscences; and now she has opened her note books.

Happily, the people of whom she writes are dead. She says that many of the famous women she knew in her youth had already been complacently forgotten by their world. Miss Jane Porter, whose "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was for so long a favorite novel in America, stands in her memory as a living monolith of prehistoric times—a gaunt woman, with a black headcloth and a precise manner. Mrs. Linton recalls that the women who wrote then were few and far between, and to those who gained any applause at all the echo of their own fame filled their ears with music. All of these women were conscious of themselves—all save Mrs. Trollope, the mother of Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope. We may forgive this lady's hard blows at America when Mrs. Linton lightly describes her as "just a brisk, good natured kind of a well bred hen-wife, fond of a joke, and not troubled with squeamishness."

But Mrs. Linton's most interesting reminiscence is of Marian Evans, before she became famous as George Eliot. In those days Marian Evans was not even recognized as a conventional gentlewoman, but was regarded as provincial and under bred. She is described as having an unbrushed, unwashed look, together with a high attitude of superiority. Mrs.

Linton went to call upon her and Mr. Lewes immediately after they set up housekeeping in St. John's Wood. At that time there was no pretense of a sanctioned union. Mrs. Linton says that the affectation of superior morality that came later was born of success. George Eliot was a perfectly natural woman, happy in the consciousness that at last she had made her choice. She is said to have had a real nobility of expression and grandness of bearing. Mrs. Linton expresses the opinion that she might have been the greatest woman of this or any age; but success turned her head.

"I have never seen," Mrs. Linton says, "any woman so artificial as George Eliot." Living as the wife of a married man, she sought to uphold the sanctity of marriage. Mrs. Linton denies all truth to the report that the union was ever in any way legalized. Still, during Mr. Lewes' lifetime, and until her second marriage, it had the veil of romance and sanctity that surrounds intense passion and constancy. She secured the recognition of some of the best people in England while George Lewes was alive, but her second marriage, according to Mrs. Linton, lost her everything. Her biographer sums up her character by saying that with all her appearance of intensity, she had no real thoroughness. When there came a strain upon her self reliance, she collapsed under it, and her "marriage" with George Lewes fell into ruins like the card house it really was.

Mrs. Linton is always entertaining, but we feel a sense of loss when she pinches values from our idols.

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It is time for somebody to revive the Dickens cult. The present generation has "no time" to read Dickens, because it considers him old fashioned. He has not the living qualities of Thackeray, but he has not gone entirely out of date. It is safe to say that no popular story of this decade equals "A Tale of Two Cities" for romantic interest. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," at their best, have not one tenth the vividness of "Oliver Twist." One well selected chapter of Dickens' contains more genuine humor than any half dozen books of today that anybody can name.

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EVERY day we have a new instance of fame and popularity created by chance. Of the reading public, one half blindly follows the other half, and nine tenths of the writers see what the tenth man has said he saw. For fifty years Americans have been longing for the blue skies of Italy, because the fog surrounded English poets started the cry, when there is no such blue on earth as that which arches over our own continent.

Mr. Robert Hichens is a man who has climbed to distinction through advertisement. He wrote "The Green Carnation" at a moment when events made the book talked about, simply because his chief character happened to be arrested as a criminal. Being a wise young man, he has since put earnest work into the hands of the people who had learned his name. It was something like *Mr. Merryman*, with his jokes, calling the audience around the medicine wagon.

Mr. Hichens' work is good, but it would probably have fallen rather flat but for his first success. They tell us now that he is to give us another "new woman" novel. He is quite a young man, still under thirty, with a firm, square face and brilliant eyes. He has spent a good deal of time in Egypt, and it is said to have been the sight of the pyramids which inspired him to write "An Imaginative Man."

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MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S marriage is announced, and the self styled "hardened bachelor" will hereafter know domestic joys as well as his hardly earned literary pleasures. Mr. Weyman has been called a man of rare reticence, but whether by his own exertions or not, it is quite certain that there is no living author whose life, experience, and peculiarities are more easily ascertained. He was neither born famous, nor was his fame thrust upon him. He achieved it. His work is conscientious and carefully done. The widespread interest inspired by his books has justified the publication of much that would be trivial if related of a lesser man.

Mr. Weyman has just passed forty, and is to-day the leading English disciple and apostle of romantic fiction, and with every new book from his pen it becomes more evident how closely he is following in the path blazed out by his great predecessor, Dumas.

He has, from his earliest boyhood, found his best friends in his books, and curiously enough loved best of all to burrow into the history of England, which he now finds lacking in romance. He is an earnest advocate of the new school of fiction, recognizing, as he says, "a healthy reaction" in the work of Stevenson and Conan Doyle. Together with these authors he is a lover of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, and such old time English poets as Pope and Dryden.

The earlier years of Mr. Weyman's life were dark with discouragement. As a lawyer he failed ignominiously, and when he tried his hand at reporting for the *St. James' Gazette* he was found equally lacking. He retired in despair to his Shropshire house with the depressing conviction that his life was a failure, and, forgetting that "it is always darkest before the dawn," resigned himself to a seemingly unknown place in the world.

All this time he possessed genius. Carlyle has called it "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and the definition is peculiarly appropriate to Mr. Weyman. Every paragraph

that he writes is polished and perfected with untiring care, only to be again revised and altered when it comes to him in the form of proof. On "A Gentleman of France," which was to make his name known in every quarter of the English reading globe, he expended a year of unremitting labor, never writing more than one thousand words a day, and revising and altering these with feverish anxiety. What an example for some of the so called geniuses who turn out a novel a month and make our lives miserable!

The life of this narrator of romance and adventure has not been wholly destitute of stirring incident. In 1886, while journeying through the Pyrenees with a friend, he was apprehended on suspicion of being a Belgian spy. Remonstrances were of no avail, and the two Englishmen were marched under bayonets and revolvers along the high roads to the neighboring town. Here, of course, they were released, but not until they had spent a night in a cell, and Mr. Weyman had learned how it feels to be entangled in one of the complications such as he afterwards made famous in his books.

"From the Memoirs of a Minister of France" is the latest work worthy of him which Mr. Weyman has published, for "The King's Stratagem" is marred by several modern stories, and he is not at home in any scenes save those that are rife with the clash of midnight encounter and the mysteries of intrigue. But "A Minister of France" is as stirring as its predecessors. Every page rings with the triplicate hoof beat of horses, with the challenge of brave words and the subtlety of keen contrivance. In such an atmosphere Mr. Weyman is a master. Again we seem to see the dauntless *D'Artagnan*, *Portos*, *Aramis*, and *Athos*, again the old days when every man's sword was at his friend's service and his enemy's throat. It is a good school, this new romance, and for what he has done Mr. Weyman deserves the admiration of every lover of healthy, robust fiction.

For it is indeed a pleasure to turn from the novels of the hour in which women love their friends' husbands or their husbands' friends—any one, in short, but their husbands—from the heartache and bitterness and unbelief of the day, and bury oneself in one of Mr. Weyman's books, where everything is light and impetuous and rioting with bravery and action and the stern joy of combat.

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WE are soon to have a new book by Menie Muriel Dowie, who will always be remembered as the author of "A Girl in the Carpathians." A few years after the publication of that remarkable book, there was a rumor—probably a baseless one—that Miss Dowie never visited the Carpathians, but compiled her interesting book from material collected in the British Museum. She belongs to an old English family, and has been both actress and journalist. She is the wife of Mr. Henry Norman, who is well known on both sides of the At-

lantic." He is the literary editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. Like his wife, he has been a great traveler, his journeyings in the far east having furnished him with some of his best material. His "Peoples and Politics of the Far East" is a standard book among students of eastern life and character.

AMERICA and Americans are evidently pleasing to Dr. A. Conan Doyle, as he expects to seek our shores again during the coming winter, and this time Mrs. Doyle will accompany him. Of lecturing, however, he admits that he has had his fill, for while his recent efforts in that line in this country brought him many good friends and enjoyable experiences, they were but indifferently successful.

"The Stark Munro Letters" is as totally different from "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" as two books by the same author could well be. Such a statement seems to insinuate that Dr. Doyle's new book is dull, and so, to be frank, it is. It is absolutely uninteresting when viewed in any light save that of the purpose with which it was written, namely, that "some young man, harassed by the needs of this world and doubts of the next, should get strength by reading how a brother had passed down the valley of shadow before him."

"The Stark Munro Letters" consists of sixteen letters, announced on the title page, for some inexplicable reason, as a "series of twelve." Each letter contains certain reflections on matters religious and ethical, which form a valley of shadow for the reader as well as the author. They may be the outcome of Dr. Doyle's youthful ponderings, or they may be the product of maturer cogitation, but in either case they may be omitted with profit from a perusal of the book.

The writer of the letters is one *J. Stark Munro*, a young doctor who struggles, despairs, hopes, gets married, and dies in the conventional manner of characters in fiction, and the narrative is unenlivened save by his friend and enemy, *Cullingworth*. It would be interesting to know whether in all his experience Dr. Doyle has ever met any one quite so erratic as this personage, or whether he is purely a figment of the imagination. *Cullingworth* is a successful physician, with his house crowded with the maimed, halt, and blind, whom he thus addresses from the top of the stairs:

"Stop your confounded jabbering down there! I might as well be living above a poultry show!"

His treatment of his patients—patient, forsooth, in more than one sense of the word!—is at least original:

He roared, he raved, he swore, he pushed them about, slapped them on the back, shoved them against the wall, and occasionally rushed out to the head of the stairs to address them *en masse*. . . . To some of his patients he neither said one word nor did he allow them to say one. With a loud "Hush" he would rush at them, thump them on the chest, listen to their hearts, write their labels, and then run them out of the room by their shoulders.

And so *ad infinitum*. Where under the sun Dr. Doyle ever got such an extraordinary conception is a matter for wondering conjecture. Did Dr. Doyle's genius die with *Sherlock Holmes*?

"I TRY to tell a plain tale as I know it. I believe the world to be as young as ever it was, the sky as blue, the flowers as fresh—why keep stirring all the time in the cesspools?"

This is the creed of S. R. Crockett as expressed in a letter to a friend, and it is a creed to which he constantly adheres. "A Galloway Herd" illustrates as forcibly as "A Lilac Sunbonnet" or "The Stickit Minister" the purity of the author's ideals. Purity is the rarest of virtues in modern fiction, and the most appreciated when it is sincere.

The story of Mr. Crockett's childhood is the old story of a lonely, imaginative boy, living in a little world of his own and having no great love either for his school tasks or his fellows. He made few friends, and spent his time dreaming over the books he wished to write. His taste for a literary life manifested itself during his course at the University of Edinburgh, where, besides contributing with some regularity to the *Daily Chronicle*, he wrote verse and papers for the magazines.

Crockett has had, for a young man, some extraordinary successes. "The Raiders," the actual writing of which occupied but two months, is the most popular of his books. He spent much time, nearly a year in fact, working up the subject, making elaborate notes, and poring over maps, and the result of his labor has amply justified the expenditure of so many hours in preparation.

He is, like Weyman, an omnivorous reader, and during his college life would often stint himself in his meals so that the money so saved might be invested in a book. His library now fills every room in Bank House, his residence in Penicuik, Midlothian, and numbers among its many thousand volumes some very rare and valuable works.

In regard to his own productions Mr. Crockett says, "I think that if anything is good in my books it is the exactness of the natural history allusions." He is above all things a lover of nature, and his ideal holiday is one spent in the woods, or on the moors, observing the wild things about him.

In one sense the great success which Mr. Crockett has achieved in America is surprising. Dialect is often difficult reading, and the Scotch dialect is especially so. One has to dig deeply for the meaning, but in Crockett's books at least this delving is well repaid by the richness of the ore that lies hidden under the plain, rough diction. This, naturally, applies only to the dialogue. There is no other author whose style is more perfect, and whose English more pure than his in the body of his text.

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON, the author of "Literary Landmarks of London," is one of the most genial of men, and a shining light in

the small coterie of wits which includes Mark Twain, and William Carey of the *Century*. Mr. Hutton has been abroad during the past summer, and Mr. Carey is authority for the statement that he is writing the "Literary Water-marks of Venice," which is too good a *mot* to be very reliable. Usually, however, he spends the warm months at that little paradise of literature and art, Onteora in the Catskills. Of this colony he is the heart and soul, and like all who enter its boundaries, he throws aside convention and enters joyously into the unique performances there carried on.

Onteora is no place for those whose hearts are not deeply concerned in books or art. It is barred away in the seclusion of the hills and given over to freedom of speech, thought, and action. Mr. Hutton's house, like the rest, is of log cabin simplicity, but hospitality reigns supreme.

On one occasion, in the summer of 1891, a new road around the mountain was opened, and an informal parade was held, followed by dancing in the open air and an authors' reading in the evening. It was a novel and never to be forgotten experience. Imagine John Burroughs, the quiet dignity of whose "Wake-Robin," has endeared him to thousands of readers, dancing a reel in the middle of a country road! Such was the case.

Mr. Hutton offered two contributions to the authors' reading, and delivered them himself with the most inimitable gravity.

A maiden, heavy eyed and sad,
Reclined upon her bed;
She all the horrid symptoms had
Of headache in her head.
The doctor said, "For pity's sake!
Good gracious! I declare!
The reason why your headaches ache
Is 'cause you banged your hair!"

Under the shade of a single umbrella
A maiden fair and her best city feller
Were sailing one day on Lake Lucerne.
They thought, as they sailed so nicely together,
They'd better sail on forever and ever,
So she was his'n and he was her'n!

All of which goes to prove that even the trifling of clever people is clever.

Mr. Hutton's latest clever work is "Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem," which is said to be the only reliable handbook on "Imperial Salem" ever published. Like the author's "Landmarks" of London and Edinburgh, it is written in a light and interesting vein, which fairly teems with information, and would render a visit to the holy city doubly enjoyable. We have trod the byways of the English and Scotch capitals with Mr. Hutton's books in hand, and found them excellent and reliable companions, and he has placed himself largely in our debt and in that of all seekers after points of literary interest by his careful verification of every statement which they contain.

* * * *

PERSONALLY, Mr. Richard Harding Davis is so much of a *poseur* that the critics would take

pleasure in harassing him were it not that his pen is sufficiently facile to command respect. A story has come to us which illustrates how this successful young author arose like the phoenix from the ashes of his reporter's life, and looked down, as from a great height, upon his former associates. In the first year of his fame Mr. Davis was greeted by a reporter whom he had known well a few months before upon the *Sun*. He was strolling into the Fifth Avenue Hotel shortly after a return from Europe, when his former friend tapped him on the shoulder with a cheerful "How are you, old man?"

"You have the advantage of me," replied Mr. Davis, surveying him coldly.

"Do you mean to say you don't remember me?"

The rising author signified that such was the case, whereupon the reporter left him with a cordial exhortation to depart to a certain region in which his frigid manner would be liable to undergo a thaw.

Whether this incident is strictly true or not, it is sufficiently snobbish to be characteristic of the man.

But, as we were saying, the work which Mr. Davis is doing is of a high order. In his "About Paris" he has caught the atmosphere of the French capital to perfection. It is a book of no particular interest to those who are content to remain upon their native heath, but to the lover of travel it will prove interesting as a reminder of sunny days and sparkling, laughter full nights along the boulevards and in the brilliant *cafés chantants de la reine des villes*.

* * * *

WE look at the new pictures of Alphonse Daudet, and they look as though a painter had delicately whitened the hair of an old one. There is the same smooth, thoughtful brow, the same brilliant brown eyes, the same southern intensity, that belong to the writer of "Sidonie."

Daudet has been interviewed by an enterprising Englishman upon the "new woman." It was a foregone conclusion that the creator of *Claire* could see no charm in this latest type, but it is interesting to hear what he says:

"Let her have all the qualities of a woman, and I for my part will pardon her for having all of a woman's faults." And then he pathetically adds, "This movement is one of the things that has come to us from America."

If Daudet were right in this imputation there would be more force in what he says.

* * * *

A FEW months ago, we said in this department that if some clever translator could put "Gyp" into English, his fortune would be made. Ever since, we have received letters asking for particulars, such as: "Where can 'Gyp's' novels be purchased?" "Who would publish them?"

It was altogether unlikely that a translator who had never heard of the brilliancies of the Comtesse de Martel could put her frivolities

into English ; but from the appearance of some of the recent translations, it is evident that more than one of them have tried. The English equivalents for the clever Frenchwoman's actual words are easy enough to find, but the inner meaning, the touch of *blague*, is absolutely untranslatable. What is as delicate as a feather blown in the wind when "Gyp" throws it off, becomes a bit of lead falling from the top of a shot tower when it gets into the hands of the commercial translator. The one can offend nobody. It tickles, it sets you looking out of the corner of your eye ; the other offends and hurts everything delicate that it touches.

"A Gallic Girl" is probably the least offensive of the translations.

* * *

IN the spirit of reminiscence, it is always pleasant to say "I told you so." It was in August that we prophesied in relation to the prize detective stories of Miss Wilkins and Professor Brander Matthews. Now we are sorry that Mr. Howells did not write one, and take the prize. His would certainly have been better than these. Miss Wilkins' story is illogical and stupid. There is not a human motive in it, and the reading public, after the first blush of curious interest, said so, flatly Professor Matthews' "The Twinkling of an Eye" must have made the ghost of Sherlock Holmes writhe. It is a wholly innocuous and fairly interesting moral tale for children, telling how an ingenious young man put a camera in a clock. There is not the ghost of a detective in it, not the shadow of a mystery. The drift of the plot is plain from the first paragraph, and the crowning brilliancy of the *dénouement* introduces as the author of the crime a hitherto unmentioned man. It is as if Professor Matthews had, after proving all his characters plainly innocent, found the crime on his hands with no one to commit it. Well, then, who did it? Why, the third cousin of the office boy once removed! I forgot to tell you that there was such a person, but never mind!

A detective story, to be interesting, must be the logical working out of a theory. Every part must be fitted like a mosaic until the path of the crime is accurately shown ; and a human motive must be the starting point.

Miss Wilkins is entertaining the usual company of biographers this summer. It appears curious that so few of them are gifted with the seeing eye. They are something like Don Quixote reversed. They go to Miss Wilkins' home with their minds full of haycocks and closed front doors which only open to let the funeral pass ; and when they see handsome homes and modish drags in a very up to date town, they come back and describe the farm wagons and the cabins they expected to find.

* * *

WE are much gratified to learn that Miss Ruth Ashmore's "Side Talks with Girls" have been immortalized in book form. Miss Ashmore's style is entirely unique, and her invaluable hints on introductions, complexion remedies, and the gentle art of sitting in a hammock

have for several years shed a brilliant light upon the chaste columns of a Quaker City contemporary.

"Of course," naïvely observes Miss Ashmore, "I shall like it if all my girls will send for a copy of this book—my first one." Of course!

"Side Talks with Girls" will fill a "long felt want." It has not been our good fortune to see the book, but we recognize in its author one of the brightest literary stars of the day. In her thorough mastery of etiquette she is without a peer, and her knowledge of how to make one's eyebrows grow, and whether or not it is proper to kiss a gentleman good night thirteen minutes after a first meeting with him, have aroused the unfeigned admiration of every lover of the esthetic in letters. For pure pathos some of her utterances are unparalleled :

Care should be taken to eat soup noiselessly.

It would be in very bad taste to wear anything so brilliant as a red cape to a funeral.

Do not give your card to your hostess when leaving, but put it on a near by table, or on a special place prepared for it if there is one.

It certainly would be in very bad taste for a girl to whistle on the street.

Now these are very important points, and we cannot sufficiently thank Miss Ashmore for their elucidation.

Well posted as she is on soup and whistling, it is in the field of love and matrimony that this astute author reaches her highest level. She has made straight the path of the marriageable maiden, and has written up the ethics of courtship as they were never written up before. It is a great comfort to know that by applying to Miss Ashmore one may become an adept in love. A few of her *dicta* form a royal road from the first introduction to the very altar.

First and foremost, one must make a good impression. "Well bred women do not smoke cigarettes, nor appear outside of their rooms in loose wrappers." Then, "if a man friend offers to act as your escort, simply say 'Thank you very much, I shall be glad to have you walk home with me.'" This gets the affair well under way. Difference of age is no drawback. "The marriage of a man of thirty five with a girl of eighteen would be perfectly proper." But anxious fathers must be cautious. "I think you are quite right in not being willing to permit a young girl, who does not realize what it means, to become the wife of a man who has served a term in the reformatory." And so on, till the damsel has avoided all pitfalls, and is safely steered into the holy state of matrimony.

These illustrations will serve to show how undeniable are Miss Ashmore's claims to high literary excellence. For years we have wished to know how to make our eyebrows darker, whether or not to wear borrowed jewelry, and how to acknowledge our thanks when some one pays our car fare. All these Miss Ashmore's book will tell us, and the American people, redeemed from barbarism, will exult in the infallible standards of etiquette, morality,

and toilet soaps laid down by "Side Talks with Girls." *

THE "Literary Passions" of Mr. William Dean Howells is worthy of grave consideration, not because of any intrinsic merit, but as reflecting the mind of the author. We have observed for some time past a change in Mr. Howells, which is as disappointing as it is mysterious. For much of his work in the world of letters he deserves our gratitude, but even gratitude cannot overlook insolence, and if the "Literary Passions" is not insolent it is difficult to tell exactly what it is.

In short, Mr. Howells is apparently setting himself up as a kind of literary oracle, one whose yea and nay shall be yea and nay for all men. He is become one enthroned in a high place, and we, the great unlettered, may not approach. Take, for instance, his ultimatum regarding requests for his autograph.

"I propose to give my autograph hereafter only to such askers as can furnish proof, by intelligent comment upon it, that they have read some book of mine. If they can inclose a bookseller's certificate that they have bought the book their case will be very much strengthened; but I do not insist upon this. In all cases a stamped and directed envelope must be inclosed. I will never 'add a sentiment,' except in cases of applicants who can give me proof that they have read all of my books, now some thirty or forty in number!"

Such preparations and ceremonies would seem unreasonable if required for an audience with the Czar of all the Russias.

Seriously, the utterances of Mr. Howells are becoming farcical, but before the supreme egotism of "My Literary Passions" one pauses aghast. Here are the idols of the world of letters, Dickens, Reade, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Irving, and many more, ruthlessly overthrown from their pedestals, and certain little tin gods, Mr. Brander Matthews, Tolstoy, and Zola, elevated thereon. And the only reasons vouchsafed for this monstrous iconoclasm are the likes and dislikes of Mr. William Dean Howells!

Fortunately the book is not likely to do much harm. Mr. Howells cannot steal away our friends without giving us others in their place, and *Silas Lapham*, *Lemuel Barker*, and *Annie Kilburn* will be forgotten names long before *Major Pendennis*, *David Copperfield*, and *Hester Prynne* pass into oblivion. We are sorry for Mr. Howells, sorry that one so charming personally and so able professionally should find the supreme joy of his life in the questionable fancies of Tolstoy and of Emile Zola. "My Literary Passions" is not the first milestone along the way of Mr. Howells' decline and fall.

THE constantly increasing interest in all literature that has socialism for its foundation is one of the straws whose direction it will not do to ignore. The people, the people who cannot help themselves, who are never going to be able

to help themselves until they are taught how, are a subject of never failing discussion.

"The Hull House Papers," recently issued, form a book that every humanitarian might find an interest in reading. Hull House is an institution in Chicago, something like the College Settlement in New York, but infinitely more interesting. Miss Jane Addams, a young girl of wealth and social position, saw her life as a helper of mankind mapped out when she was a college girl. After her graduation she went to London, studied the methods employed at Toynbee Hall, and came home and improved upon them.

The west side of Chicago is larger than the fashionable north and south sides put together, and it is crowded with a foreign population. When the city was young a Mr. Hull built a handsome house here, which was deserted when the Huns and Poles settled about it. This house Miss Addams took, and made into a home. She began by visiting her neighbors, and inviting them to visit her. People who saw only dirt and misery were asked into a charming home where soft lights burned and roses perfumed the air. One woman, who had lived in Chicago for five years, saw the roses and cried out, "Italia! Italia!" She could not believe that roses bloomed in America, for she had seen nothing but smoke and dirty streets since she came there.

Then a kindergarten was founded, where the babies were taught, sometimes by Chicago society girls. Mr. Armour added his purse to Miss Addams', and allowed her to make extensive additions. The writer once heard a woman ask Miss Addams if she gave religious teaching to these people.

"Do you give religious teaching to your callers in your drawing room?" was the reply.

It is interesting news to us that we have today a literary relationship—several times removed—to that prince of fiction, William Makepeace Thackeray. When Jesse Lynch Williams' grandfather and great uncle were boys in Virginia—the real Virginia of great estates and colonial customs, the Virginia of "before the war"—they were sent to England to school. One of their "chums" there was a boy who was destined to become famous as the author of "Vanity Fair." Years went by, and found them pictured as *George* and *Harry Warrington* in "The Virginians."

Mr. Williams' book of "Princeton Stories" grows in popularity, particularly with college men who knew the *alma mater* presided over by Dr. McCosh. Any college man who wants to take a leap backward into the days when he was young, can find no better leaping pole than this little volume.

Mr. Williams, who graduated in '92, was known at college as a man who might make a success in letters. His father is a St. Louis editor. When he graduated, the tales were all clear in his mind; but after a year in Europe, he came back to Princeton, and spent another year in giving them local color.

ETCHINGS

LEAF AND LOVE.

WHIRL, oh, whirl on the breath of the wind,
Leaves that are red and gold ;
The airs of the autumn are cruel and cold,
Tearing the leaves from the tree !
Life of my heart, as the wind unkind,
Why art thou gone from me ?

Fade and be lost, ye dreams of my breast,
Dreams that were dear of old—
As bright as the leaves, as their red and gold !
Go, and be lost like the leaves !
Full is my heart with the year's unrest,
Wild as the wind that grieves.

Bare is my life as the naked bough,
Bent by the wailing blast !
Oh, ghosts that gleam from the passionate
past,
Pleading for joy that is sped,
Why must ye linger ? Ye mock me now,
Now that her love is dead !

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

THE QUEST.

SHE pressed her fingers on the spring
And set the captive free,
With "Go, my little golden wing,
And find where Love may be !"

He paused a moment at the door,
He scanned the open sky,
And trilled a light farewell before
He spread his wings to fly.

Then out and upward went her bird
Upon his happy quest,
Far, far, until the sunlight blurred
The yellow of his breast.

And lonely were the hours and long
She waited once to hear
The notes of his familiar song
Uplifted, loud and clear.

But at the morning's rosy break,
There in his cage above
He sang again—"Awake, awake !
Where you dwell, here is Love."

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE KINGMAKER.

HE is the monarch who unmakes
The tinsel majesty of kings.
Their glory in his smile partakes
The scorn of unremembered things ;

While to the least in every land,
Whose lives are dust before his breath,
He lends for one white hour the grand,
Remorseless dignity of death.

Bliss Carman.

A YANKEE MAID.

THERE lurks a witchery about
This dainty Yankee maiden,
She wins me with a smile or pout
Through varying moods, and is no doubt
With wiles and wisdom laden.

Her face is dreamy as the purr
Of noontide brooks through flowers ;
In dimples deep the sunbeams stir,
Her smiles are gay as ever were
The fauns in lazy hours.

Her lustrous eyes in merry wise
Low laugh from under lashes
That in a lazy languor rise ;
And bluer than the bluebell lies
The deep hue in their flashes.

And then to crown a rare delight
She studies Worth and Virot :
A great hat from our wondering sight
Hides softest curls engoldened bright—
And he who saves his heart is quite
A wondrous kind of hero.

Archibald Douglas.

THE SPRIG OF MIGNONETTE.

TOWARD thoughts of youthful hopes, all past,
Full oft I turn, with many a sigh ;
For youth is fled, but love must last,
And, fading still, the old hopes lie
Like this quaint posy, long put by ;
And gentle memories linger yet,
As with these yellowed leaves and dry
The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

The ivied wall and postern gate,
The maid who waited once for me,
The willing heart for any fate,
And promises for years to be,
That trysting hour beneath the tree
Time has not taught me to forget,
Nor soft wind blowing from the sea,
And faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

So when my days are nearly run,
And overspreading darkness lowers ;
When right of peace is almost won,
Will you not come, dear, in those hours ?
Step lightly once more through the flowers,
Come back to me, who love you yet,
And bring me out of heaven's bowers
The faint, sweet scent of mignonette !

ENVOY.

Musk roses, lilies, pansies, too,
Bound in life's garland with the rue ;
Yet holds my heart with its regret,
The faint, sweet scent of mignonette.

M. W. T.

THE WRECK.

OH, the wind went out to sea last night,
The wind went out to sea;
And the moon hid under a cloud from sight,
And the billows rose with their fangs of white
To do what its will might be.

They seized a ship that was homeward bound,
And they snapped her mast in twain;
And they swept her decks till the blackness
round
Was thick with the souls of sailors drowned,
And loud with their cries of pain.

The wind blew in to the land at morn
And ruffled the rose's pride,
And kissed the face of the babe new born,
And toyed with the silk of the tasseled corn
And the curls of the captain's bride.

But it left *him* out on the dreary deep,
On a drifting spar, ah me!
And he called her name as he sank to sleep,
In the coral caves—oh, the angels weep
When the wind goes out to sea!

Minna Irving.

A TWILIGHT PICTURE.

AT the hour of twilight stilly,
In a cozy window nook,
Softly bending like a lily
O'er her little story book,
Sitteth Edith;
As she readeth,
Pity shines in every look.

Few the cares that ever find her,
Summer's with her all the year;
Jack will tease, or Gyp won't mind her—
Such the woes she hath to fear.

She must borrow
All her sorrow,
On her book hath dropped a tear!

I, alas, am eight and twenty,
Edith's only eight and three;
I have daily cares in plenty,
Sorrows, too, that never flee;

Would that Edith
As she readeth
Might let fall a tear for me!

Samuel Minturn Peck.

A NOVEMBER SONG.

THE winds of autumn wail and sigh
About the fenced fold;
The far, free reaches of the sky
Have lost their blue and gold;
And thou, my heavy heart, and thou
Dost sorrow with the leafless bough.

How tender sweet the vanished days,
And yet how winged fleet!
Alas! but gray and sodden ways
Now ope before my feet;
And love, that gave the summer grace,
Conceals the sunlight of his face.

Clinton Scollard.

FLOOD TIDE.

To deepest slumber swoons the silent sea;
No sinuous ripple cuts the shimmering targe
With steel blue line, though at the golden
marge

The full flood tides rise higher, momentarily.
Familiar things show strange and shadowy
Through dubious mist; a swart sail'd fisher
barge,
Drifting inshore, looms phantom-like and
large,
With muffled voices set to harmony.

So surge the tides of love within my breast.
My lady mocks me—but I steadfast bide;
My lady tasks—I bow to her behest;
Such checks are but as pebbles, swept aside
By following currents. Shall the sweet shore
say,

"No farther come"—and shall the sea obey?
Bessie Gray.

IN MARYLAND.

In Maryland, in Maryland,
All loves are warm as embers;
Her daughters' eyes, her daughters' sighs,
How well my heart remembers!
And oh, my love, from your dear mouth,
The while I touch your tresses,
To hear the cadence of the south,
Whose words are like caresses!

In Maryland, in Maryland,
The hours are made for suing,
And hearts are light and eyes are bright
With witcheries of wooing;
But oh, the skies are cold and gray
That northward sweep above you,
And maids have not learned how to say
As *she* can say "I love you."

In Maryland, in Maryland,
To all my homeward yearning,
My heart goes forth from out the north,
To her enchantments turning;
And oh, the longing and the pain,
Her errant sons assailing,
At dawn in southern skies again
To see the gold stars paling!

In Maryland, in Maryland,
Awaits my lass so slender,
Till I shall haste to clasp her waist
And hear her greeting tender;
And oh, the bliss to steal a kiss,
Soft creeping up behind her,
In Maryland, in Maryland,
Returning home to find her!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

SLEEP!

I WOULD not wake thee, peaceful one!
Why wake those eyes to weep?

Thy hard earned rest is just begun—
And now thy weary task is done,

I would not wake thee, quiet one.
Until God call thee—sleep!

Catharine Young Glen.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

HALL, CAINE'S NEW NOVEL.

WE have secured, for publication in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, Hall Caine's forthcoming novel. Mr. Caine has been working steadily upon this story since his completion of "The Manxman." The novel is already written, but is yet to be rewritten, polished, and repolished. Mr. Caine regards it as the greatest piece of fiction he has produced. We have been over the story very carefully with him, and fully agree with him in his opinion of it. It delves deep into human nature, dealing with scenes of far greater dramatic force than are found in "The Manxman" or any of Mr. Caine's novels. The opening of the story is in the Isle of Man; then the scene is transferred to London, the greatest theater of the world. Here the deep strength of the story develops.

Hall Caine is the most forceful, most masterly living writing of fiction. This is our opinion; this is the opinion of England. No man looks so deep into human passions and purposes as he. His reasoning is logical, his work is one layer of logic upon another. He reasons from cause to effect, and reasons as only a philosopher can reason.

The story will be begun in MUNSEY'S as soon as Mr. Caine is willing to regard it as finished.

PARTY AND LIBERTY.

THE New York *Sun* formally arraigns certain citizens who have dared to criticize nominations made by the political party to which they belong, and to declare their intention of voting against the nominees. "Do not these disturbers of harmony understand," asks the *Sun*, "that it has never been the custom of their party to nominate candidates whose support is optional or contingent, and not honorably and irrevocably binding on all those participating in the choice?"

Without pausing for any such unworthy personality as to inquire whether the editor of the *Sun* has always followed his own doctrine—in the Presidential campaign of 1884, for instance—we wish to record our opinion that the worst bane of American politics has long been this claim of the sacredness of a party nomination—the theory that an honorable citizen is bound to vote for the evil one, if the personage in question has secured the regular indorsement. The man who surrenders his judgment and conscience to the dictates of any partisan organization or machinery whatsoever is a slave, and the fact, we are glad to see, is being more widely recognized every year.

The position taken by the *Sun* is one we should hardly expect from that journal, so able

and so independent. It is more like the utterance of the machine sheet under the sting of the party lash.

A UNIQUE AUDIENCE.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has the most unique audience in the world—unique in size, unique in character. Its readers are the wide awake, up to date people of this up to date, wide awake country. We are proud of such an audience; it is an inspiration to work for such an audience—two million five hundred thousand readers—readers who comprise the wealth and the culture and the energy and the intellectual force of the country. It is, therefore, no wonder that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has so quickly taken its place at the head of all periodicals, with merchants and manufacturers, as the medium—the one medium, beyond all others, through which they can best reach the people—the money spending people. This is why the advertising pages of MUNSEY'S are the barometer of trade, the record of progress, the kaleidoscope of commerce—the directory of standard goods. A careful perusal of such advertising pages from month to month keeps one in touch with the times.

AN OCCASIONAL BULLSEYE.

THERE are writers who occasionally hit the bullseye; there are others who have a habit of hitting it right along. Dickens and Bulwer and Scott and Thackeray and Reade had the unerring aim. The public could depend upon them, and from this fact it naturally inclined to depend upon other authors who had once gained its confidence. But it has learned that this confidence is too frequently misplaced.

In a Western town, some years ago, a party of men sat on a veranda smoking and chatting. Presently one of the company spied an eagle far away in the northern sky. He was a majestic bird, king of the air. All eyed him for a few seconds, and then the host went into the house and brought out a rifle. The eagle was a mile away.

"What, are you going to try to shoot him?" exclaimed the party in chorus. The host for reply raised the rifle quickly to his shoulder, and, seeming scarcely to take aim, pulled the trigger. In another instant the great bird fluttered and fell. Cries of amazement followed. Such marksmanship was marvelous, unheard of. The man's fame was already on the wing. He was a wonder, talked about, written about, lauded.

Now the fact was that the shot on which this man's fame rested was nothing more nor less

DON'T FORGET THIS.—If you will show MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to your friends and secure for us five new subscribers, sending us one dollar for each name, we will give you a year's subscription free for yourself in return for your trouble.

than chance. He was not a good marksman, and had he tried a hundred times, he could not have repeated the extraordinary feat.

There are too many writers whose fame rests on a similarly accidental foundation—writers who can no more repeat the success that brought them into public notice than the indifferent marksman could duplicate his marvelous shot. And yet most publishers, knowing this fact, as they must know it, edit their publications mainly on names. To be plain, it is not a question of merit, but one of name. We know of publishers who have engaged to take the product of certain authors for one, two, three years ahead—matter not yet written, not even conceived.

Now this may be a wise policy, but we do not so consider it—do not believe it is honest work. A reader assumes, and has the right to assume, that whatever appears in a magazine of repute has been passed upon by the editor, and is good—intrinsically good, not good merely because there is attached to it a name that, through an accident or otherwise, has once gained fame. An editor who announces and bids for popularity on the strength of work not yet written, but to appear under a certain name, is, we affirm, placing himself in a position where the public should discredit his sincerity—should cease to rely upon him.

To get down to cases, Anthony Hope has written one story—only one story that has the necessary merit to float his name to the surface. This, of course, was "The Prisoner of Zenda," a most delightful tale, happily conceived, cleverly told. And yet Hope has been sending out a good deal of manuscript of slight merit, which has been eagerly snapped up by publishers and foisted upon the innocent reader with flourish of trumpets and advertising galore. This same thing is more or less true of Conan Doyle, of Bret Harte, Marion Crawford, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Sarah Grand, Beatrice Harraden, and other flaming lights of the hour.

If man's brain were an unerring machine, and theme played no part in the novel, then books might flow from it as clothespins drop from a lathe, each of equal merit, each alike in all particulars. But since the intellectual workings of the mind are on different lines, and in view of the fact that less than half a dozen novels of any considerable consequence are written in a year by all the writers of the world, it would seem that the editor who buys up novels several years in advance of their conception, placing their value on a name, which in turn, perhaps, rests more or less on accident, is taking long chances—very long chances.

This is not our idea of true editing; not the idea on which we edit *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*. With us it is always a question of merit, not sham—name, if you please.

The grade of work in this magazine by no

means comes up to the standard we have in view for it. Superior excellence is a thing of growth. It cannot be attained in a minute. We prefer to be frank with our readers on this point, as we have been on all points.

THE "BOSS" IN POLITICS.

"Boss" is an undiplomatic word. It has an objectionable, an offensive sound. It stirs one's antagonism. Apply the word "boss" to a good fellow—to an inoffensive, mild mannered man, and he at once has horns and hoofs. He is dangerous. You dislike him instinctively; dislike him on general principles—repudiate him, are down on him.

There are bosses and bosses. The boss in politics is the most ferocious of all the genus. He is all that his satanic majesty is, and more. He can give the old gentleman points. He is more terrible to behold; is more grasping, more grinding, more dangerous, more hideous than the old one himself.

Now, is a word that means all this the word to apply to Platt and Quay and Hill and Gorman? What is the boss in politics, anyway? Isn't he merely a man of executive ability? Isn't he in control because he has executive ability? And is he any worse than his party? Is there any reason why he should be better than his party? No important business can be carried on without an executive head. No church organization can be carried on without an executive head. And so, too, no political organization can be managed without an executive head. Why not as well call the czar of a religious body a boss, as the leader of a political body? The former is certainly just as "bossy" in his sphere as the political manager. Then why not heap upon him a like amount of opprobrium? He merely lives up to the standards of his organization, and this the political manager does.

Isn't there a good deal of humbug in all this frantic cry against bosses—this horizontal persecution of such men as Platt and Quay and Hill and Gorman? Are not some of the very men who are loudest in the cry of "down with the bosses" themselves bosses? For example, has any man ever been so bitter against Platt as Dr. Parkhurst, and is there a man anywhere who has shown greater "bossy" tendencies than he?

It is not our purpose to defend Platt or any of the so called bosses. They are probably bad enough—most men are. We simply aim to see things about as they are—without prejudice for or against. While Platt and Quay and Hill and Gorman are great political managers, they are, nevertheless, free from Parkhurst's habit of scolding. Parkhurst has done a great work in New York. He is a marvelously able man. We admire his genius, the sincerity of his purpose, but we regret his tendency towards

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bossism. It is a trifle ludicrous in view of his warfare on the boss.

CONSISTENCY IS A JEWEL.

FULLY recognizing the wisdom of George Washington's warning against political entanglements abroad, we do not entirely understand our government's policy in the matter of the civil war now in progress in Cuba. While the general sympathy of Americans is strongly enlisted on behalf of the insurgents, the administration exerts its legal and military powers to the utmost in the suppression of all demonstrations in their favor. It seems to us that none but a quixotic interpretation of international law could demand such extraordinary efforts in a quarrel that is not ours. In doubtful cases, our traditions might well incline us toward the party that is struggling for independence. We cannot forget our own early history.

Is it not a little inconsistent, too, that men should be arrested by the federal authorities in Delaware on suspicion that they are secretly preparing to volunteer for service in Cuba, while in Chicago a public convention, presided over by a former Congressman, should loudly proclaim a dynamite campaign against the British government, and should "recommend the formation of military companies wherever practicable"? It may be mean to be obsequious to a powerful neighbor and insulting to a weak one; but it is hardly rational to be insulting to a strong power and obsequious to a petty one.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

WE congratulate Mr. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, upon his promotion from the comparatively humble office of a member of the United States Congress to the headship of the first independent government of Ireland. We hope that his administration will be worthy of the great interests intrusted to his statesmanship, and will be marked by the dignified harmony that is proverbially characteristic of Hibernian politics. We trust, too, that no dream of personal aggrandizement will impel him to change the title of President Finerty to that of Emperor John I.

LAI'D UPON THE SHELF.

WE welcome the accession of so thorough a soldier as General Nelson A. Miles to the headship of the United States army, but we are sorry to see General John M. Schofield forced to retire from the post simply because he was sixty four on the 29th of September. General Schofield, we understand, is quite able and entirely willing to remain in active service, and we do not think it is his fault that his sixty fourth birthday insisted on arriving. He is

only a year older than Lord Wolseley, who has just taken command of the British army. He is three years younger than was George Washington when he last commanded the American forces. He is six years younger than was "Father Moltke" when he led the German hosts to victory in the greatest war of the last quarter century.

If a commander in chief had to make forced marches on foot, to serve a gun in action, to wield pick and shovel in the trenches, then it would indisputably be well to superannuate him at sixty four, if not earlier; but his work is brain work, of a sort for which ripe experience and mature judgment are foremost qualifications. It scarcely seems right that he should be compelled by an ironclad statute to retire from duty at the time when his mental powers may be at their very plenitude.

CORONETS AND COMMERCE.

THE newspapers report that the Viscountess Clifden recently opened a millinery shop in London. Matrimonial alliances with American heiresses are becoming more and more popular among titled Englishmen. We congratulate the British peerage upon the multiplying evidences of the development of its business ability.

STILL MOVING FORWARD.

THE highest point MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE reached in circulation last spring was 500,000. In the summer months the circulation of literary periodicals usually sags from ten to twenty five per cent. To hold a circulation throughout the warm weather, therefore, means an indirect gain equivalent to the usual ratio of loss.

The summer months are gone; the reading season has returned, and it finds us beyond what was our highest point at its departure. Our first edition this month is 525,000. It is probable that the total figures for the month will reach 550,000. Assuming this to be the result, we open the campaign this year with a circulation of exactly 200,000 in excess of our figures for the corresponding month of last year. This means that we shall go to six hundred thousand for December, and reach the magnificent total of three quarters of a million during the coming winter.

CYCLING AND DRINKING.

THE following paragraph recently appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, and perhaps also in other journals:

The habit of drinking has spread among ladies since they have taken generally to bicycle riding.

This little paragraph is a remarkable example of condensed expression. It says more in two

MUNSEY'S is the only magazine in the world of standard size (128 pages) that sells for ten cents a copy, and one dollar a year. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, with its 128 reading pages, is just fourteen and two sevenths per cent larger than the magazine of 112 reading pages, and it is just thirty three and one third per cent larger than the magazine with only 96 reading pages. The 112 page magazine, to sell at the same ratio as MUNSEY'S, should bring but eight and three quarter cents, while the 96 page magazine would bring but seven and one half cents.

lines than its author could prove in two columns—or two volumes, for that matter. It is certain that the habit of "drinking"—that is, we presume, the drinking of intoxicants—has not spread among ladies. We do not believe that it has increased among any class of women, whether as a result of cycling or otherwise. Such a charge should not be made without the production of supporting evidence, and such evidence we think it would be exceedingly hard to find.

Why should bicycling incite drinking more than any other form of exercise? It is—especially in a city like New York, where alleged feminine degeneracies are popularly supposed to exhibit themselves earliest—a sport that requires a clear head and complete self control. Speaking generally, it would be more likely to decrease the consumption of liquor and tobacco than to increase it.

The paragraph quoted is one of those sweeping generalizations in which newspaper writers are too fond of indulging. We reject it not only as not proven, but as unfounded and inherently improbable.

MISSIONARIES AND THEIR CRITICS.

SINCE the latest edition of massacres in China, science has been saying some disagreeable things about missionaries and mission work. Science is always a merciless critic, and has an unpleasant habit of backing up its criticisms with unpalatable facts and bitter logic. It is the "candid friend" who relentlessly lays a chastening finger upon the weak points in the make up of the best of individuals and institutions.

Travelers and ethnologists assert that in many cases the missionaries' methods have been wrong. Especially do students of oriental life complain of the worthy men, who, prompted by the noblest and most disinterested of motives, have gone among the great Asiatic nations and by pure lack of judgment have achieved little save the stirring up of prejudice and discord. In China, for example, instances are cited where English and American missionaries have committed offenses against native customs and ideas quite sufficient to account for the failure of their missions. It must be remembered that the leading oriental peoples are not savages, and cannot be dealt with upon a footing of condescension. Though behind us in the practical side of life, they possess an elaborate learning, a spiritual religion, and an organized civilization much older than our own. If we would induce them to change their faith for ours, we must approach them in a way that will not arouse both their hostility and their contempt. We must carefully study our field before we enter it.

We believe in missions and missionaries. They have done incalculable good. They have given deathless paradigms of splendid devotion and sainted heroism. They have carried truth and light into many of the darkest corners of the earth. The calling is one of the noblest to which a man can devote himself. Still, this

practical age demands, and has a right to demand, that mission work shall be conducted on the lines of wisdom and common sense; that its methods shall be those of experience and good judgment as well as of religious enthusiasm; that results shall be watched and weighed, and that effort shall not be wasted in hopeless enterprises while fields nearer home are ripe for the harvest.

THE LASH FOR WIFE BEATERS.

THE September grand jury of the District of Columbia recommended the establishment of a whipping post for the punishment of wife beaters, and the presiding judge indorsed their suggestion and advised its submission to Congress, the law making power of the District.

A similar proposal was brought before the New York Legislature last spring. While it failed to become law, it received a general, although not a unanimous approval from thinking people. There are those who regard the use of the lash, even for the most brutal criminals, as repugnant to modern ideas of humanity. We sympathize with their feeling, but attach more weight to the opinion of those who, from practical acquaintance with the working of our present penal laws, agree in declaring that we need a sterner preventive of such brutal crimes as assaults upon women and children. The whipping post is a fitting object lesson for that fiend in human form, the wife beater.

THEIR SARTORIAL MAJESTIES.

THE merchant tailors of the metropolis, in convention assembled, have issued an edict of approval of the plum colored dress suit. The merchant tailors are evidently men endowed with artistic taste and an eye for the picturesque. The beauty and perhaps the gaiety of fashionable assemblages would be increased by the plum colored dress suit, not to speak of the velvet collared coat and the striped trouser leg. But after all, their customers have some rights, or think they have. The august gentlemen who make the garments of the four hundred may promulgate their edicts, but will the comparatively humble individuals who wear the aforesaid garments obey them?

ROYALTY AND BEAUTY.

THE lot of royalty is not wholly a pleasant one. The recent newspaper announcements of the betrothal of two European princesses—Louise of Denmark and Alexandra of Coburg—describe the former as "the reverse of beautiful or graceful," and the latter as "the least attractive of all the numerous granddaughters of Queen Victoria." Had these young women been of less than royal station, their lack of beauty, however conspicuous, would have passed without such merciless comments. Not even to millionaires' daughters would the press have been so cruelly uncomplimentary.

Still, Louise and Alexandra would rather, perhaps, be royal and homely than untitled and beautiful. Such is the force of training.



All clad in furs this dainty maid
We send, good souls, to greet you,
Good will to bear and peace, where'er
On earth she chance to meet you ;
'Neath northern stars, on southern seas,
Where'er our rhyme and reason
Shall reach your ear, we give you cheer
And greetings of the season !



Sternly the rolling drum's note falls;
"To arms!" it sounds—"your country calls!"



The trumpet tells of glory won,
Of battle's joy, of brave deeds done.



But cruel war has fled afar—
Hark! Gaily sounds the soft guitar;



And to the tinkling tambourine
Light feet are tripping on the green.



OLD ANDIRONS.

In olden days they played their part ;
I see red pennants upward hurled
And round the lichened billets curled ;
Beyond, snow billows, tempest whirled ;
Within, the ingle's sparkling heart.

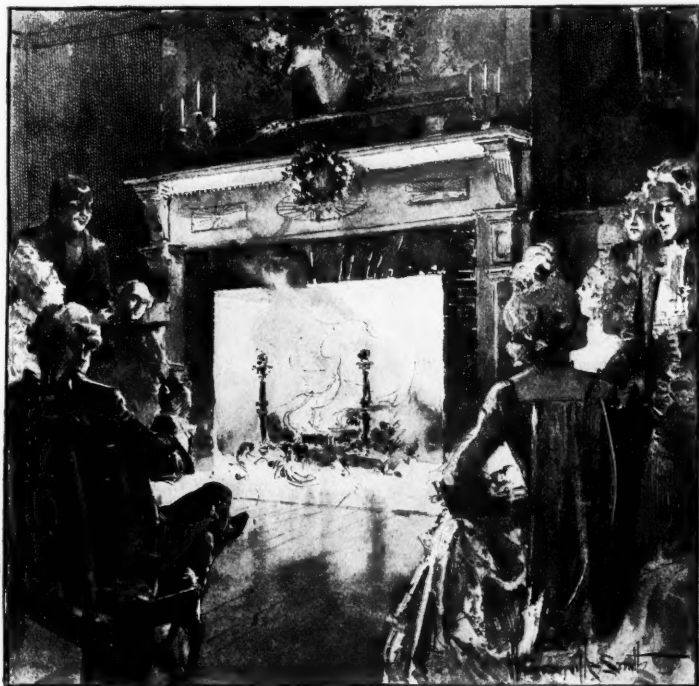
No strangers they to homelike cheer—
The winter pippin's polished side,
The cider, spiced and steaming wide,
The happy peace of Christmastide,
The joyous yule week of the year ;

When all the elfin band of sprites
And woodland fays that hide away
Beneath the clustering mosses gray
Of oak and elm, came out to play
And dance, upon those snow clad nights,

In flames of blue and flashing gold,
In crimson spray and scarlet plume,
And tossing flowers of fiery bloom,
All fragrant with the wood perfume
That clung to every lichen fold.

They bore their part, those sturdy dogs—
While song and legend passed around,
'Mid gaiety of scene and sound,
They stood, in dignity profound,
And grimly held the blazing logs.

Hattie Whitney.





A CHRISTMAS TWILIGHT.

HIDDEN by a damask curtain,
 Glad I watched the moments go,
 In the shadowy, uncertain
 Christmas afterglow.
 Came a footfall soft as summer's—
 How I joyed to hear it come!
 And my heart beat like a drummer's
 Tattoo on his drum.

Fair she was, oh, blossom fair,
 Tripping down the hallway stilly;
 Heigh ho! but Margy's cheeks
 Were paler than the lily!

From the chandelier above her
 Hung a spray of mistletoe,
 Leaning down as though to love her:
 Did she, did she know?
 But my muse will be betraying
 What I would not best repeat;
 There is much in that old saying—
 "Stolen fruit is sweet!"

Fair she was, oh, witching fair,
 Eyes a-brim with merry folly;
 Heigh ho! but Margy's cheeks
 Were redder than the holly!

Clinton Scollard.